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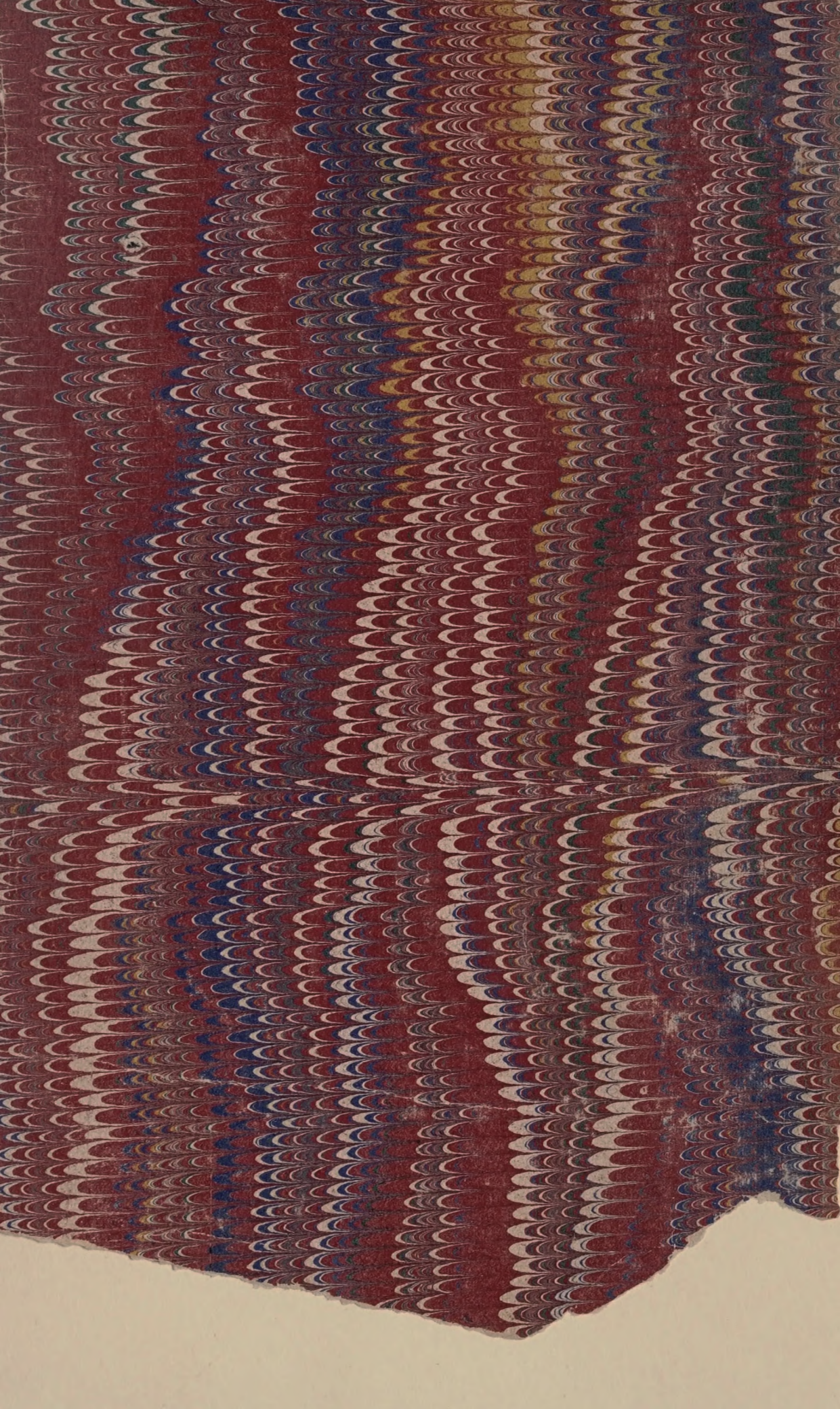

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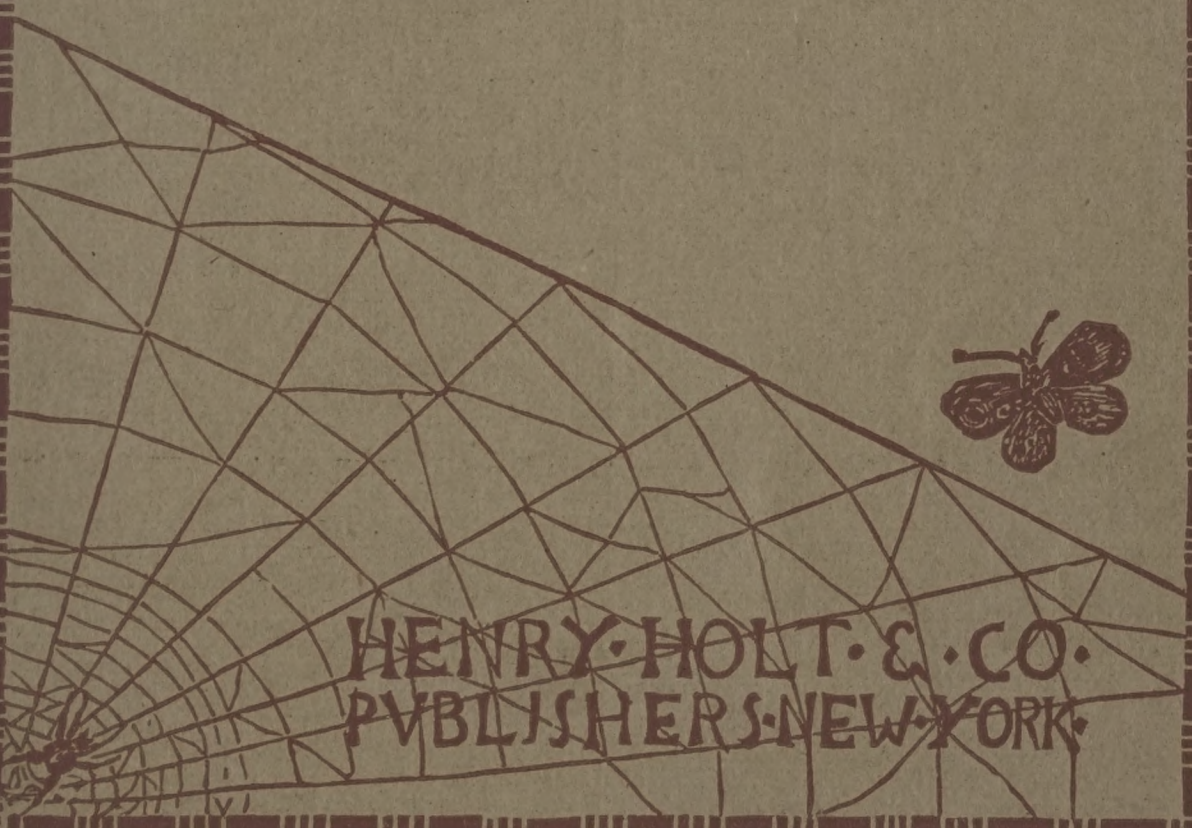

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*LEISURE MOMENT SERIES.*

# MISS BAYLE'S ROMANCE

*A STORY OF TO-DAY*

W. F. Rae

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# MISS BAYLE'S ROMANCE.

## CHAPTER I.

### A MEETING AT MONTE CARLO.

"YES, sir, the place seems just perfectly lovely." The speaker was Miss Alma J. Bayle, of Chicago, Illinois, in the United States of America. She had arrived at Monte Carlo, in the Principality of Monaco, a few hours previously, and she had seen enough when approaching it by rail from Nice, when driving from the railway station to the hotel and when looking from the window of her room there, to justify her in pronouncing it eminently beautiful.

Miss Bayle was accompanied without being controlled by her mother, whose chief end in life appeared to be decking herself with diamonds and assenting to the observations and humoring the fancies of her daughter and only child. Thus, on the present occasion, when Miss Bayle made a personal appeal to her mother in these words, "Isn't that so, mother?" Mrs. Bayle dutifully replied, "That's so, Almy."

The gentleman whose question had elicited Miss Bayle's remark was Mr. Rupert Wentworth, a native of the capital of Massachusetts. He was accustomed to dine, in company with an English acquaintance, at the *table d' hôte* of the *Hôtel de Londres*, in which Mrs. Bayle and her daughter had taken up their abode. Neither of them staid in the hotel, but both liked

dining there better than at the *Hôtel de Paris*, where they had rooms. They both professed to prefer the cooking at the *Londres*. It was certainly very good. Neither, however, had the candor to avow the truth, which was that the real inducement was the prospect of a chat before or after dinner with Madame de Payan, the charming and most courteous landlady. If an equally pleasant landlady had been at the *Paris*, they might have dined there regularly.

Mr. Wentworth was not in the habit of speaking to the new-comers who were seated opposite to or near him at dinner. Most of the persons at table had long passed middle life and were chiefly concerned with the chances of gaming, a subject about which he cared nothing. Moreover, it was the exception for him to see at table any one so young and apparently unsophisticated as Miss Bayle, who had not attained her twentieth year and who had recently crossed the Atlantic for the first time.

Like many unmarried men under forty, or over eighty, Mr. Wentworth was instantly fascinated by very pretty girls under twenty. Miss Bayle being sprightly and unaffected as well as beautiful and young, Mr. Wentworth was the more anxious to make her acquaintance. Accordingly, at that stage of a dinner when the appetite is partly satisfied, when the pauses between courses seem rather long, when several glasses of wine have been drunk and when the desire to converse with some one is either awakened or intensified, Mr. Wentworth ventured upon a commonplace remark to the lovely young lady across the table and he received the reply which has been recorded.

Scarcely had Miss Bayle made that reply and received her mother's assent, than her mother, looking earnestly at Mr. Wentworth, said—

"I guess, sir, you're an American."

A scrupulous respect for truth being the distinguishing mark and merit of all those who are worthy to be the countrymen of George Washington, Mr.

Wentworth unhesitatingly answered in the affirmative ; yet, as a member of the best society in Boston, he was slightly annoyed at the rapidity with which his speech had bewrayed him. Gifted with many virtues, Bostonians have the failing of pluming themselves upon speaking a remarkably good form of English. They harbor the notion that they have preserved pure and unchanged the accent and the phrases which Endicott brought from England in the *Abigail* and Winthrop in the *Arbella*. Mr. Wentworth, fancying that he had lost the intonation of his native land, thought it strange that a fellow-countrywoman should have been so quick in detecting his nationality by his tongue, and he was the more surprised because his English companion had often told him that he spoke his mother-tongue without any trace of an American accent. It was with pride that he said, after avowing his nationality,

" I belong to Boston."

The natives of the capital of Massachusetts are almost as emphatic in the tone and self-satisfied in the manner they proclaim themselves Bostonians as Frenchmen are when they proclaim themselves Parisians.

Mrs. Bayle and her daughter honestly felt and avowed that they were delighted to meet with a fellow-countryman. Mrs. Bayle was still more pleased than her daughter, because, she, too, was a New Englander by birth. She told Mr. Wentworth :

" I was raised in Vermont, sir, but I have not been home since I settled in Chicago. My husband, Mr. Ezra P. Bayle, comes from the same state, but has lived so long in Illinois that he has become quite a Westerner."

Mr. Wentworth mentioned his own name and, in the conversation which ensued, he learned that Mr. Bayle having " made his pile "—in other words having grown rich—had arranged to visit Europe and spend a year there, but that unexpected and pressing busi-

ness had compelled him to remain behind. He had arranged, however, that his wife and daughter should precede him, his intention being to join them at Nice. In order to smooth the way for them he took tickets by the Cunard line as far as Genoa, so that the ladies had simply to change at Liverpool from the steamer in which they arrived from America and go on board one of the same company bound for the Mediterranean. From Genoa to Nice they could journey by rail in a few hours.

While Mr. Wentworth was obtaining these particulars from Mrs. Bayle, his companion, Lord Plowden Eton, was engaged in answering, as best he could, the questions with which her daughter plied him. He had never before had the privilege and excitement of being cross-examined by an American young lady. Miss Bayle's personal knowledge of English gentlemen was very limited. Lord Plowden thought her speech very strange and her manner peculiar, if not eccentric. She considered him rather stiff and decidedly stupid.

By the time the dessert was handed round, the ladies and gentlemen named above were as good friends as can fairly be expected, considering they had met each other for the first time at a dinner-table. The ladies avowed that they were entire strangers in Monte Carlo. The gentlemen, who knew it thoroughly, offered their services as escorts. Their offer was readily accepted, Mrs. Bayle saying to them, "We shall be very pleased if you will show us around." Many American ladies who have not lived long in Europe expect the first gentlemen with whom they form an acquaintance to pay them attention as a matter of course, and they do so on the rational ground that the duty and pleasure of gentlemen consist in being attentive and agreeable to ladies. The feeling of American ladies in this matter is better understood in England than in France, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that Frenchmen often misinterpret the feelings of American

ladies and have no conception of the true chivalry of American gentlemen.

Before the party separated, Mrs. Bayle asked Mr. Wentworth the name of his companion. Thereupon Mr. Wentworth introduced him as Lord Plowden Eton. Mrs. Bayle expressed her pleasure at making the acquaintance of a member of the British legislature. When Lord Plowden intimated that he had not the honor of a seat in Parliament, both the ladies looked surprised and they were on the point of expressing the hope that he was not a " bogus " lord, like the Lord Gordon who had imposed upon so many of their countrymen.

However, Mr. Wentworth instantly divined their thoughts, and he relieved them from all anxiety as to the genuineness of Lord Plowden's rank by saying that peers' younger sons were not necessarily members of Parliament, adding that, while some could not attain that distinction, others, like Lord Plowden Eton, might easily succeed if they tried. He concluded his explanation by announcing that Lord Plowden was the second son of the Duke of Windsor. Mrs. Bayle and her daughter, being suddenly impressed with the fact that they were in the presence of the son of an English duke, exclaimed simultaneously, " You don't say ! "

## CHAPTER II.

### A NEW AND AN OLD ENGLANDER.

MR. RUPERT WENTWORTH and Lord Plowden Eton had made each other's acquaintance in the restaurant of the *Hôtel de Paris* at Monte Carlo, and they had become bosom friends notwithstanding or, it may be, in consequence of the many points of difference between them. Each interested and puzzled the other. The American found the Englishman a curious study; the Englishman had never before been on a familiar footing with any one like the American.

Lord Plowden was replete with good old English tastes and prejudices. He looked upon life from a purely practical point of view, having never been blessed with illusions. He was not ambitious, nor did he envy many of his neighbors. His mental horizon was limited. He did not assume that he had a mission to put the world right; on the contrary, he was fully satisfied with the world as he found it, though he might have been better pleased had Providence made him enter it before his elder brother. Yet he was too unimaginative and rational to worry himself about arrangements over which he had no control. So long as he had plenty of hunting, shooting, yachting, and horse-racing, he was as happy and contented with his lot as a duke's younger son can well be.

Though obliged to forego several luxuries, Lord Plowden lived in comfort. His father, his relatives, and his friends were always ready to entertain him with a good dinner and house him for the night. He did not toil, excepting when laboriously amusing himself;

he could not spin even to earn a meal, yet he wanted little that was really necessary and he had no dread of ending his days in a work-house. He could not afford to keep a yacht, hire a moor, or train race-horses, yet he could always find a berth and a welcome in a friend's yacht, could get as much shooting, during the season, as he desired and, like all the world, he could attend horse-races. He accepted invitations to festivities with pleasure and, being a younger son with a small allowance, he was dispensed from wasting his substance by entertaining in return.

Lord Plowden's greatest difficulty in life consisted in paying the debts which he incurred through his fondness for the turf. He did not bet heavily, neither did he lose largely; but he was put to as much inconvenience to pay a small loss as wealthy men were to pay an enormous one. The fact of his being a younger son without expectations saved him from incurring heavy liabilities. Money-lenders set their faces against spendthrift habits in persons like himself.

One day, when dining with a friend at the Junior Carlton Club, he casually remarked that he was hard pressed for funds, though his debts did not amount to more than a quarter's allowance. His friend said he was sorry to hear it, and inquired, "Have you read this week's *Truth?*" Lord Plowden had neglected to drink at that fount of undefiled English and information. His friend advised him to turn to *Truth* and ponder what was therein written about making money at Monte Carlo by playing on a particular system.

The philanthropic editor communicated that system to his fellow-men after having found by experience that it was not worse than any other. The system, which was alleged to have been discovered by a great French philosopher, had been tested and simplified by the editor. It was with deep gratitude to the editor that Lord Plowden mastered the system, which appeared to combine the two admirable requisites of

perfect simplicity and absolute certainty. The player who followed it was not only on the high road to fortune, but he required little capital to start with.

As the result of earnest calculation Lord Plowden felt confident that the system, if carefully followed at a gaming table, would enable him to acquire more money in a week than he was in the habit of receiving from his father in a year. He had the further anticipation of becoming very rich if he chose to play long enough. He was just able to scrape together the minimum sum wherewith to begin making a fortune, and to pay for a ticket to Monte Carlo. After arriving there he hastened to the Casino ; obtained a ticket of admission to the gaming rooms and began to play. In the course of fifteen minutes he had lost all his capital. He did not blame the system. More than once he seemed on the point of winning largely, when an unexpected turn in the game upset his calculations. If he had played in the opposite manner to that which he did, he would have won a considerable amount. But he did not perceive his mistake till too late, as is the common experience and fate of gamesters. He left the gaming rooms bankrupt in all but hope. He bemoaned his bad luck rather than his folly. He consoled and deluded himself with the reflection that, if his luck had been better and his capital larger, his most sanguine expectations would have been realized.

Lord Plowden went to bed and dreamed that he was a millionaire. With empty pockets and a heavy heart he sat down to breakfast the next morning. He had not even taken the precaution of obtaining a return ticket. When he left London he pictured himself returning with his pockets stuffed with notes or weighty with gold. Now he was penniless. Being gifted with a good appetite and elastic spirits, he was not long anxious and depressed and he resolved to postpone the consideration of ways and means till after breakfast. He ordered all the delicacies of the season

and did full justice to them. It was when ending a sumptuous and costly repast with strawberries which were charged a franc each that he made Mr. Wentworth's acquaintance.

They were seated at adjacent tables in the restaurant of the *Hôtel de Paris*. Mr. Wentworth had bought the last number of *Le Figaro* at the kiosque facing the hotel, before sitting down to breakfast. Lord Plowden Eton did not read French newspapers and the English ones had not arrived. Having dispatched *Le Figaro* and the greater part of his breakfast and being tired of gazing at the wall while waiting for the last course, Mr. Wentworth made a remark to his neighbor about the weather and then he proceeded to the next topic of interest at Monte Carlo—the gaming tables. He seldom entered the gaming rooms, and when he did so it was in the capacity of an unconcerned and impartial spectator. The previous night he had entered them and had been attracted by the play of Lord Plowden, whom he perceived to be a new-comer and a novice.

"I saw you play," he said, "and I must admit that luck was against you. Your system seldom breaks down quite so soon."

"But how did you know what system I was playing?"

"If you had been longer here you would not ask that question; the *Truth* system is as well-known as the hours at which the trains start. Most of the newcomers play it and lose their money. Perhaps their failure is owing to their not having the coolness or the capital of its inventor. But if you had persevered longer you would have won fifty thousand francs."

"The fact is I had enough of the game so, I went off;" he did not like to avow that he was obliged to go because he had no money left.

When the pair had finished breakfasting they left the restaurant together and strolled toward the gardens. In the course of conversation Lord Plowden

referred to his father, the Duke of Windsor. Mr. Wentworth knew the duke by name and, though he had taken a liking to his new acquaintance for his own sake, he yet felt more kindly disposed toward him on learning that he was the son of a distinguished father. He liked him for another and a more selfish reason. Lord Plowden had offered him a cigar which Mr. Wentworth found to be far superior to any that he had smoked during his sojourn at Monte Carlo, where good cigars are almost as scarce as in Italy or Spain.

After conversing together for a time, Mr. Wentworth asked Lord Plowden whether he meant to try and win back what he had lost. The latter candidly avowed that he should like to do so above all things, but that he had not enough money left and that he must make shift to get on as best he could till a remittance arrived. Mr. Wentworth did not infer from this that his companion was absolutely penniless for the moment; yet, if he had done so, his kindly impulse would not have been checked. With a generosity if not recklessness which English-speaking strangers often display to each other in foreign lands, he offered to lend Lord Plowden whatever he required for his present needs; the offer was accepted with unfeigned thanks. Lord Plowden said that a few pounds would suffice. He had resolved not to play again till he had received a remittance and repaid this loan. Though culpably indifferent about owing money to tradesmen, he disliked being in debt to a friend longer than he could possibly help. He entertained and acted upon the old-fashioned notions about the sacredness of debts of honor.

From the morning upon which Mr. Wentworth and Lord Plowden Eton first exchanged words their intimacy grew closer and more cordial. They walked and talked together. They compared notes on many subjects and they learned how different were their views of life and persons. They got on all the better because they had little in common. Each learned

something from the other. However, after ten days' constant companionship, they were becoming slightly tired of each other's society. Then it was that they made the acquaintance of Mrs. Bayle and her daughter at the *table d'hôte* of the *Hôtel de Londres*.

## CHAPTER III.

### RUPERT WENTWORTH'S CAREER.

MR. RUPERT WENTWORTH and Lord Plowden Eton differed as much in personal appearance as they did in their ideas and their aims. The former was a good representative of a class which is still small in America: the latter was an excellent specimen of a class which is gradually becoming smaller in England. Mr. Wentworth, being ten years the senior of Lord Plowden, is entitled to precedence. Irrespective of this, his character is so peculiar and noteworthy as to merit special attention and repay careful study.

The only child of a Boston merchant, Mr. Rupert Wentworth was eighteen when the heroic struggle for the maintenance of the Union was nearing its decisive and inevitable issue. He was then at Harvard University. He told his parents that he wished to go to the war as so many of his fellow-students had done. They refused to give him permission, not because they were loth to part with him, but because his health was very delicate. Not least among the many glories of Massachusetts was the alacrity with which her sons rushed to the front when the integrity of their country was menaced, and no father or mother, no sister or sweetheart, seemed even to grudge the lives of those dearest to them when these lives were sacrificed in order that the Union might be preserved. Young Rupert Wentworth's parents opposed his going to battle not because he might fall, but because he might die or be incapacitated for fighting before reaching the front.

Rupert was too much imbued with the spirit of the university, which was thoroughly belligerent, as well as too much in earnest to submit to be thwarted in his project. Accordingly, after yielding to his parents' wishes for some years, until the magnitude of the struggle appealed to his conscience as well as his enthusiasm, he suddenly left Harvard without giving notice to his parents in Boston and enlisted in a regiment which had been raised to re-enforce the Army of the Potomac under General Grant. He saw little fighting, being taken prisoner during the last battle of the Wilderness and dispatched to the Confederate prison in Richmond.

Though Rupert had done little, he had done his best, and displayed plenty of pluck. But his parents were in the right. His chest was then very delicate and the exposure to which he had been subjected as a private soldier, followed by the hardships he had to undergo as a prisoner, prostrated him on a bed of sickness. His life was in danger from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs. He recovered sufficiently to permit of his removal to his Northern home immediately after Grant captured Richmond, yet it seemed as if his days would be few or that he would never be other than a confirmed invalid. Happily he had an untainted constitution, so that consumption did not take remorseless hold of him. Careful nursing aided his complete recovery.

A circumstance of which his mother knew nothing rendered his recovery more difficult. As soon as the doctor gave permission for visitors to see him, the first caller was a cousin Julia Barton who, in an outburst of enthusiasm, called him "a brave boy," clasped him in her arms and kissed him repeatedly. This was the first time he had been kissed by her since they were children and playmates, when kissing was so much a matter of course as to be commonplace and unexciting. She added, "I am so glad to see you back, Rupert, and I suppose you will be pleased to hear that I am

engaged to be married to Newton Jones, and that the wedding takes place next week. The news deprived the kiss of its savor and greatly shocked Rupert who had long cherished an ardent affection for his cousin and contemplated asking her to be his wife. She on her part had never suspected the existence of this feeling.

He had a hard struggle both to keep his secret and to conceal his emotion from her, and the effort was hurtful to him. His mental suffering was extreme. He felt sure that his heart was broken ; he believed that the sun of his life was eclipsed forever. Yet he did not wish to die ; indeed, he was too practical an American to dream of committing suicide through love for his cousin and he simply vowed, with all the emphasis and sincerity of a love-sick youth of nineteen, that he would never marry.

Far more trying than the heart-ache which he deemed incurable was the shock caused by his father's sudden death in Virginia, whither he had gone to look after some property which he had bought there before the war. His father's death was the more unexpected because he was a hale man who had never suffered from illness. Perhaps had he been more delicate he might have lived longer. His recklessness in neglecting an attack of fever was the cause of his premature decease. Rupert's mother did not long survive her husband. She had been an invalid for many years and his death was a blow from which she never rallied. Thus, shortly after attaining his majority, Mr. Rupert Wentworth was his own master.

He was not so rich as he had anticipated. On retiring from business, his father had invested a good deal of money in land at the South ; but, owing to the war, this investment was almost worthless. Like many other Bostonians he had invested a little money in a Lake Superior copper mine ; he was less fortunate, however, than some of his friends, because, while the mines in which they had held shares returned large profits, his

venture was always absorbing fresh capital. The remainder of his capital was invested in United States bonds and house property near Boston, from which the annual income of about five thousand dollars or one thousand pounds sterling was derived. Mr. Wentworth was not only his own master, but he also had enough money wherewith to live in idleness or in the prosecution of some honorable task which would be at once an occupation and reward. His Boston friends talked of him as being comparatively poor. In certain circles of New York and of other American cities he would be regarded as little better than a pauper. In European cities poverty such as his would be accepted by their inhabitants with equanimity, if not with considerable pleasure.

Three courses were open to him in the opinion of his friends and relations. First, he might go into business ; second, he might embrace a profession ; third and worst, he might become a politician. For business of all kinds he had a distaste ; he had no inclination for law or medicine, and he disliked the practice of politics on the ground that those who entered upon it were either rascals at the outset or else became so in the end. During his illness he had read many books without any other object than to pass the time. Having met with one by Mr. Herbert Spencer he was so impressed by it that he got all the works of that writer, the result of his perusal being to make him join the American host of Mr. Herbert Spencer's admirers and followers. An even better result was the awakening in him of a desire for self-improvement. He became conscious of his own ignorance. He could not return to Harvard University and resume his studies among the younger men there. Yet he feared that, if he did not study with something of the system which is indispensable when following a university course, his reading would be too desultory to be fruitful. When at a loss what to do, he learned that an acquaintance was about to start for Heidel-

berg to study chemistry under Professor Bunsen. He resolved to go with him in order to study philosophy there.

Mr. Wentworth and his companion went to New York, whence they sailed for Bremen in a steamer of the North German Lloyd Company and from Bremen they went by rail to Heidelberg. He set himself to learn German and within three months' time he had mastered that tongue sufficiently to justify him in attending lectures at the university. During the holidays he made excursions to the Black Forest and Switzerland.

At the end of three years, Mr. Wentworth returned to Boston intellectually richer than he left it. He had acquired at Heidelberg a fair knowledge of the German language and literature. During his travels in Switzerland he had picked up a little French. His greatest gain, however, was a more thorough knowledge of his own ignorance and an increased desire for study. His ambition had taken the form of a longing for self-culture. Though not idle during his absence, he had produced little that was worth naming. A few letters about German universities which he had sent to the New York *Nation*, his favorite critical journal, and a few sketches of travel sent to the *Advertiser*, which has long been the leading Boston newspaper, comprised all that he had written with a view to publication. Nor had he covered many sheets of manuscript with his thoughts. He had never been able to write more than an outline of the great work which he meditated. Though he had committed few ideas to paper, he had a host in head.

He thought Boston a very different city from that which he left three years before. It was changed in in some material aspects ; new streets had been formed and new houses built, but the old familiar scenes and places had not altered : the real and greatest change was in himself. He looked upon every thing from a new point of view. He brought back with him a

standard of comparison which he did not possess at his departure. Crossing the Atlantic Ocean is a sort of liberal education. The American who has never visited Europe can not properly appreciate America ; the European who has not visited America can not perfectly understand Europe.

Mr. Wentworth's mind was widened by travel : his critical faculty was sharpened by study and observation. He enjoyed to the full a wanderer's greatest pleasure, a hearty welcome to his native land. All his relatives and friends were delighted to see him again and they paid him an amount of attention which he would not have received had he revolved for these three years within the narrow circle of local interests and concerns.

They were surprised to learn that he had spent three years in Europe without even visiting London or Paris. They could not understand it. They deemed him guilty of an unpardonable omission. His explanation that he had gone to study at Heidelberg and had chosen the most direct route thither and back did not suffice. It was sagely inferred that there was some concealed and, possibly, not very creditable reason for his eccentric conduct. While he was in Europe his cousin Mrs. Jones, had become the mother of two children whom she showed him with pride ; he kissed them without any outward show of dislike. Even if she had given him the opportunity he would not have kissed her. He was quite reconciled to her marriage. He had some difficulty in realizing why he should ever have objected to it, and he was quite certain that her marriage was not a conclusive reason why he should remain through life an inconsolable bachelor. He regarded marriage as well as Boston from a changed point of view.

He staid with his uncle Cecil in the house in the old part of Beacon Street which formerly belonged to his father. Though made comfortable in the house of his birth, he never felt so little at home. He sighed

for his plainly furnished rooms across the bridge at Heidelberg. There he could carry on his studies far better than in his native city, where he was surrounded with luxuries such as few citizens of Heidelberg ever enjoyed. The humble café in the principal street of Heidelberg where he was in the habit of spending his evenings along with fellow-students of congenial tastes was a miserable place compared with the Somerset Club in Beacon Street, of which he had become a member. The members of that Club were more addicted to gossip than to discussing German philosophy. He felt himself out of sympathy with them, and he longed to be among his German friends, where he could enjoy plain fare and lofty speculation.

His German friends had often talked to him about the capital of the United States and they could not understand why he knew and cared so little about it. He had visited Washington twice, once on his way to the front and again on returning from Richmond; and he had not preserved such a favorable impression of it on either occasion as to desire to revisit it. One of his cousins, who had recently been appointed to preside over the Patent Office, invited Mr. Wentworth to pay him a visit in order to see something of Washington society. He accepted the invitation and spent the winter in Washington. He left Washington without regret and with a more intimate knowledge of the way in which his country is governed. He had plenty of amusement in the shape of dinner parties, receptions and balls. He obtained a clear insight into the mysteries of party government and this dispelled many illusions about the patriotism of his fellows. His association with politicians rendered him more disinclined than before to go into politics. Unsettled and dissatisfied, he grew most anxious to revisit Europe and continue his studies there. An unexpected rebuff determined him to do so.

His resolution to improve his mind by study was formed, as has been stated, after a perusal of the

writings of Mr. Herbert Spencer. At Heidelberg he had studied philosophy and he found that the German philosophers were far profounder and much more obscure than Mr. Herbert Spencer. The perusal of the writings of Kant and Schelling, Fichte and Hegel, was no easy task and the result was to stimulate rather than to satisfy his curiosity. He thought that something could be said about the problem of existence to which none of them had given expression. He wished to place his views before the public and was eager for an opportunity.

The editor of the *North American Review*, who was a personal friend, one day asked him to write an article for the *Review* on some topic of general interest. Mr. Wentworth devoted three months to the composition of an article which he hoped would please the editor and enlighten the public. It was entitled *The Problem of Existence.* The editor did not keep it long : it is doubtful whether he read every word of it. On returning the article he used the honeyed phrases men employ when discharging a disagreeable duty, saying that he did not doubt it was a masterly exposition of an obscure subject, that if it were expanded into a larger work Mr. Wentworth would take high rank among American thinkers, but that he feared the readers of the *North American* would not appreciate it. Within a week after receiving the editor's letter, Mr. Wentworth was crossing the Atlantic on a Cunarder bound for Liverpool.

Mr. Wentworth did not set foot on English shores with the expectation of being pleased with the country or the people. Like other Americans of his own age, at that time, he regarded England with jaundiced eyes. He had arrived at the conclusion that the English to a man were insanely jealous of America. While the great civil war was raging, the press of the North made a point of reproducing every thing in English newspapers which was uncomplimentary to the Northern cause, and of omitting the many tokens

of English sympathy with it. In the Southern newspapers, England was denounced for unfriendliness toward the Confederacy, and the English Government, desiring to be neutral, offended both parties.

The animosity which Mr. Wentworth entertained toward England was, he thought, heartily reciprocated by Englishmen toward America. It was, then, with unutterable astonishment he learned that the mere fact of his being an American gentleman opened many houses and hearts to him. The cordiality with which he was received, the kindly and complimentary words in which he heard his country spoken of, led him to think that he was the victim of some delusion or misapprehension.

A few letters of introduction, one or two being from Longfellow, proved passports to the pleasantest society in London. He dined out day after day. He spent some weeks in country houses, where he saw a form of life whereof his countrymen who stay at English hotels can form no conception. He was made an honorary member of the Athenæum and Reform Clubs. The splendid libraries of both clubs were sources of great delight to him. In both he found study rendered easy and comfortable. The library of the Reform had the super-added charm of being the place wherein his venerable friend Dr. Palfrey, the historian of New England, had worked during a visit to England for the purpose of historical research. When at a loss where to find some rare book he had merely to visit the British Museum. He left London firmly convinced that no place could offer greater facilities for a student and half inclined to take up his abode there for a lengthened period.

With Paris he was pleased for a different reason. He met many of his fellow-countrymen there; and he felt a pleasure in associating with them when on foreign soil which he might not have experienced if he had met the same persons in America. Indeed, he soon began to feel that there was a good spice of America

in Europe, as well as a great deal that could not be found in America.

He visited the principal places on the Continent which attract tourists. He spent a winter in Italy and earnestly strove to learn the principles of art in a land where art is nearly as attractive as Nature and where both are to be seen in a state of greater perfection than elsewhere. He spent a part of several summers at the fashionable watering-places of France and Germany. He revisited Heidelberg and he resumed his studies, yet he did not prosecute them with his former vigor. Many of his old acquaintances had departed and he could not easily form new ties. The truth is that he became too much of a wanderer to settle down to any prolonged effort. He was restless and he longed for change of scene and place. He always meant to give his mind to some great work, but he postponed from day to day exercising the necessary self-denial. His reading became more desultory as his ideal receded into the distance. He had exchanged, almost unconsciously, the study of philosophy for the enjoyment of the passing hour. If he had been really able to enjoy himself the exchange would have been perfectly philosophical. He suffered the penalty of being unstable as water.

One morning in Paris, when engaged in making good resolutions and considering as to the place where he should carry them into effect, he saw a few lines in *Le Temps* stating that the United States frigate *Juniata*, under the command of Captain Popham, was lying in the harbor of Villefranche. This vessel comprised in itself the American fleet in European waters. The captain was an old university friend who left Harvard to qualify himself at the Naval Academy for entering the navy, shortly before Wentworth left Harvard to join the army. It occurred to him that he might go and compare notes with his old college companion and, at the same time, see Nice, which he had often thought of visiting. Within less than thirty-six

hours after coming to this conclusion he was on board the *Juniata* and seated in the captain's cabin.

He was cordially greeted and entertained, but it was not long before each recognized that he had little sympathy with the other. Captain Popham cared nothing for philosophy; Mr. Wentworth could not understand the grievances upon which the officers of the United States Navy, in common with their English brethren, are always ready to descant. Both learned with regret that the castles which they had built when they were young and sanguine, had proved to be very fragile edifices, as bright and evanescent as the substance of dreams. The *Juniata* was under orders to sail the day after Mr. Wentworth went on board; hence he could bid farewell to his college friend without feeling too keenly that the interview was a disappointment.

Being at Nice, Mr. Wentworth naturally proceeded to Monte Carlo. The Casino at Monte Carlo was not the principal attraction, his desire being to see a place about which he had read and heard much. He had visited Baden and Homburg when gaming tables were open there; he had staked a few pieces at the tables, but he had not become addicted to play and he much preferred the part of a spectator. But while the Casino afforded him no special gratification, the place itself charmed him beyond measure. He went with the intention of staying a few days. When he made the acquaintance of Lord Plowden Eton, he had been there three months. He could not tell how long his sojourn might continue. For the first time since he lost his heart to his cousin and then lost her by marriage, he had fallen in love.

## CHAPTER IV.

### LORD PLOWDEN'S PROGRESS.

THOUGH Lord Plowden Eton was ten years younger than Mr. Wentworth, and though he had seen much less of the world, yet his knowledge of some varieties of life was much more extensive and profound. He was happily constituted. From boyhood he had been a universal favorite. He had good looks and a good temper, high spirits and pleasant manners. He could learn any thing he pleased; but he did not care about lessons. If the study of the classics had been styled a game, and the games of cricket and football styled classical studies, he would have been a proficient in the classics and a wretched cricketer and football player. In him, as in many youths, the spirit of contradiction reigned supreme, and he was always ready to do with alacrity the reverse of what his masters desired.

Lord Plowden left Eton with little learning and a high reputation for feats performed on the river and in the playground: at Oxford he fully maintained his reputation, being as popular as an idle undergraduate as he had been as a schoolboy. When he left Oxford his ignorance of classical learning was rather greater than when he left Eton. Yet he was neither a dunce nor a simpleton. Whatever it suited him to acquire, he readily mastered, and he could easily gather more knowledge from a few hours' reading than more plodding men could assimilate after a week's study.

The misfortune of Lord Plowden was the lack of ambition. He was quite satisfied to take life easily.

If he had cared to enter the army his father would have been pleased; if he had cared to enter the Church he could have counted upon succeeding to a family living and upon the exercise of that family interest which insures preferment. But he had no taste for the duties of a soldier or a clergyman. Nor had a parliamentary career any attraction for him. As the second son of a duke, he had great advantages over unknown men even in these democratic days when electors first nominate candidates and then vote by ballot. Even a Radical constituency is flattered when a duke's son becomes a candidate. Such a candidate has twenty chances to one in his favor over a man who has nothing to recommend him but personal merit, and such a man has a still greater chance of becoming a member of a government soon after taking his seat in the House of Commons.

Being devoid of ambition and being disinclined to trouble himself about any thing, Lord Plowden settled down in London to the listless and uneventful life of a bachelor who has enough to live upon, provided he is not extravagant; but who has not enough to marry upon for love only. He had comfortable and inexpensive chambers in Jermyn Street. He dined at the Junior Carlton Club, when he had not an invitation to dine elsewhere, which seldom happened during the season, and he was a great favorite at the Club, being regarded as an oracle of the smoking room on all questions relating to sport.

If Lord Plowden had neglected the classics at school and college, he did not make amends by hard study after leaving the university. He was nearly as indifferent to the literature of his own country. Now and then he read an English sensational novel. Being ignorant of foreign tongues, with the exception of a slight smattering of French, he was not tempted to read any thing sensational or the reverse in German or Italian. The only book to which he gave much attention was his betting book. The literature which he

read with interest and attention was confined to *The Sportsman* and *The Field*. For light reading he turned to *The Referee*, especially to the columns therein headed "Mustard and Cress."

His good looks and pleasant manners made him a great favorite with the ladies. His birth gave him admission to the best society. He never caused ambitious mothers, having daughters to marry, any anxiety lest he should propose to one of them. He knew that he was no match for the rich daughters and he had no intention of mating himself with one of the poorer ones. Indeed, he felt that marriage in his own social sphere was out of the question, nor did he choose to accept a rich wife in another sphere merely because he enjoyed a title by courtesy.

Lord Plowden did not repine about his lot; yet he would have been overjoyed if, in some perfectly honorable way, he could obtain an income of as many thousands as he had hundreds. In that event he would have kept a yacht and race-horses, with the probable result of getting still deeper into debt as a rich man than he had done as a comparatively poor one. As it was he contrived to extract a good deal of enjoyment out of life. He did not consider himself a man to be envied, yet his position was far from being despicable.

Lord Plowden was nearly thirty years old when he made Mr. Rupert Wentworth's acquaintance. He looked younger than his years because, though making pleasure his only business, he had not overworked himself. He was six feet in height; he was broadly built and he had the look of being, as he was, a very strong man. He had light wavy hair and, unlike many of his cotemporaries, he wore all the hair that nature had given him. His complexion was ruddy; his eyes were a deep blue; he had a sweet smile and a hearty laugh and, though his features were not regular, his face was pleasant to look upon, his face and manners causing women to regard him

with admiration and causing men to regard him as a handsome and thoroughly good fellow.

Mr. Wentworth was several inches shorter than Lord Plowden Eton; but, being spare and slender, he looked nearly as tall. His features were finely chiseled and his look was stern. His hair was jet-black and this made his pale and clean-shaven face seem almost unnaturally white. Though delicate in look, he was not delicate in fact. He had not only recovered from his long illness after the war, but he had grown a new and much stronger man. Neither heat nor cold seemed to affect him. He had forgotten what it was to be ailing and, if called upon to show his capacity for endurance, he could easily out-walk and out-fast men far more robust in appearance than himself. His feet and hands were as small and finely shaped as those of any noble whose ancestors were Crusaders. In this respect most American gentlemen bear all the marks of nobility, while the manners and general bearing of those who belong to the class in which Mr. Wentworth moved are as aristocratic as their persons. Perhaps they are almost too reserved and saturnine. Yet this is merely on the surface. Break the ice and they will be found genial companions.

Like many of his countrymen and those in particular who are descended from the early settlers, Mr. Wentworth had a feature in common with the Indians who once were the lords over Massachusetts. The North American Indian has large protuberant ears and Mr. Wentworth's ears were much too prominent. However, if the ears of some Americans are rather large they are never too long. Though as good a fellow at bottom as Lord Plowden, those who met Mr. Wentworth for the first time might misjudge him. His cold and reserved manner repelled friendly overtures. He seemed to regard his fellow-men with contempt when, in truth, he was only exercising a caution so excessive as to be almost Scottish, and hesitating to open his heart and give his confidence till he had sat-

isfied himself about the persons with whom he had to deal. Beneath his frigid exterior was to be found a warm heart and an enthusiastic nature. His friends believed in and trusted him beyond measure. It was his misfortune to be often misunderstood and to command respect rather than the esteem of those who judged him from appearances only and who never learned how much there was in Rupert Wentworth to admire and esteem.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO.

"I AM real pleased to see you, gentlemen. How's your health? Sit down right there and tell us all the news."

Such was the greeting which Mrs. Bayle gave to Mr. Wentworth and Lord Plowden Eton when they entered the restaurant of the *Hôtel de Londres*, where she and her daughter were finishing their breakfast. She added:

"Have you got the morning papers? I asked the waiter here for them, but, like all those foreigners, he does not seem to understand English properly, so he told me they do not arrive till the evening. Of course that is absurd."

Mr. Wentworth replied, "I am sorry to say, madam, that you must wait till the afternoon or evening before you can get the morning papers here. They have to come from Nice, Marseilles, Lyons and Paris. No daily paper is published in the Principality of Monaco."

"What! Is there no paper at all? How do the people live without one?"

"I should say that the majority of the people prefer playing at bowls in the open air or at ecarté in a café to reading any newspaper. However, they have a paper which appears once a week. It is the *Journal de Monaco*. There is not much in it and what there is can not be called light reading. It contains all the government decrees, an account of the prince's doings and an 'editorial' on some topic of public interest such as the sermon preached in the cathedral on Sunday.

The sermon is always pronounced a masterpiece and the preacher is always praised for his eloquence."

Miss Bayle interposed with the remark, "If that's so, I guess I shall not trouble the *Journal de Monaco.* It's often bad enough to listen to sermons without reading editorials upon them."

"Well," said her mother, "I suppose there is no such thing as a telegraph office in this one-horse principality."

"In that you are mistaken," was Mr. Wentworth's answer; he added, "you will not find a bank or a Protestant church in the principality, but you will find both a post and a telegraph office and you may send a telegram to Chicago, if you wish."

"I am glad to hear that there is some token of civilization. I guess I'll cable Mr. Bayle right away and tell him we have arrived here. But what about money, if there's no bank? I have a letter of credit on the International American Bank and I see in the list of correspondents that the firm of Messrs. Smith and Co., is the one here."

"I know it has a correspondent, because I get my own money through the same bank, but the office of the firm you name is in France, and not in Monaco."

"What a strange place in which there is no daily paper, no bank and no Protestant church! Have I to go to Nice for money on my letter, or in what part of France is the agent of the International Bank to be found?"

"You have not far to go. A few minutes' walk behind this hotel will bring you to the banking house of Messrs. Smith and Co., and to the Protestant church. As soon as you enter the church or the bank you have entered France. Both are on the boundary line."

"That makes the matter still more ridiculous."

"It would be ridiculous in our country, but you must remember, madam, that we are in Europe and that Monaco is a part of Europe where American

ideas have less chance of acceptance than almost any other."

Turning to her daughter Mrs. Bayle asked, "Almy, didn't you say this morning my medicine had given out?"

"Yes, mother; there's not a drop left in the bottle."

Then, addressing Mr. Wentworth again, she pathetically exclaimed, "Whatever shall I do, sir! I might have an attack of malaria any day and I suppose there's no drug store here, or if there is they will not be able to put up American prescriptions."

"Make your mind easy, madam. There are several drug stores. The people here never think of dying without the aid of medicine. You can have any prescription prepared, and you can even get all our quack medicines from *Pain Killer* to *Safe Cure*."

"Well, that's a relief. For the moment I felt quite scared. I can not exist without my medicine."

While Mr. Wentworth conversed with Mrs. Bayle, her daughter and Lord Plowden Eton exchanged commonplaces, or it would be more correct to say that she asked him many questions to which he returned commonplace answers. He was struck with her beauty; he was puzzled with her manners and he was astounded at her appetite. Several empty dishes were before her. She had eaten two boiled eggs, a fried sole, a beefsteak, a quantity of potatoes, seven slices of bread and butter, and she complained that she could not finish her meal without the substantial addition of hot buckwheat cakes and molasses. The waiter had never heard of either. She told Lord Plowden that she was too exacting, perhaps, in looking for hot cakes in an uncivilized principality where there was no daily paper and where one entered France when one went to the bank or to church.

Miss Bayle produced the effect of a new sensation upon Lord Plowden. He had never before seen a young lady like her. A more beautiful face he had not gazed upon, nor had he ever heard a lady's voice

which was more out of harmony with her features. Though her face was that of an angel, her voice was neither low nor sweet; her beauty dazzled him and her accent grated on his ear. He regarded her with as much wonder as admiration. She was the first young lady who had puzzled and interested him to the same extent. And he was quite as much at a loss to understand the mother.

As soon as the ladies had left the room to prepare for going out, he said, "Wentworth, do your countrywomen generally dress and talk like these ladies?"

Mr. Wentworth was ready to side with his countrymen and countrywomen when criticised by an Englishman, yet he was also full of Boston prejudices against Western products. He was conscious that both Mrs. Bayle and her daughter fell very far short of the Boston standard; but he did not like to avow this to his companion; consequently he replied:

"Many American women differ from them; these people are what we call 'shoddy aristocrats' and, I should say, very recent acquisitions to the ranks."

The answer did not enlighten Lord Plowden, who said, "I thought you were all republicans in America, how then can any one belong to an aristocracy there!"

"Of course we are all republicans, and I hope that we are good ones; we are so proud of our form of government that we want every nation to adopt it. I need not tell you, however, that there may be aristocrats in a republic, as you must have learned from reading about the Venetian, Florentine, and other Italian republics."

Lord Plowden knew that there were picture galleries and fine buildings in Florence, and that Venice was built upon piles, but he was as ignorant of Italian history as he was of the conditions and gradations of society in the United States. He never made a pretense of knowing things about which he was ignorant; but he was reluctant to display to his companion the extent and degree of his ignorance; hence he con-

tented himself by remarking, "I suppose you're right," and then he proceeded to say: "Surely the wives and daughters of these Italian aristocrats did not appear at breakfast covered with diamonds."

"That would depend upon whether they had any. I believe that all women have a passion for diamonds and my own observation leads me to conclude that the older they are, the fonder do they become of covering themselves with diamonds."

"I know very well that many women are fond of diamonds and I do not question their taste; but never till I saw Mrs. Bayle and her daughter, have I seen any appear at breakfast with diamonds on their dresses and in their hair. Can you tell me why Mrs. Bayle wears a diamond ring on the fore-finger of her right hand? Is that an American fashion?"

"Such a sight is as new to me as to you. I never saw it in Boston but I have heard that it is a Western custom. Our 'shoddy aristocracy,' which is simply another phrase for *parvenus*, *nouveaux riches*, have ways of their own. But we must talk of these things another time as the ladies are waiting for us outside."

## CHAPTER VI.

### SHODDY ARISTOCRATS.

MR. WENTWORTH was quite right in supposing Mrs. Bayle to be a shoddy aristocrat. The class to which she belonged grew large and conspicuous after the great civil war. It was originally composed of persons who made loud professions of patriotism and accumulated large fortunes at the expense of their country. It has been recruited since then from the ranks of those who make haste to be rich and who are nearly as unscrupulous about the means as a brigand of Greece or Turkey.

Shoddy aristocrats occupy an unenviable position in their own country. The best society of New York and Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other cities is a paradise from which they are rigorously excluded. To many of them the phrase applied by Burke to the Duke of Bedford is perfectly applicable: they are emphatically "poor rich men." They are poverty-stricken in the midst of wealth. The satisfaction of material wants does not require much money; it is after these have been satisfied that the time of real enjoyment begins. To the half educated man who has rapidly become a millionaire the period of enjoyment never arrives. His sole pleasure consists in growing richer, and no greater pleasure nor much greater advantage accrues to such a man by his growing richer than by his growing fatter. The aim of the American shoddy aristocrat is to get social recognition; it is his dream by night and his struggle by day. In general, his efforts and aspirations meet with

greater success in Europe than in his own country. In Europe he is credited with many virtues because he has very large possessions.

The Bayle family had become suddenly rich. Mr. and Mrs. Bayle naturally desired to make a figure in the world. They had tried and failed to enter society in America. They were too well known there to succeed. They had visited Saratoga and Newport during the season and Mrs. Bayle and her daughter made themselves conspicuous for the splendor of their jewelry and the variety of their dresses; but they failed to become intimate with the persons who were acknowledged to be the leaders of fashion and arbiters of taste. The people for whom they cared the least were obtrusive in desiring to make their acquaintance.

They had spent a winter in New York, where they occupied the finest suite of rooms in the Windsor Hotel and were lavish in their entertainments; yet, while they often gave large parties, they received none of the invitations for which they sighed. Some Chicago friends advised them to visit Europe and gave them glowing accounts of the hospitality and gayety which might be enjoyed there. This induced them to give up a despairing search after one form of happiness in America and to recommence it in Europe.

Mrs. Bayle, who was a little over forty and looked ten years older, was an excellent specimen of the ordinary American woman who has been educated at a common school, who has had a hard struggle for existence, who has risen from a humble station in life to have every luxury at her command, whose accomplishments are limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic, to doing household work and cooking a very plain dinner, and whose intellect has had no other cultivation than that which is the result of an attentive perusal of newspapers.

She was tall and spare in figure; even in youth her face and form could not have been attractive and she produced the impression of having been born old,

worn, and weary. Most persons meeting Mrs. Bayle for the first time were apt to conclude that she had been the victim of some great calamity, yet she had no other reason for looking wretched than an occasional headache or the depression following a slight attack of malarial fever. Yet her appearance was deceptive; she was neither peevish in speech nor repulsive in manner. She was unlike many women in holding her tongue when she had nothing to say and she possessed the virtue which is rarely found in her sex of being an appreciative listener. On one topic, however, she was apt to speak with a fluency and persistency which were well-nigh intolerable; this was the misery of keeping house. On another she was equally ready to enlarge; this was the annoyance caused by servants. As has been said previously, the leading desire of her heart was to contribute to her daughter's happiness.

Miss Alma Judith Bayle did not resemble her mother. She was much shorter in stature and of a merry nature. She was plump yet well-proportioned, was always more ready to laugh than to cry, and her high spirits made her a welcome addition to any company which required to be enlivened. If her mother spoke too little as a rule, she was open to the reproach, by contrast, of being a chatterbox. She had no grievances as regarded housekeeping or servants. She was not afflicted with the craze for entering society which tormented her parents. On the contrary, her personal experience of life had been uniformly pleasant, excepting when she discussed books with Tom Bates and found that he did not agree with her.

She was neither a tomboy nor a blue stocking; she was neither uniformly giddy nor uniformly pedantic. Her likes and dislikes were expressed with perfect candor. Though her features were regular, though her hair was of a fine, dark-brown, though her gray eyes were full of glee, and though all these things formed a pleasing whole, yet the charm of a lively disposition largely

contributed to render her fascinating. She was a beauty devoid of artifice and she had a character in which there was no guile. Her mother and she had one defect in common. They had brought with them to Europe an exaggerated notion of the power of precious stones to adorn the person. They had an equally mistaken notion as to the effect of the brightest colors on the female figure. Nature has made American women beautiful; but it has withheld from them, as well as from their English sisters, the inestimable boon of good taste. The costly dresses which Mrs. Bayle and her daughter considered very showy and effective were simply hideous. Happily for Miss Bayle, she was so beautiful in face and figure and so charming in manner as to win admiration in spite of her inartistic and unbecoming apparel.

Miss Bayle had received the best education which money could command in Chicago. This consisted in a comprehensive smattering of literature, science, and art. She had no false pride, and admitted that there were some things about which she was wholly ignorant, yet she believed that there were few things worth knowing of which she had not learned a little. She was foolishly proud of her powers as a musician, being able, as she thought, to play and sing any thing at sight and without a moment's hesitation, nor did it give her any concern that she played out of time and sang out of tune. Unfortunately for herself, she was accustomed to hear her playing commended as brilliant, and it was certainly brilliant to the verge of audacity. Her singing consisted in a volume of sound which made the room ring again and most favorably impressed all those who were either very deaf or were no judges of music.

While neither mother nor daughter had marked natural gifts or much polish, each was an agreeable companion. Both were devoid of affectation; to use their own words, they "said right out what they thought." Their natural manners and unaffected

remarks were refreshing when compared with the company manners and conventional speech which prevail so widely in that form of society which is called and regarded as good, chiefly because it is exclusive. Manners may be polished till they become insipid just as they may be so rough as to be disgusting. If Mrs. Bayle and her daughter had been more subdued and refined they would have attracted less notice and, possibly, they might have been less liked.

From the moment they set foot in Europe every thing was strange to them ; the world seemed quite new. Never before had they been the objects of so much attention ; they received as much homage as some royal personages. They did not know at first that this was due not to themselves, but to their purses. Knowing nothing about the actual value of the foreign money which they used, they distributed it in a lavish style, giving five francs when other persons would have given one.

In America the reckless distribution of money for services rendered does not produce any lively expressions of gratitude. The person who is overpaid no more thinks of returning thanks than the person who is paid the sum actually due. But in most European countries an amount of apparent and simulated gratitude which is almost overwhelming may be obtained by distributing a few coins. To Mrs. Bayle and her daughter, the bows and blessings which they received from waiters, porters and cabmen in return for the extra payments which they unconsciously made, were the more gratifying because their source was entirely unsuspected. They thought that the fact of their being Americans was the explanation of the matter, and they liked Europe all the more when they found that Americans were such favorites there.

Yet they did not feel at home. The scene was novel, the people were genial, their path was smooth, but they were unhappy. They were anxious to ask questions and they could not make themselves under-

stood. They had been told that French would serve all over the Continent when English was not spoken. Mrs. Bayle trusted to her daughter acting as interpreter. Miss Bayle had the special qualification for the post that she had carried off prizes at the high school in Chicago for proficiency in the French tongue. She had no hesitation in talking with great fluency the French which had been praised by her teachers ; but she found, first that the remarks she made in that tongue were not understood by the persons to whom she spoke, and second that she could not understand the remarks in French addressed to her. For a time she was completely puzzled, but she eventually explained the mystery to her own satisfaction, saying, " Mother, I guess there are two kinds of French and they have learned me the wrong one."

Though the ladies felt themselves unable to converse as frequently and fully as they desired, they had no real trouble in making the journey from Genoa to Nice. Their original plan was to stay at Nice till the arrival of Mr. Bayle, but they heard so much from some American acquaintances of the attractions of Monte Carlo that they decided to go thither, an inducement being that these acquaintances were about to do so also. It happened, however, that they changed their minds the day that Mrs. Bayle and her daughter left Nice, so Mrs. Bayle felt " Quite lonesome again," to use her own phrase, on reaching Monte Carlo. Thus the meeting with Mr. Wentworth and Lord Plowden Eton was a real pleasure.

Mrs. Bayle soon learned that Mr. Wentworth could speak French fluently and this increased her liking for him. Then the meeting with Lord Plowden was a new sensation. He was an object of great interest and curiosity to the ladies. They were familiar with gentlemen like Mr. Wentworth ; but the son of an English duke was a person whom they had never met before except in a novel. Lord Plowden was handsome and that is a recommendation in the eyes of all

women: he appeared to be very good-natured and that is a recommendation second only to good looks. Both Mrs. Bayle and her daughter were anxious to learn more about him. They had formed a notion that English peers and their sons constitute a peculiar variety of the human animal, and they were as eager and curious to see how Lord Plowden would conduct himself on closer acquaintance, as any visitor to the Zoölogical Gardens can be about the character and movements of a rare wild beast.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SIGHT-SEEING AND GOSSIP.

MR. WENTWORTH knew his countrywomen too well to propose that they should take a walk. He was quite aware that the shoddy American regards walking as undignified and a sign of poverty. The party entered a carriage and drove to the old city of Monaco.

Few cities on the Mediterranean are more picturesquely situated than Monaco and few are less attractive to the untraveled American. As some of the streets are too narrow for a carriage to pass, the party had to get out and go through them on foot. Mrs. Bayle could not understand how people could build a city in such a fashion ; she pronounced the streets very gloomy as well as malodorous and the city as a whole " real mean."

She avowed her preference for such straight and wide streets as Washington, Madison, or Randolph streets, which occupy much the same place in Chicago that the *Rue du Milieu* does in Monaco. Mr. Wentworth admitted that the streets in Monaco were not like those of an American city and he said that the contrast between them and those of American cities was one of their attractions. He urged moreover, that, so far as situation went there was no comparison between the small city on the Mediterranean and the gigantic one on the shore of Lake Michigan, but neither Mrs. Bayle nor her daughter would admit that beauty of prospect was a compensation for cramped and uncomfortable dwellings. Lord Plowden, who cared nothing for scenery and had no antiquarian tastes, agreed with

the ladies, so Mr. Wentworth found himself in a minority of one.

When he proposed to visit the palace the ladies were delighted. They had never entered a palace and they entertained very exaggerated notions about the residences of royal personages. However, after walking through the Palace of the Grimaldis, they expressed their disappointment. They had seen many hotels in America in which the rooms were as large and as sumptuously furnished; indeed, both Mrs. Bayle and her daughter expressed their own preference for the Palmer House in Chicago over the Prince's Palace in Monaco. Certainly the Palmer House is a much newer building and it is decorated in a more gorgeous, though not a more artistic style than the palace.

It was in vain that Mr. Wentworth called Mrs. Bayle's attention to the frescoes in the court-yard and told her that they were the work of a great Italian artist. Mrs. Bayle saw nothing to admire and she gave it as her opinion that these famous frescoes were in want of a coat of fresh paint. When assured that the "Triumph of Bacchus," which was one of the subjects represented, was a work of high art, she made uncomplimentary remarks about the principal figures and said that, if they were coated with whitewash, it would be all the better. The truth is that neither Mrs. Bayle nor her daughter was capable of appreciating a work of art. Besides, they had not been long enough in Europe to have acquired the hypocrisy of the tourists who praise or blame the artist, not because they really like or dislike his works, but because they have learned certain phrases in guide-books. As Mrs. Bayle took the light of nature for her guide, she often went astray, going into raptures over the pictures which no one would buy and being very anxious to acquire pictures which no one praised.

The York room was the only one in the palace which both ladies admired without reserve. It is a triumph of gorgeous ornamentation. The

painted ceiling is really an artistic production, but there is more ostentation than artistic merit in the gilded walls. The attendant who showed them over the palace spoke with bated breath when he said, "This is the York room." Mr. Wentworth knew that the Duke of York, a brother of George the Third, had died there in 1767 ; but neither his countrywomen nor Lord Plowden Eton had any knowledge of this historical fact. When told of it they expressed interest, thinking perhaps that the room in which the brother of a king dies must have undergone a sort of consecration. They listened with polite attention while he told them the story as recorded by Horace Walpole. They went to the verge of hypocrisy in remarking, "Oh ! how interesting !" and like children, they wished to hear more of the story. In order to please them and also to display his knowledge, Mr. Wentworth gave them a condensed account of the rock on which Monaco stands, being most copious when he spoke about its latest history, in which he was more intimately versed than in that of its origin as a stronghold. When he said that he had no more to narrate, his hearers were unfeignedly grateful that his tale was at an end, and they almost wished him at the bottom of the blue water at the base of the rock when he added, "I ought not to have omitted to mention the ingenious tyrant Honoré the Fifth, and the stupid tyrant Florestan the First, whose foolish conduct was the main cause of the revolt of the greater portion of his subjects, which was followed by the secession of Roccabruna and Mentone." While this useful but unappreciated knowledge was flowing from the lips of Mr. Wentworth, the carriage was conveying the party back to Monte Carlo.

They got down in the square in front of the Casino. Each was ready to question the other, "What shall we do next ?" Mr. Wentworth anticipated the question by saying that the afternoon concert would begin in the course of a few minutes. The party went to the concert room, and heard the performance of an instru-

mental band which is one of the best in Europe, and, possibly, in America also. Between the pieces Lord Plowden was subjected to an examination by Miss Bayle. She was as much pleased as surprised to find that Mr. Wentworth had displayed far more intimate acquaintance with the persons and facts of modern English history than Lord Plowden. She could not understand why he should be both ignorant of his country's history and apparently indifferent about it.

"Well! Lord Plowden," she began, "were you taught history at school?"

"I believe I was," he cautiously replied, adding, "but I was taught so much that I can not now remember any thing."

"But what have you read since leaving school? What are your favorite books?"

His favorite book was his betting book, but he was in doubt whether he should say so. He had read a few story books in his younger days: he had a vivid recollection of *Robinson Crusoe* and *Gulliver's Travels;* he had skimmed the pages of a few sensational novels when he had nothing else to occupy him; but he was so much in doubt as to how to answer the question without exposing himself to ridicule that he said: "I have generally so much to do that I have had no time for a systematic course of reading since I left school." And, without pausing for a reply which it might be inconvenient to satisfy, he put this question in turn:

"Mr. Wentworth has assured me that all American ladies are great readers. Perhaps you will tell me whether that is true."

"Yes, sir, I guess that's so: some of us do read a mighty heap of books. Mother is an exception. She seldom opens a book as she prefers the papers and the magazines. I don't care much for the papers and I never read any thing in the magazines but the novels."

"Then what works do you prefer?"

"It is difficult to say, I like so many. Don't you

think those of James Payn, William Black and Blackmore are first-class ?"

Lord Plowden was again in a difficulty, being one of the very few educated Englishmen to whom the names of these cotemporaries conveyed no pleasant associations. He was not ready to make an avowal which, he feared, would lower him in Miss Bayle's eyes, so he said a few words to the effect that he was glad to hear that these writers were appreciated in America. The remark did not have the expected effect, because Miss Bayle at once exclaimed, "Surely you ought to know that all these writers are far better understood and appreciated in America than in England. When William Black visited Chicago we made more fuss about him than if he had been the President. If James Payn and Blackmore would visit Chicago our citizens would let them know what it is to be popular. You English people do not seem to care half enough about your best men." Lord Plowden could not understand or reply to this tirade and he felt relieved when Miss Bayle went off at a tangent as he thought, and said, "Are you fond of yachting ?"

He was glad to be able to answer emphatically in the affirmative, adding, "Why do you ask ?"

"Because," she replied, "you should read Mr. Black's yachting stories ; they make one in love with the sea. If you have not read them you can not tell me whether they give a picture of yachting in your country. In these stories every body is able to eat, drink and sing in all weathers, while in America some people always get sick on a yacht when the weather is bad." Lord Plowden was about to tell her that he often had sea-sick companions, when the concert ended and the party moved away.

Mrs. Bayle, who had been talking to Mr. Wentworth about American topics which interested them both, appealed to him as to what they should do next, His answer was :

"You have done your duty so far, and followed the

round which virtuous new-comers delight to tread. Nothing now remains but to complete the programme and take a turn in the gaming rooms. I seldom enter them, but I shall be glad to accompany you and give you good advice which you will probably not take. If you do not care to go into the rooms now, you may take a walk in the gardens. They are well worth seeing."

"Are these the gardens where the suicides take place?" Mrs. Bayle asked. "When Almy and me were at Nice a lady said at the dinner table that a corpse is found either in the gardens or at the bottom of the suicides' rock every morning."

"Did the lady who said this ever see one of these corpses?"

"No, sir. She had never visited Monte Carlo. She could not bear the notion of suddenly coming upon a dead body when taking a walk; but she had read particulars about the suicides in a Nice paper."

"Well, Mrs. Bayle, if the Nice people had their own way there would be a general massacre at Monte Carlo. They think if the Casino were closed that the visitors to Nice would spend more money there, instead of paying many visits to this place and losing money here. I have been several months here and I have not been able to authenticate a single case of suicide."

Though Mrs. Bayle was really more anxious to enter the gaming rooms than to go to the gardens, she did not like to avow this in her daughter's presence. Mr. Wentworth had assumed this and had obtained the cards of admission, without which no one can enter the *Cercle des Etrangers* or "Strangers' Club" as the Casino is called. He moved toward the rooms and the others followed him.

After walking round the rooms, the ladies expressed their surprise at the unexciting character of the spectacle. They expected to be introduced to a scene of boisterous excitement, to behold the winners of money mad with joy and the losers frantically tearing their

hair, out of grief. Miss Bayle had in her mind the graphic picture of players presented by many writers in novels and newspapers and accepted as life-like, and she expected them to be reproduced before her eyes, whereas she saw nothing more startling than may be seen in any bank when customers are depositing or withdrawing money. The players had a business-like look. They did not display those emotions on their faces which imaginative writers have discerned and recorded. None of the players had a specially wicked cast of countenance, and the croupiers were as respectable in appearance and as subdued in manner as the players. "Is this all?" was the ladies' exclamation; they added, "Surely it is scarcely worth while making so much fuss about gaming rooms if the show is no more exciting than this!"

Assuming for the occasion the part of mentor, Mr. Wentworth moralized in a proper strain, telling his countrywomen that the propriety of the performance was its greatest danger, that those who came for the first time were the more ready to "try their luck" as it is called, because to do so seemed perfectly natural. Lord Plowden Eton being appealed to by Miss Bayle as to whether he did not play, replied that he had done so, but that, having lost some money, he did not care to renew the experiment. In fact he had not even entered the rooms since the evening when he had left them without any money in his pocket. He was too proud to be under further obligations to Mr. Wentworth and, as has already been remarked, he was too sensible as well as honorable to risk any of the money which he had received as a loan, pending the arrival of a remittance from London. When he had repaid Mr. Wentworth and had money of his own in his pocket, he would have no objection to try and regain what he had lost; as it was, he preferred to be a spectator rather than a player.

When Mrs. Bayle had watched the game at a *roulette* table for a few minutes, she felt a desire to risk a

few five franc pieces. She staked a piece on a simple chance and won. Mr. Wentworth told her that she might take them both up. She told him that she would let them lie till she had won a sum worth carrying away. Her stake went on increasing till it was represented by several gold pieces. Then a lady who was seated at the table stretched out her hand and appropriated the coins.

Mrs. Bayle said, "How's that; the money's mine," but no one paid any heed to her remark. She wished Mr. Wentworth to explain the reason of this strange proceeding, thinking that it might be a rule of the game for those seated at the table to have a right to pocket the winnings of those who were standing.

Mr. Wentworth said to her, "You are a victim because you are a stranger. The woman who has taken your money is one of many who are on the watch for strangers and who profit by their ignorance. If you complain, the woman will assert that the money was hers, and you will be looked upon as a person desiring to rob others."

"If that's so," Mrs. Bayle replied, "then the game is not what Mr. Bayle would call a square one."

"No, madam," said Mr. Wentworth, "the game is perfectly fair: the trouble is that many of the players are rascals. The greatest drawback of these gaming rooms is that the honest frequenters of them have to associate with rogues, and they pay the penalty of keeping bad company."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Bayle, "I guess I've had enough of gaming. Come, Almy, let's go back to the hotel."

The gentlemen left them at the hotel door, promising to return at dinner time.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### LETTERS HOME.

MRS. BAYLE found a cablegram at the hotel, being an answer to the one which she had sent in the morning. It ran thus : "Can not leave for sixty days. Expect to make big strike. Go to Paris or London when you want change. Write news."

This cablegram did not surprise her. She was prepared for her husband being detained and she was pleased to learn that the reason was his expectation of adding to his wealth. He had told her before leaving America that an opportunity had occurred for doubling if not trebling his fortune, and all properly constituted American wives consider their husbands usefully and suitably occupied when they are making money.

She sat down and wrote a long letter to him, telling her daughter that, if she had any letters to write, she had better do so at the same time. Much of her letter has no general interest : the most material passages are the following :—" On reaching Liverpool I cabled you as agreed upon ' All well,' and did the same from Genoa. This morning I cabled you :—' Address is *Hôtel de Londres*, Monte Carlo. Shall we wait here for you? All well.' Your answer I have just received and as you asked me to repeat in writing the cablegrams I receive from you I now do so. [Here follow the words of the cablegram given at the opening of this chapter.]

" We did not stay more than a day in Liverpool and we were not sorry that the Cunard steamer for the Mediterranean sailed at once as it rained

in torrents all the time. We were told that Liverpool is a fine city when it does not rain, but some fellow passengers who had been there often said that they had never had a fine day there. The steamer to Genoa was called the *Saragossa*, but it was nothing like so fine a one as the *Servia* in which you saw us off from New York, but it was quite comfortable and there were only twelve passengers, which was pleasanter than the three hundred saloon passengers in the *Servia*.

"I was not so sick as on the Atlantic, and Alma was well all the time, as she always is at sea. The weather was cold and damp for the first few days, but it became lovely after we got to Gibraltar, which is a place of which the British seem very proud. It was so hot there we could not believe that it was only the last of March. There were plants and shrubs growing in the gardens and covered with leaves and flowers which I never saw before, except in a conservatory. In the market there were all the fruits and vegetables which we get from Florida and California. Some of the stall-keepers wore turbans and sat cross-legged like the figures I saw when a child in an illustrated edition of the *Arabian Nights*. Many of the people in the streets looked as if they had come from a masked ball, and the dress of the English soldiers was quite as strange, particularly the white helmets which they wore to keep off the sun. . . .

"We did not like Genoa as it rained as heavily there as at Liverpool. The palaces look rather mean. The cemetery, which they call Campo Santo, is full of elegant marble monuments ; but the guide told us of a practice which we thought very horrid. The graves are let for a few years, generally three, and at the end of the time the remains are disinterred and other bodies buried in them ; only very rich people can afford to buy graves which are undisturbed. . . . We liked Nice better, but feeling lonesome after being a day

there, and finding the Americans in the hotel were coming here, we concluded to do so too.

"On the day we arrived here we met two gentlemen who have been very agreeable and have escorted us around. One is Mr. Wentworth, an American from Boston, who has lived long in Europe and speaks French so well that every body understands him, while Alma's French seems not understood at all, and the people who say they speak English are quite beyond me, as I can not make out what they mean. Mr. Wentworth has a companion, the son of an English duke, his name is Lord Plowden Eton, and he is quite agreeable, not being at all proud, and he is as well spoken as an American. He does not seem to know much and he can not talk French like Mr. Wentworth, but then English lords are not bright.

"We shall stay a few days here and then go to Paris. The Johnsons from Chicago, who crossed in the *Servia* and who went to Paris from Liverpool, told me they would be there till May, and I promised to meet them at the Grand Hotel. I shall send you a cable dispatch when we get to Paris."

While Mrs. Bayle was writing the long letter from which the foregoing extracts are taken, her daughter was writing a shorter one to her Chicago friend, Tom Bates. He was one of her many admirers, and he was anxious to marry her but, fearing a refusal, he had not ventured to propose. She appeared to like him, yet she had not manifested such a marked preference as to render him confident of her consenting to become his wife. They went to the theater and picnics together, danced together at balls and were on the best of terms except when they discussed books, which they did nearly every time they met. Miss Bayle could not understand why any one could be blind to the superlative merits of her last favorite author, and she had a fresh favorite every week. Tom Bates had a great liking for books, though his occupation was that of clerk in a dry goods store. But his

leisure hours were largely passed in reading and he was a member of the Chicago Literary Club, where books and their authors were discussed with great freedom and sometimes great acuteness. This is but one of many societies of the kind in Chicago ; another noteworthy one is the Fortnightly, which Miss Bayle had often attended as a visitor, and she imbibed there many notions about literature, which were in opposition to those which Tom Bates entertained.

Both Tom Bates and Miss Bayle had one topic about which to argue and disagree without ceasing. This was the respective merit as American authors, of Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James. Miss Bayle was one of the ardent admirers of Mr. Henry James ; while Mr. Howells was the especial favorite of Tom Bates. Neither could recognize the differences between them and their distinguishing characteristics. The subject upon which they disagreed the most was *Daisy Miller*, a short story which few of the countrymen of Mr. Henry James understand and appreciate. Miss Bayle had the critical or accidental acumen to perceive the artistic merit of the story, and to give the writer due credit for having depicted a personage who, though not a model young lady, is at once perfectly life-like and original.

Tom Bates intimated to Miss Bayle that *Daisy Miller* was a shameful satire upon American girls, and the more he denounced Mr. Henry James for creating such a personage, the stronger grew Miss Bayle's admiration for the personage and her creator. He maintained that Mr. Howells' *Lady of the Aroostook* was a much more truthful and admirable heroine, not perceiving that both are true to Nature, in the circumstances, and that to denounce the one and praise the other is to misunderstand the real merits of both, as well as to display blindness to the aim and the artistic capacity of each writer.

The imperfect development of the literary taste of Tom Bates can not be shown more clearly than by

adding that he read and praised the writings of Ouida, which Miss Bayle protested with vehemence that she could not endure, and that he saw little to praise in those of her favorites among modern English novelists, such as Mr. James Payn, Mr. William Black, and Mr. Blackmore. What fascinated Tom Bates in Ouida's novels were the pictures, which he regarded as literally true, of the effete and wicked aristocracy of the old world. Being a Westerner by birth, he was even disposed to regard with contempt the New Englanders who laid claim to special consideration on the ground that their ancestors had come over in the *Mayflower*. He was what his countrymen call a twelve hundred dollar clerk. The parents of Miss Bayle had no prejudice against him on that score. They knew and recognized that, as a man, he was quite as good as themselves, yet they had the dislike of rich people all over the world to a poor suitor for their daughter's hand. Where the pride of birth is unknown the pride of wealth is rampant. Money is always anxious as well as ready to mate with money.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bayle were too sensible to manifest their dislike to a match between Tom Bates and their daughter. Had they openly opposed it, the couple would have become man and wife. As it was, Miss Bayle seemed in no hurry to respond to the advances of her admirer. When he talked of love she turned the conversation. She liked him well enough as a friend ; but she liked her own way still more, and she had a shrewd notion that her fortune was nearly as attractive as her person. Thus it was that, when she left Chicago, she promised to correspond with Tom Bates, and hence the first letter which she penned in Europe was addressed to him. She wrote as follows :

" I am having a splendid time. Mother and I think Europe very interesting, and we find it very different from what we expected. I enjoyed the voyage across the Atlantic, and from Liverpool to Genoa, and I never

felt a bit sick. Mother could not come to meals in the saloon and remained on deck all day. A young Englishman named Jasper Smith who sat next to me at table was very polite and attentive. He was on his way home after visiting our country, which he liked and praised very much. You often told me that all Englishmen hate America and call it that 'blarsted country'; I asked Mr. Smith if that were so, and he said that he had never heard the phrase used, and had seen it for the first time in the *New York Herald.*

"When we arrived at Liverpool he was most attentive to mother and me, and helped in getting our baggage through the Custom House, and he gave us the address of his family in London, and seemed anxious that we should call and be presented to them. We met an English gentleman and his two daughters on board the steamer from Liverpool to Genoa who were very nice people; they came from Devonshire and were anxious that we should visit them and see what they called the garden of England. I suppose it's something like Florida in our country.

"All the English people I have met with yet seem much pleasanter than I could have supposed, and therefore different in most things from the English about whom I have read. One thing is strange. I always tell them I am an American and they say that they know this, though I do not understand why this should be so; while the Italians and French always ask whether we are English or Americans.

"We have made the acquaintance here of an American from Boston, and the son of an English duke, who have taken us around. The Boston gentleman is called Wentworth, and mother likes him exceedingly, as he knows the place in which she lived before going West and can tell her all about European ways. The Englishman is called Lord Plowden Eton. He does not seem different from other folks except that he has read very few books, saying that he has no time for reading, and yet I can not find that he does any thing.

I asked him whether his father went about with his robes and a coronet as I have seen peers represented in pictures; there must be some mistake about this as he says he never saw his father in any other clothes than other gentlemen wear. He has promised to get mother and me into the House of Lords when in session if we are in London then, which will be real nice, as then we shall see the peers legislating. Mother is calling out it is time to dress for dinner, so good-by. I should tell you that Europeans do not wear as fine clothes as Americans. There is far more style at Saratoga than here, and yet they call this a fashionable place."

While the ladies were occupied in letter-writing, the gentlemen were playing billiards in the *Café de Paris* as was their custom every afternoon. Lord Plowden Eton had not played the French game before visiting Monte Carlo, so that, though a good player on an English table, he was no match for Mr. Wentworth who had practiced the French game in America. The first game over, Lord Plowden said:

"Come, old fellow, I do not care to play any more to-day. Let's follow the custom of your country which seems to be the custom here also and take a drink. I wish to talk with you."

After they had ordered two glasses of beer, Mr. Wentworth said, "Well, what have you got to tell me?"

"Oh! I have nothing to tell, but I have many questions to ask, and I shall treat you as your lovely countrywoman, Miss Bayle, has treated me. She has questioned me more to-day than any one has ever done in all my life. Do all your young ladies think that every gentleman they meet is a walking encyclopedia?"

"American young ladies differ from each other in some things as greatly as English ones, most of them think they know so much that they have no questions to ask; others, like Miss Bayle, indulge a natural curiosity when any thing is new and strange. You are

an object of interest to a young lady from the West who only knows a peer's son from books. I suppose she asked you whether you did not wear robes and a coronet when you walked about the streets of London?"

"No. As you told her the first night we met about my not being in Parliament, she seemed to suppose that I had no right to a special costume; but she fancied that my father must always wear a robe and a coronet glittering with precious stones. When I told her that I never even saw a coronet in my life she asked me whether I was really a duke's son."

"The truth is that your novels and illustrated papers are responsible for the prevailing opinions among untraveled Americans about English peers and their ways. Nonsense of a similar kind is current in Europe about Americans, and some visitors to America are greatly surprised to find the people there dressed the same as those they have left on the other side of the Atlantic, and unlike the caricatures of Uncle Sam which they have seen in illustrated papers."

"Perhaps both are to blame in this respect. The pictures of John Bull in the New York *Puck*, which I often look at in the Junior Carlton, are not more life-like than those of Uncle Sam in *Punch*, so there are caricatures on both sides. However, this is a trifle. I soon got rid of my father's coronet, but Miss Bayle was far more exacting in other matters. She wanted to know how I spent my time, whether all duke's sons did not go into business like those of the Duke of Argyll. She seems to think that people who are not in business are not wholly respectable."

"In so thinking Miss Bayle is a true Western girl. There is but a small class in America corresponding to the large class in England, France and other European countries which has nothing to do but enjoy itself, and in our Western States such a class is almost non-existent. When a man has no regular business in the

West he is set down as a gambler and is regarded with suspicion."

"Among other things she questioned me minutely about the books I read and the authors I liked best, and she expressed her surprise when I told her I never read any of Black's novels. She said that as I was fond of yachting I ought to read them."

"Personally I prefer the novels of Thackeray and George Eliot, yet I could stand an examination by Miss Bayle in those of Black, which contain vivid pictures of English scenery and of the western islands of Scotland. I think you would like the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, the *Daughter of Heth*, and the *Princess of Thule*."

"Perhaps I am treating you much in the same way as Miss Bayle; but, if I do not bore you with questions, tell me if your fair countrywoman is a good specimen of your American girls. I do not mean as to looks, because I have heard that all Americans are lovely, yet I should like to know whether they always say 'guess' and say 'sir' to a gentleman whenever they open their lips."

"I may tell you that she is not at all like our Boston girls who are far less gushing than those of the West, of whom she seems to be a pleasing representative. The custom of saying 'sir' is dying out in New England. It is still common out West. You should know that it is an old English practice preserved in America."

"I do not complain of the practice; I only thought it strange and rather formal; but I certainly thought it odd that she should have told me I spoke English with a very broad accent. I was struck with her accent which I thought any thing but English, but I did not say so."

"It is as well that you did not. The matter is one about which our people are rather sensitive. We have a notion that we have preserved the tones and phrases which the first settlers brought to America and transmitted to their descendants. Certainly, it is of less

consequence how people speak so long as they make themselves clearly understood, and there is no greater difference between the English spoken in America and England than there is between the speech of many Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen. However, these are questions which it is scarcely worth discussing. Let's go and prepare for dinner."

As they left the café, Lord Plowden saw a familiar figure stepping out of a carriage, and he remarked, "There's the prince. When I heard he was at Cannes, I thought he might run over here."

The prince, who knew Lord Plowden well, having proposed him at the Marlborough Club, stopped and shook hands with him. He shook hands with Mr. Wentworth also, who had been introduced to him at Cowes two years before, and, being blessed with a truly royal memory for the names as well as faces of those he had seen, he did not hesitate to address him by name and say, "Mr. Wentworth, you American gentlemen seem to find your way to this place. I hope that you have not lost your money."

Mr. Wentworth replied, "I do not care about playing; indeed I enjoy the place well enough without doing so."

Whereupon the prince said emphatically, "You are a wise man. I wish that some of my friends would take a leaf out of your book;" then he wished them good-by, adding, "I hope to see you again later, as I do not return to Cannes till nearly midnight."

## CHAPTER IX.

### INTRODUCED TO PRINCE OF WALES.

WHEN the gentlemen rejoined the ladies at the *table d'hôte* of the *Hôtel de Londres* Mrs. Bayle informed them of what her husband had communicated to her by cable and said that she intended going to Paris and then to London where she would await his arrival. Mr. Wentworth expressed his regret at being unable to accompany her to Paris, as he had arranged to remain several weeks longer at Monte Carlo, and said that he hoped to meet Mrs. Bayle and her daughter again before they returned to America. This was spoken out of politeness, because, though ready enough to be of service to his countrywomen, he was not inclined to put himself to special inconvenience on their behalf.

While prepared to take their part and defend them against adverse comment, Mr. Wentworth was not fascinated by Mrs. Bayle and her daughter ; on the contrary, he retained the Boston prejudice against the Western people. In his eyes they fell below the Beacon Street standard ; and, what was most exasperating, they were not only unconscious of this, but they actually fancied that they were superior to any thing which Boston had produced.

No European critic of the Americans has ever said or written more bitter things against them than some among them think of each other. There is nothing singular in this. The people of any country may resent external criticism, and indulge in home criticism to an almost savage extent. A Southerner, a

Northerner, an Easterner and a Westerner, while proud of being an American, thinks it his duty to be very candid in commenting upon the failings or peculiarities of his fellow countrymen inhabiting a different part of the country, and all of them are judged with a severity positively alarming by the inhabitants of the Pacific Slope, who, when they take a journey East, condescendingly intimate that they are going to the States.

The same feeling is manifested in the extreme west of England. The less educated native of Cornwall who leaves Penzance for Exeter, Bristol, or London will say that he is going to England. Now, though Mr. Wentworth had acquired many cosmopolitan ideas, he still entertained the notion that the citizens of Chicago were not on a par with those of Boston. Indeed, what pleased him best in Mrs. Bayle was her having had the good fortune to be a native of New England. Though not sorry, then, to have made the acquaintance of her daughter and herself, and quite ready to help either without inconveniencing himself, he was yet greatly relieved to think he would not be much longer in their company.

Lord Plowden Eton had not the same reasons for being fastidious, and he had not grown tired of meeting Mrs. Bayle and her daughter. Before dinner that day he had received a letter from London which rendered him his own master again. It contained a remittance which enabled him both to repay Mr. Wentworth the sum he had borrowed, and also to return home. When Mrs. Bayle announced her plans, he intimated that he could leave Monte Carlo any day and that he would gladly accompany her to Paris. He added that he knew Paris well, having often been there on a visit to one of his aunts who had married the Count de Flaubard and occupied a large house in the Faubourg St. Germain. The ladies, being gratified with his offer, gladly accepted it and warmly thanked him for making it.

Lord Plowden Eton then told them that the prince had arrived, whereupon Mrs. Bayle remarked that she understood from what the attendant at the palace had said in the morning that the prince would not return to Monaco for several months. Lord Plowden explained that he meant the Prince of Wales who was staying at Cannes, and who, as is the custom of sojourners at that place, had paid a visit to Monte Carlo.

"You don't say!" was the eager response of the ladies; Miss Bayle adding, "I should so love to see the Prince of Wales."

Mr. Wentworth increased their curiosity and excitement by telling them that he had omitted to point out the Duke of Aosta, who entered the Casino as they left it. Mrs. Bayle guessed that she would rather see the prince than a duke, but when it was explained to her that this duke was a royal personage, that he was the brother of the King of Italy and had been King of Spain, she expressed her disappointment at not having seen him. Both she and her daughter intimated their satisfaction at having visited a place where so many distinguished persons were to be met, and they professed a desire to remain a short time longer. They had said in the afternoon that they did not care to revisit the Casino in the evening, but they were now anxious to go in the hope of seeing the duke and the prince.

They looked for them in the Concert Room, but neither was there. When the concert was over they entered the gaming rooms, where they were shown the Duke of Aosta standing at the bottom of a *roulette* table and staking gold pieces on the last three numbers. Both of them scrutinized him intently, and then they paid him the highest compliment at their command by pronouncing him "Very like an American." Mrs. Bayle was not well informed about the Duke's connection with Spain, and she asked Mr. Wentworth for particulars, which he gave her, and added that the

duke had shown great good sense in resigning the crown, and that he was far more to be envied as an ex-king than as the occupant of a throne.

"How so?" was Mrs. Bayle's inquiry, and both her daughter and Lord Plowden exhibited by their manner that they, too, could not understand Mr. Wentworth's statement.

He went on to justify it, saying: "I know, of course, that Lord Plowden thinks more of kings than we do, and that he must consider the vacancy of a throne to be a great calamity. But I think that Henri Rochefort put the case very cleverly twenty years ago in his paper on 'Kings in Exile,' where he said that, if he were a king, he would like to be dethroned. Every body pities a dethroned king. He is treated with marked attention and respect; he is feasted without being under any obligation to give entertainments in return; he has no enemies, because no one hates an uncrowned king any more than an unsuccessful man of letters, and he enjoys the great advantage over his crowned brethren that he has no anxiety as to the future and that, happen what may, he can never be dethroned."

"That may be so, Mr. Wentworth," said Mrs. Bayle, "I never heard tell of the gentleman you speak of, so I do not know what Mr. Rochefort knows about kings, but I am quite sure he knows nothing about queens, and it is they who suffer the most. Why our presidents are none the worse when their term of office expires, they can go back to business as the late Mr. Arthur did; but their wives feel the change badly. There's Mrs. Hayes now; when she was at the White House she was able to carry out her temperance notions and made all the foreign ministers and other big folks who came there drink nothing but coffee, tea, lemonade or ice-water, but when she left she knew that all her temperance principles would be outraged, and that the guests there would have wine to drink. I am sure an

ex-queen like the wife of an ex-president must have sore trials, and I pity her."

They had sat down while Mr. Wentworth and Mrs. Bayle were moralizing over fallen royalty and ex-presidents and their wives. Miss Bayle did not wish the discussion to continue, preferring to look for the Prince of Wales. At her suggestion they all rose when her mother had ended what was an unusually long speech for her to make, and they entered the inner room in which were two tables where the game of *Trente et Quarante* was played. There Lord Plowden recognized the Prince of Wales among the spectators at one of the tables, and he pointed him out to the ladies who both exclaimed, "How like he is to his portraits!"—no very high-flown compliment. As the prince turned away from the table, he saw the party and he beckoned to Lord Plowden who accompanied him out of the gaming-rooms. On the way the prince asked who the ladies were, adding that the younger one was very beautiful. Lord Plowden replied that they were two Americans from Chicago, whereupon he said that he should like them to be introduced to him as he admired American ladies very much, especially handsome ones.

The introduction took place outside the Casino and Miss Bayle had the great and unexpected pleasure of conversing with the Prince of Wales. She knew from reading the London Correspondence of the *Chicago Tribune* that several of her countrywomen had been admired by him, and that he had been specially struck with the charms of at least one, and she had envied her fair countrywoman. Now that her own ambition was gratified she felt highly elated and the vivacity of her talk was a reflex of her delight.

As a thoroughly practical Western young lady she earnestly wished that a reporter had been present in order to chronicle the most pleasant "item" in her life. Her pleasure would have been heightened by the thought that many American young ladies were envy-

ing her. Had she been as well acquainted with England as with America, she would have felt assured that English young ladies would envy her still more. To most American girls the prince is an object of curiosity ; to most English girls he is an object of worship.

The conversation with the prince did not last many minutes, and it was scarcely important enough to deserve record. He told Miss Bayle how glad he should be to revisit Chicago and note the changes which had taken place there, as well as in the small town of Dwight, which was only five years old when he went there to see something of prairie life.

" When I saw Chicago," he said, " I thought it a wonderful city ; there were then 150,000 people in it, but now my American friends tell me there are upward of half a million."

" That's so, prince, and it is calculated our city is bound to be the biggest on our Continent if not in the world."

" Have you seen London yet ? " he asked.

" No, prince ; but mother and I expect to be there inside of four weeks."

" I hope you will like England ; most Americans do because it is so like their own country in some things while differing from it in others. I thought America very like the best parts of England and I should like to go there again."

Miss Bayle was delighted to hear this and warmly replied, " Prince, I'm sure you would have a grand reception if you came again. Our people beat all the world in the splendor of their receptions and funerals."

" Well, Miss Bayle, I have no desire to be buried in America on however grand a scale."

" Oh ! prince," interrupted Miss Bayle, " I did not mean that. I was only quoting what some English papers said about General Grant's funeral." Then, without pausing to allow the prince to say any thing she rapidly changed the subject and, though only

speaking with the straightforwardness and honesty which are among the charms of Western girls, she proceeded to pay a compliment such as no courtier could have done with greater skill and effect:

"But, prince, why doesn't the queen visit America? I am sure she would have a glorious time. I never read a more interesting book than her *Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, and mother, who seldom reads a book through, read every word of it, and said she knew the queen must be popular because she was just like any other real good mother."

Mrs. Bayle interposed with, "That's so, prince, and I hope you'll tell the queen that Western ladies admire her book. I guess you may tell her too that it sold like hot cakes."

The prince's admiration of Miss Bayle's beauty was heightened by her simple, unconventional and evidently sincere speech. He told both ladies that he was sorry not to be able to see more of them as he was about to return to Cannes and would start for England the following day.

Before the prince left the party he remarked to Lord Plowden Eton, "I have promised your father to visit Druid's Mount and bring my eldest son with me after Parliament rises and before I go to Homburg. If your friends from America should be there I shall be glad to meet them."

Neither Mrs. Bayle and her daughter, nor Mr. Wentworth paid any heed to the prince's last words. They had no notion of their significance. Lord Plowden Eton knew perfectly well what they implied, and he knew also that they imposed a rather difficult task upon him. He would have to report them to his parents who would consider it their duty to invite Mrs. Bayle, Miss Bayle and Mr. Wentworth to their country seat in the West of England during a part of the time that the Prince of Wales was their guest. He did not fear any opposition from his father, who had special reasons for liking Americans, and those from

the West in particular; but he had often heard his mother give expression to bitter things about American women, and he dreaded what she would say when he asked her to call upon his Chicago acquaintances.

Miss Bayle said to her mother after returning to the hotel, and when they were preparing to go to bed, or, in American phrase, "to retire": "Mother, aren't we having a lovely time? Won't Sadie James be mad with envy when I tell her that I have been presented to the Prince of Wales?"

Her mother, who took every thing in a more matter of fact way than her daughter, and who, though really pleased, did not choose to betray her feelings, merely replied, "Good-night, Almy. I certainly like Europe better than I expected, and I am glad you get along so nicely."

## CHAPTER X.

### ON BOARD THE "ATALANTA."

LORD PLOWDEN ETON was now anxious to leave Monte Carlo, and Mr. Wentworth was as anxious to resume the course of life which he had pursued before making Lord Plowden's acquaintance. Though liking Lord Plowden very well, he had seen enough of him for the time being. As has already been said, they had little in common. They knew each other well enough to understand this and to make allowances. If they had continued together they might have found frequent occasions for disagreement. Two men when completely ill-assorted can agree to differ till they grow weary of each other, and then a trifle suffices to arouse a quarrel. The first quarrel is generally the last. They have not the inducements of an engaged couple to become friends again and, it may be, to become the more closely attached because they have each recognized that a quarrel is a serious thing.

Mr. Wentworth felt that Lord Plowden taxed his time and hampered his movements. He had not grown so intimate with him as to entrust him with his secrets or to desire his advice. True friendship between persons of the same sex, which is far rarer than true love between persons of different sexes, implies an amount of trust in the one and of confidence in the other which it is difficult to feel and still more difficult to exercise.

While Mr. Wentworth was pleased that Lord Plowden would soon go away, Lord Plowden was as pleased when the hour of his departure was nigh.

His visit to Monte Carlo had been induced by a wish to play at the gaming tables in the hope of making money. He had ignominiously failed and he felt annoyed to think that he had been the dupe of a delusion. If he had won money and lost it, he might have played again in the expectation of becoming a winner. It was hard for him to keep his resolution not to play again, and now that he had paid his debts and had money in his pocket he felt strongly tempted to try his luck for the second time. He saw, or rather he thought he saw, the reason why he had been a loser. He blamed himself for the result, as all unsuccessful gamesters do, in perfect good faith and with the utmost sincerity. He thought that if he played with greater caution and coolness he would win back all that he had lost.

If left to himself, Lord Plowden would have returned to the tables and have swelled the list of the foolish gamesters who lavish more money in the vain attempt to retrieve a loss. But, in conversation with Miss Bayle, he had announced his resolution to play no more and had even intimated to her that he did not care about playing at all. She had commended him for this and said some strong things in condemnation of gamesters and gaming. Moreover, she had told him that it was pleasant to meet with a gentleman whose principles were so good. He was determined to merit her compliment and confidence.

Like American girls in general, Miss Bayle had a profound aversion for gamesters by profession, and she had not been long enough in Monte Carlo to learn that men could play there without necessarily doing nothing else and that, so far from their making a living by gaming, they were certain, in the long run, to lose all their money. However, Lord Plowden had unconsciously begun to feel disinclined to do any thing which might lower him in Miss Bayle's opinion. His admiration for her had increased, yet he had not knowingly fallen in love with her. He was still dis-

posed to criticise her mode of speaking, though her voice had ceased to grate upon his ear. Her frank and fresh manner was at once a surprise and a pleasure to him. He was more impressed every day with the marked difference between her and other young ladies of his acquaintance and, on the whole, he thought the difference was in favor of Miss Bayle. The few weeks that had elapsed since he left London had been fertile in changes. Certainly, he never dreamed before visiting Monte Carlo that he should leave his money behind him and return from it as the escort of two American ladies.

When Mr. Wentworth and Lord Plowden met at breakfast the following morning and compared notes as to their plans, they became more cordial in their feelings on finding that their notions were in complete accord. They agreed to suggest to the ladies that, if they wished to see any thing of Paris in the season they should start at once, as the season there was nearing its end. The winter season at Monte Carlo had closed: the last pigeon had been shot, the last classical concert had taken place and the proprietors of several hotels were preparing to close their doors till November.

After breakfast they took a turn on the terrace behind the Casino and they observed a steam yacht rounding the point before entering the harbor.

"By Jove," exclaimed Lord Plowden, "surely that's Tremayne's *Atalanta!*" He added after a longer scrutiny, "She flies the burgee of the Royal Albert Yacht Club of which I know that Tremayne is a member; besides I heard that he intended making a voyage to the Mediterranean. Let's walk down to the Condamine and see."

Before reaching the Condamine they got near enough to the yacht to make out her name without a glass and, sure enough, Lord Plowden was right as to her name and nationality; he proved equally right as to her owner, who had just been rowed ashore and met

them face to face. Lord Plowden introduced Mr. Wentworth, and then asked Mr. Tremayne about his intended movements, who replied, "I went off to Genoa after the Nice regatta and cruised along that part of the Mediterranean. I anchored last night at Mentone and I start to-night for Nice where I shall send the yacht home in charge of the skipper. I thought I might stop a few hours here to have a flutter at the tables. What are your plans?"

"Oh! I shall probably start for Paris to-morrow. I want to get home in time for the Derby. By the way two American ladies are here; they might like to see the *Atalanta;* they have never been on board an English yacht and one of them seems madly fond of yachting stories. I suppose you don't mind my taking them on beard."

"Certainly not, old fellow. You may take possession of the *Atalanta* for the rest of the day. I told the skipper to lay in a store of fresh grub. There is some of the champagne left which you like, so your lady friends can have luncheon. I have still got my old skipper Brown and he will do any thing you wish as he knows you well. Perhaps I had better go back and send a message to keep steam up in case you should care to cruise about for an hour or two."

The message was dispatched and the party turned and walked to Monte Carlo where Mr. Tremayne entered the Casino, while the others went to the *Hôtel de Londres.*

They found Mrs. Bayle unusually lively and cheerful. The family whose acquaintance she made at Nice had arrived that morning and had brought with them a bundle of Chicago newspapers which, she said, "looked home-like." She had arranged with her American acquaintances to accompany them to Mentone, whither they meant to go in a carriage that afternoon. When Lord Plowden made his proposal of a visit to the *Atalanta*, Miss Bayle exclaimed, "I should so love to see an English yacht."

"Well, Almy," her mother remarked, "you can go with Lord Plowden and Mr. Wentworth. You know I do not hanker after pleasure trips on the sea."

It was agreed, then, that Miss Bayles should accompany Lord Plowden and Mr. Wentworth on board the yacht and that her mother should take a drive to Mentone. It was also settled that Mrs. Bayle, her daughter and Lord Plowden should start for Paris by the Mediterranean Express the following day. Mrs. Bayle had changed her mind about going off at once, the arrival of her acquaintances from Nice having made her anxious to keep them company. When it was explained to her, however, that the Mediterranean Express ran twice a week only and that, if she did not start the following day she would have to wait a few days unless she chose to bear the great discomfort of an ordinary train on a French railway, she then announced her willingness to depart on the morrow.

Americans have a well-grounded liking for comfortable traveling. In the ordinary carriages on their railways, the maximum of discomfort must be borne. In drawing-room, sleeping, or restaurant cars discomfort is exchanged for comparative luxury. Mrs. Bayle had not much experience in railway carriages in Europe, but what she had seen of them filled her with disgust for the inadequacy of their accommodation, and the carriages on the Italian and French railways certainly deserved her emphatic condemnation.

In England, the French and Italian custom of packing passengers by rail as closely as herrings in a barrel does not exist, and this renders traveling pleasanter there and hinders a general demand for a change in the carriage itself. She was told that the Mediterranean Express was an extra fast as well as an extra comfortable train. This decided her. When Americans wish to go to a particular place their absorbing desire is to reach it in the shortest possible time.

While Miss Bayle was getting ready to go to the

yacht, Lord Plowden told Mr. Wentworth that the ways of Western girls puzzled him more than ever.

"If an English mother," he said, "had not wished to go in the yacht herself she would never have allowed her daughter to go under the charge of two comparatively strange gentlemen. Is Mrs. Bayle an exception in the matter, or are her ways those of other Western mothers?"

"No American mother, except in two or three of the older cities, who was in her right mind would act differently," was the reply. Mr. Wentworth added, "The first thing an American mother thinks of is to make her children as happy as possible. She generally lets them have their own way in all things which are not obviously improper. The children, especially girls, abuse this indulgence much less than you would suppose. They appreciate being trusted and they are as ready to make sacrifices for their mother as she is for them. Neither Miss Bayle nor her mother sees any harm in a yachting expedition with strangers. Though young, Miss Bayle is quite capable of taking care of herself and she knows it."

"Perhaps it's all right, but I don't quite understand it. However, if Miss Bayle does not object, I shan't complain. But I wish to ask you something else about her which concerns me. I hope you will tell me what you can."

"Certainly."

"You see the difficulty I am in is that when I see my parents and tell them that the prince hopes to meet the ladies at Druid's Mount, I shall be asked what the father is. Have you found out?"

"I don't really know much more about him than you do. I believe that he is one of our Western millionaires; surely that is sufficient recommendation as well as description."

"Not altogether. It might do in France, but we are a little more particular in England. Have you

found out what his business is and how he has made his money?"

"Mrs. Bayle does not appear very clear on that score herself: she led me to suppose that her husband is or had been a banker."

"Oh! a banker is generally a highly respectable man and a rich one is quite eligible to be made a peer."

"In America any man may call himself a banker. You English people seem to think that every man should be labeled in due form. I think you may as well call Mr. Bayle a banker as any thing else. So long as he spends plenty of money nobody will complain. I am not well versed as to English notions, but I know that in my country, much is forgiven to a millionaire even if he commit murder."

Lord Plowden followed the advice thus given and described the husband of Mrs. Bayle and the father of Miss Bayle as a wealthy Chicago banker. This description sufficed to make all those to whom he spoke about them quite disposed to make their acquaintance. And thus it was that Mr. Bayle, who was a successful speculator and who made money in as illegitimate a way as any successful gamester at Monte Carlo, became known as the very rich American banker.

Miss Bayle admired the steam yacht *Atalanta;* but she was less struck with the yacht than she expected to be. She had seen many in America which were finer specimens of naval architecture. Once she had been on board of Mr. Gordon Bennett's *Namouna*, one of the finest steam yachts afloat, and it was difficult to please her after seeing such a splendid, luxurious and seaworthy craft. In truth, whether in yachts, passenger steamships, hotels or private houses, the Americans can give lessons to all the world in the matter of complete and cozy arrangement. English comfort, which is a proverb in France, pales before American comfort. Indeed, no people surpass the people of America in roughing it with greater uncon-

cern when required and providing the luxuries of civilization, when possible, with greater thoroughness. Hence Miss Bayle saw nothing surprising on board the *Atalanta*.

Yet she enjoyed herself. The day was lovely. The sea was blue and as smooth as the sky. It was arranged to take a run first in the direction of Mentone and then in that of Nice, in order that a complete view of the coast might be had. The prospect was as new to Lord Plowden and Mr. Wentworth as it was to Miss Bayle. A more varied and beautiful one can not be seen in any part of the globe. The coast-line is as diversified as the irregular contour of the Maritime Alps in the background. In the far distance the peaks of the mountains, flecked with snow, seemed, under the brilliant sunshine, to be crowned with light. The rock upon which the city of Monaco stands was a conspicuous and noteworthy feature in the landscape.

Its resemblance in outline to Thunder Cape on the north-west shore of Lake Superior struck Miss Bayle. Once she had made a trip in a steamer from Chicago to Duluth and the view of Thunder Cape had made an impression never to be effaced from her memory. When she made a remark to that effect Lord Plowden candidly avowed his entire ignorance of Lake Superior except as a name: Mr. Wentworth had heard a good deal about it; but, as he had never traversed that inland sea which is to America what the Mediterranean is to Southern Europe, he could not sympathize with Miss Bayle's feelings.

Miss Bayle was not surprised to learn that Mr. Wentworth had never sailed on Lake Superior, because she had learned that her Eastern countrymen in general are better acquainted with the principal sights in Europe than with those of America. Lake Superior has not yet inspired a Byron or a Walter Scott. When it does there will be less excuse for not caring about it. As the chief occupation on board a yacht is not the contemplation of scenery but eating and drinking,

all the party felt relieved when the gong sounded for luncheon.

The owner of a first-class yacht is as careful in choosing his cook as his skipper, and the cook engaged by Mr. Tremayne did credit to his choice. Hence the luncheon was as choice a repast as could be provided in any club or restaurant. Like all healthy American girls, Miss Bayle was blessed with an excellent appetite, and she was always ready to enjoy what in the West is styled "a good square meal."

She was pleased to see oysters on the table, not having eaten any since she crossed the Atlantic in the *Servia*. Those were American oysters; these on the table were from the Mediterranean. After eating one or two she remarked that they were very salt and not at all like the American ones. Mr. Wentworth said that the Mediterranean oysters were not equal to those which he had eaten in London and Paris, and that, when he first tried oysters in Europe he did not like them, but that he had acquired a taste for them. When another dish was placed on the table Miss Bayle said: "Now I call that real nice," the dish being the simple one of sliced tomatoes. She added, "I have not eaten tomatoes since I left America and I did not expect to see them so early in the season." She did not even expect to see them in Europe, sharing the impression of more experienced travelers than herself that the tomato is indigenous to America, and not knowing that its introduction into America was long posterior to the settlement of the country by Englishmen. She was in high spirits and pleased with every thing, except the oysters, and she expressed great satisfaction to find the water-bottle from which she helped herself to be filled with iced water.

"Isn't it strange," she said to Mr. Wentworth, "that the Europeans do not drink 'ice' water? They do not even seem to understand what it means. The first night mother and I spent in Liverpool we rang the bell before retiring and asked the waiter for a

pitcher of 'ice' water and he did not seem to understand me; but, after some explanation, he brought us some water with lumps of ice in it, and he looked upon us when he did so as if we were lunatics. We tried to get this at Genoa, Nice and Monte Carlo, but failed to make any one understand what we wanted. At Genoa the waiter brought us some ice-cream after keeping us waiting for half an hour; he hung around as if he expected us to pay him extra for his ingenuity in guessing what we wanted."

"You were no worse off, Miss Bayle, in such a matter than all our people who visit Europe. Thirsty people on this side of the Atlantic never think of drinking 'ice' water. Our physicians in Massachusetts say that we suffer from dyspepsia because we drink too much of it."

Lord Plowden interposed with the remark, "Pray, Miss Bayle, let me offer you a glass of champagne; you will find this capital wine; it is *Möet et Chandon's Brut Imperial.*"

"Thank you, sir," she replied. "I never drink champagne except at a ball where it is a part of the programme."

Indeed, like American ladies in general, Mrs. Bayle and her daughter drank water chiefly, and few things seemed stranger to them in Europe than to see every body drinking wine at dinner. They had gradually succumbed to the practice when they found that, at the *table d'hôte* of the *Hôtel de Londres*, wine was supplied without extra charge, and also that a little wine rendered the water still more palatable. In Mr. Wentworth's circle, of course wine was as usual as in England, and he told Miss Bayle that it was unfortunate that so few Americans took wine at dinner and so many drank whisky before or after it.

On returning to Monaco after a three hours' cruise and rejoining her mother who had just returned from her drive to Mentone, Miss Bayle said: "Mother, I

have had an elegant time. The yacht was nothing remarkable, but I am glad I went."

"I'm pleased you enjoyed yourself, Almy," Mrs. Bayle replied. "We had a beautiful drive, though I do not think much of Mentone. I'm sure your father would like this place better."

"Well, mother," she said, "I told you that I did not care to go to Mentone. Don't you remember my telling you that Carlyle called it a 'shelf between the mountains and the sea,' and you know Tom Bates repeatedly said that Carlyle, though he hated America, was the most precise writer of English."

"I can't agree with Mr. Carlyle in that, Almy; Mentone is far less of a shelf than this place; but it lies flat and the view is not so fine. I am told that there are many Americans there, so it can not be such a bad place after all."

Mrs. Bayle, her daughter and Lord Plowden started for Paris the next day. Before their departure, the ladies told Mr. Wentworth that they hoped to see him again. He could not honestly say that he desired to renew acquaintance with them and he had not lived long enough in France gracefully to affect what he did not feel. Accordingly, he refrained from any hypocritical expressions and he contented himself with saying that he hoped they would enjoy themselves.

Lord Plowden Eton pressed Mr. Wentworth to call upon him in London. He promised that he would do so and he said this with the intention of keeping his promise. Mr. Wentworth rather wished, in fact, to see Lord Plowden again; but he did not care to make any binding engagement as to the date of meeting. They parted with the understanding that they should meet again before the close of the year and they gave each other an address to which letters might be forwarded.

## CHAPTER XI.

### A CROUPIER'S ADVENTURES.

MR. WENTWORTH resumed the regular round of existence at Monte Carlo which had become habitual to him, but which his acquaintance with Lord Plowden Eton had interrupted for several weeks. It had been no slight sacrifice for him to alter his ways. Like other men who have no fixed occupation, he felt rather proud of living after a system and he thought that, by dividing his day into parts and occupying each in a stated manner, he was living a useful and well-ordered life. This regularity was of recent date; consequently, he was the more anxious to maintain it. Before living by rule, he idled the hours away in a heedless fashion; he was now laboriously idle upon system. If he had written a diary on the model of Addison's diary of a citizen of London, he would not have impressed any reader of it with his industry or self-sacrifice.

His day was divided into three parts. He was always dressed by seven, if it were daylight, when he went for a walk. Indeed, he was one of the few residents at Monte Carlo who enjoyed morning after morning the exquisite effects of light upon the mountain slopes. When the sun is higher, the air is less translucent and the outlines of the mountains are less sharply defined. After an hour's walk and a frugal breakfast, he continued a course of reading which looked better upon paper than in fact. He had resolved upon expanding his unappreciated review article on *The Problem of Existence*, into a work which should do credit to philosophical speculation in his

own country, and which might be accepted in older countries as a standard one.

Mr. Wentworth, having laid down an elaborate plan, had read many books in pursuance of it. His aim was to be profound yet clear, to combine what was most noteworthy in the writings of German philosophers with what was most admirable in the philosophers of France, to be as deep as Kant and as limpid as Condillac. He had not realized that the work which he had planned would long remain a fantasy to charm his hours of idleness and might never take form and substance. He had exhausted himself for the time being in the article which the editor of the *North American Review* declined to print. The more he meditated upon his subject and the more he read in relation to it, the less ready did he become for grappling with it. But he continued his reading and his meditation in the hopes of one day being able to achieve his purpose. The day when he was to begin work in earnest and commit his thoughts to paper had not arrived. Some new work caught his fancy; some new branch of the subject required elucidation, so that, while he supposed himself to be making progress, he was really, in military phrase, "marking time."

The more Mr. Wentworth read and reflected the stronger grew his literary tastes. He kept himself fully informed about contemporary authors and their works. He regularly read *The Athenæum*, *The Saturday Review*, and *The Spectator* in order to keep abreast of English current literature, the result being that he was constantly seduced into buying and reading some contemporary work which excited his curiosity, instead of steadily plodding in the path which he had chalked out for himself. He could stand a better examination about the last new history, biography, book of travel, or novel, than about the philosophical writings which he considered it his duty to master. Thus, though he devoted several hours every morning

to steady reading, he made but little progress in the studies to which he ought to have confined himself.

He gave up the early part of each day to what he conceived to be serious meditation, and he ended the day in reading the last book which interested him, the intermediate part being spent in taking walks ; in attending the concerts at the Casino which he thoroughly appreciated, as his knowledge of music was nearly as great and eclectic as his knowledge of literature ; in playing billiards or dominoes at the *Café de Paris*, and in paying a visit to a family in the city of Monaco.

The head of the family which he visited was an Inspector of the Croupiers at one of the gaming tables in the Casino. Mr. Wentworth had made his acquaintance by accident. He was in the habit of going to the city of Monaco in the afternoon and spending a short time in the public gardens there which, though quite as artificial in reality, appear to be more natural than those of Monte Carlo, and are certainly quite as beautiful. He liked the change of scene and place. He sometimes went in the omnibus which runs every hour after midday and he returned on foot. Thus he got exercise as well as a change. There are omnibuses which convey the croupiers backward and forward, and one day he entered one of them, instead of the public omnibus. The omnibus was moving slowly when he got in and he did not perceive his mistake till it had started off at full speed. As there was no conductor, nor any means of communicating with the driver, he could only leave it by opening the door and jumping out as it rolled rapidly down the hill which leads from Monte Carlo to the Condamine. He was about to do so when the croupiers said, " Pray do not move, sir ; we shall be glad of your company." He took off his hat, thanked them, and remained seated.

On the way, he entered into conversation with his neighbor who appeared to be about fifty years old. Though Mr. Wentworth spoke French fluently, it was obvious from his speech that he was not a Frenchman.

His neighbor took him for an Englishman, an error which he at once corrected and received in return the compliment that the French must prefer Americans to Englishmen. The croupier and he talked on various subjects and they continued their talk after the omnibus had reached its destination, and while they walked along a street leading to the large square in front of the palace. The Frenchman stopped at a door in the *Rue de Tribunal* and, before entering it, he politely expressed the hope that he might renew acquaintance with the American.

They often met again and became intimately acquainted. As Mr. Wentworth told the other some particulars about himself, the Frenchman responded with particulars about his own career, which might be entitled, "Some passages in the life of a croupier," and which, if given in full, would fill a volume. They may be interesting even in the condensed form to which the exigency of space now obliges me to limit them.

Hector Pessac, for that was the Frenchman's name, was born on the right bank of the Gironde, near Bordeaux. His father possessed a small vineyard which yielded enough to support himself and a wife, two sons and a daughter. Hector was the younger of the boys, and, from the age that he could do any thing till he was fourteen, he helped his father and brother in the vineyard. But, as his brother was growing up and as he and his father could do all the work required, it was resolved to send Hector to Bordeaux, there to become a clerk to an uncle who was in business as agent for buying wine from the small growers and selling it to the firms who did a large export trade.

Hector's fellow-clerk, Louis Boireau, who was seven years his senior, was never weary of descanting upon the delights of Paris. When quite young he had been taken there by his parents to see the International Exhibition of 1855, and the desire of his heart was to revisit the capital of his country. The stories which

he told Hector caused the latter to regard a trip to Paris as the sublimest of human pleasures. After serving his uncle five years and acquiring a practical knowledge of accounts and book-keeping, he was one day startled with the question whether he would like to go to Paris and fill the office of book-keeper there ; he replied that nothing would please him better. Indeed, he was overjoyed at the prospect and he looked forward to making a fortune as well as leading a life of pleasure in Paris.

An old friend of Hector's uncle was then on a visit to Bordeaux, his native place, on account of his health. He was secretary to a Paris club called the *Cercle des Financiers*, but better known, like other Paris clubs, by its nickname which was *Les Badauds*. A vacancy had occurred in his office. Seeing Hector at his uncle's table and taking a fancy to the young man, he made the suggestion to the uncle which caused the latter to speak to Hector on the subject. What his uncle's friend did not explain was that the post was in connection with the *Baccara* table and that it would entail night duty upon the nephew. If the nature of the occupation had been clearly explained to the uncle and his nephew, the uncle might have disapproved of it, and the nephew might have been less inclined to visit Paris on such an errand. As it was, Hector Pessac joyfully set forth ; on reaching Paris, he spent the few days allowed him before entering upon his duties in seeing the sights and obtaining some notion of the charms of the city of his dreams. Hector Pessac soon learned his new duties, and he did not like them. To sit up all night was a sore trial to him. As is the rule in the provinces, he had been accustomed to go early to bed and to rise early in the morning ; besides, the necessity of being on duty all night deprived him of the opportunity for indulging in the pleasures which formed his conception of Parisian life. However, the salary he received was double what he could have earned in Bordeaux ; so he

resolved to live frugally and save money in order that he might the sooner follow his own bent. As his manners were good and as he had the credit of being perfectly trustworthy, he became a great favorite with the members.

Monsieur Blanc, the founder and manager of the Homburg Casino, was a member of the *Cercle des Badauds*. He passed a part of each winter in Paris and when there he regularly frequented the club and was one of the habitual players at *Baccara*. M. Blanc was a good judge of persons and he bestowed great pains in getting together an honest and trustworthy staff. He liked Hector Pessac so much that he made him an offer of the post of croupier at a *Trente et Quarante* table in the Casino at Homburg, such a post being better paid and regarded as more respectable than that of a croupier at a *Roulette* table. The salary was not much higher than that which he got at the club, but the work was less laborious and it did not entail sitting up all the night. The *Baccara* table generally opened at six in the evening and sometimes remained open till six in the following morning, whereas the *Trente et Quarante* table at Homburg did not open till eleven in the day and it always closed before eleven at night.

M. Pessac felt some scruple about expatriating himself and especially about going to Germany; but the feeling of hatred to Germany, which is now active in French bosoms, was then latent. He was told that so many French people went to Baden and Homburg during the season as to render both almost French towns for the time being. Besides, he knew that many members of the *Cercle des Badauds* spent the summer months in Homburg. What decided him to accept M. Blanc's offer was the approval expressed by his father who, regarding the matter entirely from the French peasant's point of view, thought that his son should go to Homburg because he would get a larger salary there than in Paris.

M. Pessac found Homburg a pleasanter place than he had expected. He remained there till the gaming tables were closed in 1872. M. Blanc was so well pleased with his assiduity and punctuality that he offered him a still pleasanter post of the same kind at Monte Carlo where, instead of sitting at the table as croupier, he would sit behind the others and keep an eye upon the game ; besides, he would bear the name of inspector. He readily accepted M. Blanc's offer. Monte Carlo was much nearer Bordeaux than Homburg and it was so near to France that, when living in it, he could almost fancy himself in his native land. He did not go alone to Monte Carlo ; a wife and two children accompanied him.

M. Pessac had found a wife at Homburg. M. Blanc had set the example by marrying Fräulein Henzel, a Homburg lady. Indeed, there was much intermarrying between the French colony and the natives. Many Homburg young ladies spoke French nearly as well as German, and as the Frenchmen employed at the Casino spoke no German, they were the better pleased to find that the natives had attained such a stage of civilization as to understand and speak French. Of course, the more fastidious Frenchmen professed themselves greatly shocked to hear their native tongue spoken with a German accent and yet they found, in practice, that the fairer sex expressed themselves in a manner which served well enough for all the purposes of love-making and matrimony.

M. Pessac's wife was not a native of Homburg : she came from Friedrichsdorf, a small village three miles distant where the inhabitants spoke French as well as German. This village was founded by a small band of Huguenots who fled from France to save their lives in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. They had preserved their form of religious worship and their speech, while acquiring also the tongue of the country of which they had become citizens and in which they were free to worship God after their own fashion,

Though they spoke very good French, many Frenchmen had a difficulty in understanding some of their words and phrases, the reason being that these descendants of the Huguenots had preserved in their daily speech phrases and words which had become antiquated in France. However, the natives of Friedrichsdorf had a great advantage over the pure Germans when competing for situations in the Casino, the restaurant and the café attached to it. A vacancy having occurred, Fräulein Marie Cosse had been appointed to preside over the counter in the café and she obtained this office not only because she was fair to the eye, but also because, as a native of Friedrichsdorf she could speak both French and German fluently.

Fräulein Marie Cosse was admired by all who saw her. She was one of those blonde German beauties who exercise a marvelous fascination over southern Frenchmen. After a short and ardent courtship she consented to marry Monsieur Pessac. The only point which caused much discussion between them was that of religion.

M. Pessac was a Roman Catholic by birth ; he seldom went to mass ; but, when he thought of marrying, he deemed it prudent if not perfectly becoming to conform to the usage of his Church. He found his intended wife very stubborn on the point of religion. For his own part he cared little what happened so long as there was no open scandal. Indeed, he had found it no easy matter to obtain the consent of his parents to the marriage ; their desire was that he should choose a wife nearer home and they only gave their consent after being assured by him that the lady he intended to marry was French by descent and was a German only through the accident of her ancestors having left France and settled in Germany.

Having obtained his parents' consent, he did not wish to raise further difficulties and he was ready to assent to any thing with regard to the religious training of unborn children. The difficulties respecting mixed

marriages had not then become serious, and M. Pessac waived all claim to marriage in a Roman Catholic Church and became a husband in the Lutheran one at Homburg.

Monsieur and Madame Pessac, as has already been intimated, brought with them to Monaco, two children, a boy and a girl. The boy had been christened Hector after his father and the girl Elsa Marie after her grandmother and mother. The children were aged eight and seven respectively, when their parents took them to a new home on the rock whereon the old city of Monaco stands. M. Pessac took up his abode at No. 30 *Rue du Tribunal*, a house which he found pleasant and suitable. Yet the change from the dry, bracing climate of Homburg to the warmer and very different climate of Monaco had a prejudicial effect upon Madame Pessac's constitution. She had always been delicate and she suffered greatly from the change. The very hot summer months proved injurious to her. Five years after settling in Monaco she died of a decline.

M. Pessac was not only deeply grieved to lose a wife whom he fondly loved, but he was sadly puzzled what to do with the two children. He decided to send the boy to a boarding-school in France. He could not part with his daughter whom he cherished as the apple of his eye. Happily, he persuaded his unmarried sister to come and keep house for him. Under her loving care his daughter grew up to womanhood. Her education was entirely a home one. Though the cost of having masters to teach her was a heavy tax upon his slender purse, he preferred making the payment to sending her to school. She learned reading, writing, and a few minor accomplishments; but, according to modern ideas, Mademoiselle Elsa's training was very imperfect. What she felt the most was the loneliness of her lot. She was attached to her aunt who loved her in turn. Yet on certain topics the aunt and niece were in direct antagonism. The aunt

had an utter horror of any thing German, and she considered it a benign dispensation of Providence that M. Pessac's wife had not lived longer and that her daughter had been removed from all German influences. She was also a fervent, if not a bigoted Roman Catholic, and she considered it a further dispensation of Providence that her niece had been placed in a principality where no Protestant church was permitted and where people had to choose between becoming members of the Church of Rome or dispensing altogether with religious observances. Some persons may think it a scandal that the Prince of Monaco should tolerate public gaming tables and prohibit all churches other than his own ; that he should be the foe of heretics and a patron of gamesters. The sister of M. Pessac thought that nothing did His Serene Highness the Prince of Monaco so much credit as his religious intolerance.

## CHAPTER XII.

### RUPERT WENTWORTH'S WOOING.

MR. WENTWORTH had few prejudices and much curiosity. He had the thorough American and sensible notion of regarding his fellow men as equals provided they conducted themselves with propriety. He was even more thoroughly an American than many of his countrymen, for he was quite as ready to do justice to a Chinese immigrant as to a negro or an Irishman.

He did not care to associate with vulgar people of any nationality ; but the greatest stickler for the equal rights of men can not insist upon the rowdy or the drunkard being treated with as great respect as the sober, the well-conducted and the law-abiding citizen. Some of Mr. Wentworth's more strait-laced friends professed surprise that he should associate with croupiers and other persons employed in the gaming rooms : his reply was that he saw no harm whatever in associating with them so long as they conducted themselves with propriety. He had another reason for cultivating their acquaintance. Caring nothing about play himself he watched the play and the players with great interest, and thought that he might write an interesting paper embodying the results of his observation.

He believed that a true picture of life at Monte Carlo had not been presented to the public and he devoted himself to ascertain and set forth the facts. He got on speaking terms with the English residents there, the most of whom eschewed play as much as he did. The father of the English colony was an Englishman whose acquaintance Mr. Wentworth made

in the café where he went every afternoon to play dominoes or billiards. This gentleman, Mr. Beauvoir, gave him much interesting information about the place and its inhabitants and he also told him some details of his past life, which had been diversified and adventurous. For a short time Mr. Beauvoir had served his country in a cavalry regiment and this gave him the military air which enabled strangers to see at a glance that he was a retired officer. Having an independent fortune he left the army and traveled on the Continent, staying long enough in France, Spain and Italy to acquire the language of each country. Being gifted with a handsome face and figure he found the ladies in the society to which he had easy access ready to marry him, and eventually he became the husband of a charming Frenchwoman.

A severe pulmonary illness in England had brought Mr. Beauvoir to death's door, and his physician ordered him to spend the winter in some more genial climate than that of England. After trying many experiments he selected Monte Carlo as his place of abode, bought land there, built a villa upon it and became a resident. When Mr. Wentworth made Mr. Beauvoir's acquaintance he was nearly seventy; yet he did not look more than fifty. Though somewhat reserved to strangers, his courtesy of manner, which was worthy of his descent from an old Norman family, soon put a stranger at his ease after the ice was broken. Mr. Wentworth liked him the better when he found that he never played at the gaming tables and seldom entered the Casino. Indeed Mr. Beauvoir was wise enough to see that life at Monte Carlo would lead direct to the workhouse if much of it were spent in gaming. He used to warn his friends against yielding to the temptation of passing their time in the gaming rooms, losing their money by day and wasting a great part of the night in lamentations over their folly. He was a philosopher in practice; unfortunately, very few visitors to Monte Carlo either practice philosophy or

have the good sense and courage to follow the advice given them by philosophers.

Mr. Wentworth, like other people, readily accepted and gladly acted upon good advice when it coincided with his own wishes, so that, when Mr. Beauvoir recommended him to remain at Monte Carlo on the ground that it was as enjoyable in summer as in winter, he resolved to pass the summer there. He arrived at this conclusion with the less hesitation because he had learned that Mlle. Elsa Pessac would not leave it during the summer.

He had often conversed with M. Pessac, had played many game of dominoes with him in the *Cafe de la Méditerranée* in the Condamine before M. Pessac invited him to his own house. As an American, Mr. Wentworth inspired M. Pessac with confidence; moreover, as an American he might be of some service to him and that was the strongest possible reason for keeping on good terms with him. M. Pessac was greatly concerned what to do with his son, who was attaining manhood. He knew that his position in the Casino would be prejudicial to his son, if he attempted to follow any profession in France. Though born in Germany and though his parents were domiciled in the principality of Monaco, the son was anxious that his French nationality should be preserved and this could be done provided he made a formal declaration of his intention on attaining the age of twenty-one. M. Pessac had given his son an education which would enable him to pass the examination permitting him to become a volunteer in the French army for a year and thus discharging the duty of all good Frenchmen as regards military service. After having done this, his father thought that he might go to the United States and make his fortune there.

It was in the hope that Mr. Wentworth would aid him in this design that M. Pessac became very friendly with him, and he invited Mr. Wentworth to his house and introduced him to his sister and his daughter. A

Frenchman is ready enough to meet a foreigner at a café or restaurant and to be on familiar terms with him, but he will not invite him to his own house unless he has a special regard for, or hopes to obtain a favor from him. This is true of many Americans also. They will lavish entertainments at clubs and restaurants upon a stranger, but they are very chary of inviting the stranger to join their family circle. An Englishman, Scotchman or Irishman, on the other hand, does not think he has done his duty to a stranger with whom he has become acquainted, till he has made him welcome at his own fireside.

M. Pessac's house in the *Rue du Tribunal* was a modern one and far more comfortable than the more picturesque residences of the old Monaco nobility. It was small and very plainly furnished. Unlike the windows of the honses lining the dark and narrow streets in the heart of the city upon which an antiquary looks with admiration, the upper windows of M. Pessac's abode commanded an extensive and beautiful view. There was a small garden in front and a terrace about fifty feet long which was arched with trellis-work over which a vine had been trained. The leaves of the vine afforded a delicious shade during the hot summer days ; the grapes which grew in abundance were as delicious to the taste.

M. Pessac regarded this vine with the deepest admiration ; he tended it with unremitting care. It recalled to him the happy days of his boyhood in his father's vineyard. Owing to his knowledge as to the mode of treating vines he was able to render it far more productive than any other in Monaco. Like children, plants thrive best and are most satisfactory in loving and skilled hands. M. Pessac had other plants in his small garden which he admired and which were excellent of their kind. Among them were two dwarf orange trees which were very prolific. The small garden of an adjoining house contained some very fine pepper trees which were a delight to the eye, their fern-like

leaves and delicate clusters of tiny red berries being more beautiful than any thing which grew in the garden of M. Pessac's early home. A few yards distant were the public gardens of Saint Martin, wherein all the plants and shrubs, which one expects to see in Africa, throve as luxuriantly as the more homely almond trees and myrtles, roses and rosemary, while the geraniums formed hedges and were in flower all the year round.

The first time that Mr. Wentworth dined at this house was a Sunday afternoon when M. Pessac enjoyed a holiday. After dinner they sat under the vine-covered trellis-work, where they drank coffee and smoked cigars. Then it was that M. Pessac intimated his wishes with regard to his son and asked Mr. Wentworth for advice. The latter approved of his intention of sending his boy to the United States, saying that if the boy worked hard and was steady he might get on far better than if he remained in France, adding that no one in America would ask or care about his father's occupation, so long as he did not contemplate marrying a young lady and then he might be questioned by her parents. He offered to make inquiry as to whether a situation might not be found for the boy. He added that he must learn English before starting, because people in America insisted upon those who did business there speaking the language of the country. M. Pessac heartily thanked him for his advice and offer. Mr. Wentworth was not sorry of the opportunity to cement his intimacy with M. Pessac and to put him under an indubitable obligation.

He had been cordially welcomed on entering M. Pessac's house and had enjoyed his entertainment there far more than he expected. The son was absent at school in France. Mlle. Rosalie, the sister of M. Pessac, and his daughter, Mlle. Elsa, seemed very glad to make his acquaintance. Having lived long enough in France to understand the ways and weaknesses of French people, Mr. Wentworth produced a good im-

pression by being most courteous and attentive to the elderly lady and very formal when addressing the younger one. He did not attempt to shake hands with either; had he done so he would have been regarded as unduly familiar; the American and English custom of shaking hands with comparative strangers not being practiced or understood by provincial French men and women.

Mlle. Rosalie Pessac was an elderly spinster of voluble speech, pleasant manners and plain features. Her face had that sallow look which is common in the cases of Southern women, which is not repulsive so long as their hair is abundant and black, but which gives them an unhealthy and forbidding appearance when age has whitened their sparse locks. When conversing, her vivacity made one forgetful of her plain features.

A terrible shock had made Mlle. Rosalie appear prematurely old. When twenty-five years of age she was engaged to be married to the second officer in the passenger steamer *Ville de Bordeaux* which traded between Bordeaux and Lisbon. Every thing was arranged for the wedding and the day was fixed. The vessel in which her lover was second officer was timed to arrive at Bordeaux the evening before the wedding-day, and he had got permission to remain behind on the next trip, thus obtaining a fortnight's holiday.

She watched and waited for him in vain. The time was winter and a storm raged. Owing to a mistake which was never explained, the *Ville de Bordeaux* seems to have been out of her course when entering the mouth of the Gironde, the result being that she struck on the bar and soon became a total wreck. It was alleged that great remissness if not actual inhumanity was shown by those who witnessed the catastrophe from the lighthouse and that, if help had been given, some of those who strove to swim ashore might have been rescued. When the body of Mlle. Pessac's lover was found, life was scarcely extinct but all the means

taken for restoring animation proved unavailing. Though Mlle. Pessac's hand was asked in marriage more than once afterward she declined every offer, preferring to cherish the memory of her great loss. Partly on this account, perhaps, she became intensely religious and intensely bigoted. As she grew older she meditated entering a nunnery and she would probably have done so had not her brother asked her, after the death of his wife, to come to Monaco, keep house for him and act as a mother to his daughter.

Mlle. Pessac was glad to be of service to her brother, though she never heartily forgave him for marrying a German who was also a Protestant. She hated Germany and the Germans with a perfect hatred. That her brother had married a German Protestant and had allowed his daughter to be baptized in a Protestant Church constituted in her eyes an offense which was scarcely distinguishable from a crime. She soon grew very fond of her niece who was an engaging child and she strove to Gallicize and Romanize her. She strongly objected to young Elsa reading German books. On these matters, she often had a quarrel with her brother who saw no harm in his daughter professing the religion and speaking or reading the language of her mother, and who was ready to indulge her in everything and allow her to be happy in her own way, provided she did nothing which really deserved blame.

Mr. Wentworth did not know any of these household secrets when he first became M. Pessac's guest. It was by accident that he made a most favorable impression upon Mlle. Pessac or aunt Rosalie, as she was commonly called at No. 30 in the *Rue du Tribunal.* She had visited many of the Pyrenean watering-places and, having seen no others, she was convinced that none in the world could be superior to them. One of the pleasantest reminiscences of her life was a summer in the Pyrenees, where she first met the young man to whom she afterward became engaged. It was natural, then, that she should have brought away very

pleasant impressions of the scenery and the watering-places. The conversation turning upon this subject, Mr. Wentworth was able to compare notes with aunt Rosalie about Bagnères de Bigorre and Luchon, Eaux Bonnes, Barège and Cauterets, and, having remarked that he preferred some of them to any he had visited in Germany, she was delighted to hear this and commended his good taste. She even overlooked his neglect of Lourdes and a hint that such a place had no attraction for him.

When Mr. Wentworth left M. Pessac's house he was no longer regarded as a stranger to be avoided. On the contrary, he was pressed in all sincerity to return. He was glad enough to comply with the invitation and he gradually acquired the habit of calling and spending the afternoon or evening there twice or thrice weekly.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### PLAY AND PLAYERS ON THE RIVIERA.

SIX weeks had passed away since Mr. Wentworth said good-by to Mrs. Bayle, her daughter, and Lord Plowden Eton. He had received a short note from Lord Plowden asking him not to forget to visit him in London and saying that he had been so fortunate as to win the Derby Sweep at the Junior Carlton Club and that, as he had lost nothing in betting, he had pocketed a sum nearly equal to half a year's regular income. He added that Mrs. Bayle and her daughter, after spending a few weeks in Paris, had arrived in London and that Mr. Bayle was expected from Chicago in the course of a few days. He ended by pressing Mr. Wentworth to join him and help to entertain his countrywomen.

Mr. Wentworth was seriously debating what he should do. He felt disinclined to carry out his plan of staying at Monte Carlo all the summer. The month of June was drawing to a close and the heat was increasing so rapidly that he began to fear that the months of July and August would be as unendurable at Monte Carlo as they are in many American cities. The plague of musquitoes had begun and this was a greater trial than the heat ; he was not much affected by the bite of these industrious and sanguinary insects, but their music irritated him as greatly as the organ-grinders and the street-bands irritated the late Mr. Babbage and John Leech.

He was restless for another reason, having got into that mood, common to fractious children, of not know-

ing what he wanted and dissatisfied with what he had. The course of reading which he laid down and followed for a time with commendable industry and perseverance had grown distasteful to him; his once favorite studies had lost their novelty and charm. He laid them aside and had resort to a change of occupation by writing an article descriptive of Monte Carlo and its Casino. He had not found any account of either which was substantially true, and, having collected much information, which was both fresh and authentic, he occupied himself with committing it to writing. The title which he gave his paper conveyed a good notion of what might be found in it, the title being *Play and Players on the Riviera.*

As an impartial spectator, Mr. Wentworth was better able to deal with such a subject than a writer who started with the determination to say either as much that was favorable or as much that was the reverse about Monte Carlo. When he first arrived there he expected to find the place a very different one from what it proved to be. He had read harrowing accounts of it in a Nice newspaper and these accounts were interspersed with heartrending statistics, the statistics being taken from *Il Seccolo*, an Italian newspaper which was asserted to be a perfectly trustworthy authority. According to *Il Seccolo* no less than 1821 persons had committed suicide at Monte Carlo in the course of ten years. After careful inquiry on the spot, Mr. Wentworth could not find any corroboration of these ghastly details. He learned also, on equally good authority, that the croupiers were as an abandoned set of scoundrels as the cut-throats of Calabria.

Having made the acquaintance of several croupiers Mr. Wentworth found them highly respectable men, who worked very hard to maintain their wives and families. He was able to draw comparisons between gaming at Monte Carlo and elsewhere, having seen something of it in some parts of his native land where *faro* flourishes, though forbidden by law, and where

*poker* is an "institution." He had collected some interesting facts about gaming on the Riviera in olden days. He described how *Biribi*, for example, used to be played at San Remo, and he explained the nature of that almost forgotten game of chance.

Though it may seem unfair to anticipate the appearance of Mr. Wentworth's paper, yet its interest will not be seriously impaired if his account of *Biribi* be given here. A table was used at that game wherein there were seventy compartments each of which was marked with a figure and a number. Sixty-four balls were marked with figures and numbers. The player put his stake in one of the compartments of the table and then he drew a ball out of a bag. If the ball drawn corresponded with the compartment wherein the player had placed his money he was paid sixty-four times his stake. The chance of winning at such a game was very slight. The visitor to Monte Carlo who plays *Roulette* or *Trente et Quarante* will lose his money much more slowly than the player who went to San Remo a century ago and risked his money at *Biribi*.

As Mr. Wentworth's purpose was simply to state facts his paper would not satisfy either the crusaders whose self-imposed mission is to close the Casino, or the persons who approve of public gaming tables and desire to see them established elsewhere. He left it to others to draw their own conclusions, his own avowed opinion being that gambling was foolish and prejudicial whether it took the form of *Roulette* and *Trente et Quarante* as at Monte Carlo, of *Faro* as in his own country, of *Baccara* as in France, or of speculating on the Stock Exchange and betting at horse-races, as is common both in America and Europe.

Having written the paper on *Play and Players* Mr. Wentworth was anxious to see it in print. After the rejection of his article on *The Problem of Existence* by the editor of the *North American Review*, he did not feel inclined to send another to him. Being a constant

reader of *Paul and Chapman's Review*, he thought that his paper might be found suitable for its eclectic pages, so he sent it to the editor with a note expressing the hope that he might accept it. That genial and accomplished gentleman did not keep him long in suspense, for his manuscript was returned to him within ten days after it had been sent off. A letter from the editor dispelled the disappointment occasioned by the unwelcome sight of the familiar manuscript.

As communications between editors and contributors are rightly treated as confidential and privileged, that letter will not be transcribed in full; but its purport may be given without any breach of confidence.

The editor of *Paul and Chapman's Review* wrote to the effect that he had found the article very interesting and fresh, that he was glad the writer did not approve of gaming or set up any defense of it, and that the details which he gave were curious and ought to be published. Then followed a compliment not often paid to contributors: "You are," the editor wrote, "free from a failing common to all contributors to reviews. They generally write at too great length, seeming to think that space can be no object in their cases. You may be said to have gone almost too far in the opposite direction, as your paper will not make more than five pages of print. Perhaps, then, you will add a few more particulars about the inner life of the Casino and that of the croupiers, about which you appear to have obtained much information that has not yet been made public and return the paper to me, in order that I may take the first opportunity to publish it." This note gave Mr. Wentworth extreme pleasure, and he resolved to make further researches before making the additions which had been suggested.

While Mr. Wentworth kept up his acquaintance with Mr. Beauvoir and frequently played at dominoes with him, he found another companion who was as interesting as he, and who was also far more entertaining and original than any of the other English-speaking dwell-

ers at Monte Carlo with whom he had come into contact. This was Mr. Vincent O'Lorrequer, a gentleman of Irish parentage who, though born in London, never wearied of lamenting the woes of what he styled his down-trodden Irish home. He had wintered at Monte Carlo ; but, instead of starting off at the close of the season, he had arranged to pass some of the summer months there. Though professing to be an invalid, he had the air and bearing of a man in robust health.

Two years previously Mr. O'Lorrequer had spent a winter in Rome and caught the fever which is the curse of that city. He found himself better at Monte Carlo than elsewhere and he was reluctant to leave it. Being brimful of spirits and fun, abounding in anecdote and having an invention which never flagged, Mr. Wentworth greatly enjoyed his society. Mr. O'Lorrequer assured Mr. Wentworth that Ireland was an earthly paradise and was the only place for a rational man to enjoy life, yet he never succeeded in making it quite clear why he preferred to spend much of his life on the Continent, and why he had visited Ireland twice only and staid a week each time. It was somewhat puzzling to hear him exalt Ireland to the skies in one breath and represent her in the next as crushed in the dust. Mr. Wentworth found that, like all the jovial Irishmen with whom he had conversed, Mr. Vincent O'Lorrequer was the direct descendant of a line of Irish kings, and he inferred that Mr. O'Lorrequer's real grievance was not to sit upon a throne with a collar of gold around his neck, like his very remote, marvelous and mythical ancestors. When not declaiming about the wrongs of Ireland and asserting the superiority of Irishmen, Mr. O'Lorrequer spoke like a shrewd and witty man of the world. He had seen many strange people and places. He was endowed with the happy gift of making friends every where. As a lady-killer, he believed that no man living had surpassed him. Among the great men of the past, Sir Lucius O'Trigger is the only one with

whom he could be compared. He used modestly to recount the conquests which he made over the fair sex wherever he went; but these feats took place in his younger and unmarried days. At present he was the devoted husband of an excellent wife and the father of two comely daughters.

Though Mr. O'Lorrequer was an adept at cards and was not reluctant to bet upon any sporting event, he seldom played at the tables in the Casino. He preferred looking on and pitying the foolish persons who wasted their time and money at play. Not only was he conscious of his own superiority over them, but he was also confident that he had discovered an infallible system for winning large sums; however, he was as wise in refraining from putting it to the test as Don Quixote was in abstaining from trying the strength of his second helmet.

One afternoon as Mr. Wentworth and he were seated in the *Cafe de Paris*, the former thought the opportunity a good one for asking a man of the world like Mr. O'Lorrequer as to the opinion which prevailed about croupiers in a gaming-house. In reply, Mr. O'Lorrequer said: "Is it croupiers you mean? Of course, I know all about them."

"Well, what do people in Europe think of them socially?"

"Why as to that, my dear fellow, I can not say that they are looked upon with respect, but that is no fault of theirs. I have talked to many and I have been surprised that they work so hard as they do for so little pay."

Mr. Wentworth expressed his agreement with this view, adding, "Do you think they are more to be blamed by persons who lose their money here than clerks in a stockbroker's office where the clients who speculate lose money?"

"Of course not. You have been long enough here to know that the croupiers are only wheels in the machine. It is all one to them whether players win

money or lose it. As for a croupier stealing money, he will try to do so if dishonest: but so will a banker's clerk. But, in the case of the croupiers here, as in that of persons in general, you must ascertain the part played by the fairer sex before you arrive at a decision. If there were no women in the case, you would not hear the croupiers called bad men."

"I must say, Mr. O'Lorrequer, that the presence of ladies at the gaming tables was the thing which I thought the most objectionable. We should not allow such a thing in America. A lady playing at *roulette* seems to me as much out of place as a lady playing at being a soldier."

"Right you are," Mr. O'Lorrequer replied: "women were made to be nurses, sweethearts, wives and mothers and, when they forget this, they generally go wrong. But you have not yet heard my view of the women and the croupiers. The latter are constantly bothered by women wishing to learn how to win money at the gaming tables. They will not believe that a croupier has no more control over the game than a stock-broker has over the fluctuations on the Stock-Exchange. The younger croupiers have not the courage to say this, and if any scandal happens, which is a very rare occurrence, it is entirely due to the female players having a quarrel with the croupiers."

Mr. Wentworth agreed with Mr. O'Lorrequer's views about ladies squandering their own money or that of other people at play. However, his object in introducing the subject was not answered. He really desired to learn how a gentleman who seemed so tolerant as Mr. O'Lorrequer about every thing, the Protestant religion and the English government excepted, regarded croupiers. In order to satisfy his curiosity he had to put the question point blank.

"Would you invite a croupier to your own house?"

"That would depend upon the croupier," Mr. O'Lorrequer replied, and he added, "I may have no dislike to a person, yet I might not care to ask him to

dine with me and be introduced to my wife and daughters. Don't you remember what Abraham Lincoln said in his early days when he was advocating the cause of the slave?"

"I am ashamed to say that my acquaintance with Lincoln's speeches is limited, but I may have heard the remark to which you refer and forgotten it."

"Well, he had been taunted with being friendly to negroes and he was asked whether he would marry one. His answer, if I recollect rightly, was, 'Because I do not want and would not have a negro woman for a slave, it does not follow that I want her for a wife.' Now, as I have already told you, though I think it senseless to denounce croupiers, I am not obliged to consent to my daughter marrying one."

Mr. Wentworth allowed the conversation to drop; he had satisfied himself for the moment.

A few days afterward, he renewed it with Mr. Beauvoir, who had nothing to allege in disparagement of the croupiers. Indeed, he considered that they had been grossly maligned, that they were honest men earning a livelihood by strict attention to their duties. He emphatically assured Mr. Wentworth, "If you wish to meet a consummate rascal you must not seek for him among the croupiers at Monte Carlo but among the couriers who pilot your ignorant countrymen about Europe." Mr. Beauvoir had traveled with a courier in his younger days and he learned in later life that he must have paid more dearly than he supposed at the time for this luxury. Since then he had carefully collected information respecting the tricks resorted to by the less reputable couriers for making money at the expense of their employers, and he became so prosy on this subject that Mr. Wentworth soon alleged an excuse for leaving him.

The truth is that Mr. Wentworth was greatly perplexed. Every time he saw and conversed with Mlle. Elsa he became the more charmed with her. She was different from any other woman he had met. Never

before had any one treated him with such a mixture of deference and amiability. She seemed to value his opinions, yet she often expressed views of her own which struck him as more profound and original than any of his. They found much to admire in common. If he had made her acquaintance in Boston and if she had moved among his set, he would not have lost any time in asking her to become his wife. As it was, however, the question haunted him by day and by night, "Can I marry a croupier's daughter?"

He thought himself desperately in love, but he was mistaken. He was in love with Mlle. Elsa Pessac only to the extent of desiring to marry her. Had he been as deeply in love as he supposed, he would have been ready to marry her at all hazards. As it was, he had lost his heart, but not his head.

Mr. Wentworth had an income more than sufficient for his own wants and large enough to maintain a wife and family in comfort. He could not forget, however, that he was a Bostonian and a member of an ancient and exclusive Massachusetts family. He did not wish to live as an exile and he knew that, if he married a woman whom his relations and friends in Boston would not respect and receive, he could not return with her to his old home.

For his own part he had satisfied himself that croupiers may be as worthy persons as those whose vocation is regarded with less dislike and suspicion. He considered M. Pessac a most estimable man. He had made the acquaintance of other croupiers and found that they, too, were good husbands and fathers, and he also learned that none of the residents in Monaco were better conducted and better liked as a class than the persons employed in the Casino.

Yet Mr. Wentworth could not shut his eyes to the fact that others who did not possess his knowledge and experience on the subject would be as prejudiced as he once was with regard to croupiers. Not being able to make up his mind he resolved to ask for help

from his uncle Cecil whom he had always regarded as a second father. His uncle was then in Paris, which he visited for a few months every year. Mr. Wentworth sat down and wrote the whole story to his uncle, ending his letter with a request for advice. This letter did not remain long unanswered. Soon after his uncle received it he sent off a telegram to his nephew saying, "I start for Monte Carlo by the *Rapide* to-night. Hope to see you to-morrow evening."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LOVE-MAKING AND CATCHING WHALES.

MR. WENTWORTH was doubting and debating whether he would make Mlle. Elsa his wife, before he had ascertained whether she had any affection for him. In reality they were good friends, but nothing more. He often saw her in the gardens of Saint Martin, where her aunt and she were in the habit of spending an hour or two every afternoon. While the aunt knitted, the pair conversed.

Mlle. Elsa had expressed a great desire to learn English and Mr. Wentworth was delighted to have so charming a pupil. Early in their acquaintance she had told him of her aunt's detestation of every thing German and he had profited by the information, taking special care to praise every thing French in the aunt's presence. By these tactics he had become a great favorite with her. One day she paid him the highest compliment in her power, and said that he was quite worthy to be a Frenchman. He bowed and thanked her, without being as much impressed by the compliment as she may have supposed.

As Elsa's aunt had convinced herself that Mr. Wentworth's tastes and sympathies were wholly French, she had no objection to their reading and speaking German together. This was a greater treat to Mlle. Elsa than learning English. Her mother had always spoken German with her when they were by themselves. She was never happier than when discussing her favorite German authors with so intelligent and well-read a man as Mr. Wentworth.

Mlle. Elsa was deeper in love with Mr. Wentworth than he was with her. He was the first unmarried man with whom she had conversed on terms of intimacy. Most of her father's acquaintances were elderly fathers of families, who seldom associated together unless to celebrate a marriage, a christening, or a birthday festival. When present on such occasions she had never met a man who had traveled and read so much as Mr. Wentworth and who showed her so great attention. Yet she did not dream of ever becoming Mr. Wentworth's wife. That she would marry some day or other was what she expected. Her father had often said to her, "When you are married, my little one, you must do this or that," and she knew also that he had saved up the indispensable dowry in the event of her marriage. But the idea of choosing a husband for herself never entered her head. A French girl is not deemed capable of rational thought on such a subject. Mlle. Elsa was trained to consider that the matter of her marriage concerned her father and aunt in the first instance, that they would take good care about the necessary arrangements being made, and that it was her duty to obey their wishes.

One afternoon as they were seated in a shady part of Saint Martin's Gardens, the aunt knitting and Mlle. Elsa reading to Mr. Wentworth out of Freytag's "*Soll und Haben*," Mr. O'Lorrequer passed along and nodded slightly to Mr. Wentworth. The gentlemen met in the *Cafe de Paris* on the evening of the same day when Mr. O'Lorrequer said, "Who was that very pretty girl you were with in the Monaco gardens? Upon my word you are a sly fellow. I now understand why one never sees you here in the afternoon."

"As you know so many people here I thought that you might have seen her before. She is the daughter of M. Pessac, one of the inspectors at the *Trente et Quarante* tables."

"What! that little old man with a bald head and a white beard who generally sits at the table in the second room! I have heard his name mentioned by Mr. Moore, the English detective who is employed to keep watch in the rooms during the season, and it may please you to hear that Mr. Moore spoke in high terms of M. Pessac, whom he knew at Homburg."

"Now, you tell me something new. I did not know that detectives were employed by the administration."

"Of course they are employed. There is an English, a French, and an Italian detective, and that is the reason why persons who have obtained cards of admission to the gaming rooms are often excluded without any reason assigned. The detectives give the authorities a hint, and the players who are objects of suspicion soon disappear. However, that has nothing to do with M. Pessac's daughter. Please introduce me to her. I should like to make a sketch of her."

Mr. O'Lorrequer was clever with his pencil, and, if he could only have persevered, he might have produced some good pictures. But he was always beginning a new one and putting the old one aside. His excuse was that he had no time to finish them. Having nothing to do but what pleased him, he always suffered from want of leisure. Mr. Wentworth promised that he would take the first opportunity to introduce Mlle. Elsa to Mr. O'Lorrequer, but he intended to postpone the opportunity to the latest possible moment. Though Mr. O'Lorrequer was married and was, as he complacently said, a model husband, yet Mr. Wentworth did not relish the notion of his being brought into close contact with Mlle. Elsa.

On returning to the hotel Mr. Wentworth found his uncle's card in his bedroom with these words written in pencil on the back: "Dear Rupert, come and dine with me in the restaurant at 8 o'clock." His uncle gave him an excellent dinner and the latest

news about his relations in Boston. After dinner he underwent an examination as to his views and wishes, the result being that he promised to introduce his uncle to M. Pessac and his daughter in order that he might form his own opinion of them.

Mr. Cecil Wentworth, the uncle of Rupert, was several years younger than Rupert's father. It is difficult to define his age in general terms. To call him middle-aged would be resented by those who knew how many years he had lived in the world; to call him in the prime of life would be a still greater mistake. In Mr. Howells' "Indian Summer," the hero, Mr. Colville, is depicted as an old man, though he was in his forty-first year, and, because of his advanced years, he was pronounced far too venerable a man to marry Imogene Grahame, who was a little over twenty, and only fitted to marry Mrs. Bowen, a widow nearly as old as himself. Now Mr. Cecil Wentworth was in his fifth-sixth year, yet he would have been greatly amazed had any one called him an old man. His life had been easy and diversified. When comparatively young, from an American point of view, he had married a great heiress and he had passed many years in sipping those sweets of existence which are accessible to the wealthy and the idle.

Mr. Cecil Wentworth had no family. His wife had long been a confirmed invalid. She was contented to rest quietly at home when her husband crossed the Atlantic once or twice yearly on some pressing but unexplained business. As a good and patriotic Bostonian he considered the capital of Massachusetts the center of the Universe; but, as a man of the world and a devotee of pleasure, he felt perfectly at home in Paris. When in Paris he was a diligent frequenter of the theaters, the horse-races and wherever people congregated to amuse themselves. He spoke French as like a Frenchman as there is any occasion to speak it. Being most anxious, however, to diffuse a knowledge of English among the fair sex in Paris, he had

generally a fine-looking and gayly dressed young lady as a pupil during his visits to Paris.

Like many other Americans who treat Paris as a second home and regard it as an earthly paradise, Mr. Cecil Wentworth had an unquenchable desire to display the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor in the button-hole of his coat. In 1878, the desire of his heart was gratified. He had been appointed one of the American Commissioners to the International Exhibition held that year in Paris and, as he was very energetic and spoke French better than his brother commissioners, the President of the French Republic created him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Though Americans profess to despise foreign orders and titles they are always gratified when a foreign order or title is bestowed upon a citizen of their Republic. Indeed, they sometimes magnify a foreign order far beyond its real value. When the late Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks had the Cross of the Imperial order of Francis Joseph conferred upon him by the Emperor of Austria, in recognition of the superiority of his weighing machines, his fellow townsmen thereafter addressed him as Sir Thaddeus, although the order did not justify this mark of respect.

On Mr. Wentworth introducing his uncle to M. Pessac, the latter was greatly impressed at seeing the red ribbon in the uncle's button-hole and he was especially courteous to him on that account. He said it would be a personal favor if the uncle would accept his hospitality and be introduced to his sister and daughter. The meeting took place. Mlle. Pessac was charmed with the uncle because he spoke French so well and looked so like a Frenchman ; Mlle. Elsa was equally charmed to find that the Mr. Wentworth, whom she liked the better the oftener she saw him, had an uncle who was such a pleasant man.

When the uncle and nephew were together after the visit to M. Pessac, the uncle who was in good spirits and appeared to be well pleased, said, " Well, Rupert, I

do not regret having come here. Had I written to you from Paris I might have made a mistake. You know I always treated you as a son and your consulting me about your intended marriage has rendered me the more disposed to do so."

Though nothing had ever formally passed between them on the subject, Rupert had always regarded himself as the heir to his uncle's property, and being independent, he was the more eager to inherit an addition to his fortune. On the other hand, it was equally in the nature of things that his uncle should wish to leave his money to a nephew who did not really require it. Had Rupert been poor, his uncle would have deemed it fitting that he should work for a living. It was, then, a special satisfaction to Rupert to find that by marrying Mlle. Elsa, he would not forfeit either his uncle's good graces or his wealth.

"I am very glad, uncle," was Rupert's reply, "that you like the Pessacs."

"Yes, my boy, I do like them; I called early this morning upon M. Chartran, the managing director of the Casino, whom I knew in Paris and I heard him speak in the highest terms of M. Pessac; the young lady seems very nice and, if you must marry a French girl, you may as well marry her as any one else. The Boston folks will make no objection to the match once they hear that I was consulted and approved of it."

"Shall you stay a few days here, uncle, till matters are settled?"

"No, Rupert, I must return at once to Paris. I made this hurried journey entirely on your account. I am satisfied that you can do the rest yourself. I suppose you will not marry before the fall! I may see you during the summer if you should be at Vichy, Homburg or Karlsbad. I shall go to one of these places. Write to me at the old address when you have made your arrangements."

On the following day Mr. Rupert Wentworth saw his uncle off by the express for Paris and he began

seriously to reflect what he should do next. When meditating in his own room, the cheery voice of Mr. Vincent O'Lorrequer calling out as he knocked energetically at the door, "Are you there, old man?" turned the current of his thoughts. Mr. O'Lorrequer had two pieces of information to give him. The less important may be stated first.

Since Mr. O'Lorrequer's stay at Monte Carlo he had formed the opinion that bigger fish could be got out of the sea than any caught by the native fishermen, who had often to be satisfied with catching fish not longer than one's finger. His theory was, that, as the sea was very deep a short way from the place where the fishermen cast their nets, it might be possible to capture a large fish by baiting a line and sinking it in the deep water. The villa in which he lived was close to the sea-shore and he had thrown a line night after night to some distance from the shore. He generally found the bait eaten off the hook when he hauled it in the following morning; but when asked, "Well, O'Lorrequer, have you caught a whale yet?" he had always to reply, "Is't a whale you mean. Why, I have not even caught a crab." However, his ingenuity and perseverance had been crowned with success and he was gleefully able to announce, "Well, my boy, I have hooked the whale at last." Mr. Wentworth, who had momentarily forgotten all about the fishing episode, exclaimed, "I know there are plenty of pigeons, but I did not know there were any whales here."

"Of course there are none. Don't you remember I told you I had set a line for fish?"

"Oh! I was thinking of something else when you spoke. I suppose you mean you have caught something big."

"That I have at last. It's a real beauty. I mean to set up as a deep-sea fisherman. My servant never saw so big a fish before and is not quite sure what it is. However it looks all right, so I don't suppose it will poison us. I have come to ask you to come and

dine with my wife and myself and see how my whale tastes."

Mr. Wentworth said he would be happy to form one of the party; indeed he always enjoyed dining with the O'Lorrequers, and he was pleased to have the prospect of a lively evening in their company to a dull one by himself.

The second piece of information affected him more than the first. It was given just as Mr. O'Lorrequer was leaving the room. "By the way," he said, "before I go I may tell you that I have just seen old Pessac and told him that I should like to make a sketch of his daughter's head. He said he would be honored if his daughter did not object, and he promised to speak to her and let me know. I asked him to dinner to-night, but he declined as he was on special duty at the Casino. When the young lady comes to me, you must come too and help to entertain her aunt who I suppose will accompany her."

Before Mr. Wentworth could reply, Mr. O'Lorrequer had left the room. He had no objection to entertain Mlle. Pessac, but he strongly objected to Mlle. Elsa's sitting for her portrait to Mr. O'Lorrequer. He resolved to go and see whether he could not persuade Mlle. Elsa to refuse her consent to have her likeness taken at that time.

He found her seated alone in the covered walk outside the house in the *Ruedu Tribunal*. She was reading a volume of Schiller's plays which he had lent her. Her aunt's knitting materials were on a chair. She said that her aunt would be back in a few minutes as she had only gone to give some orders to the cook, and went on to say that she must return the books he had lent her as she was going away soon.

"Going away!" he repeated, with unconcealed surprise.

"Yes," she replied, "we start next week. Papa told us last night that he had been able to settle about it."

"I thought that you meant to remain here all the summer!"

"We did think so; but papa has got an extra fortnight's leave, so he will have a whole month's holiday, and he wants to visit Homburg which he has not done for ten years," adding, with an earnestness which went to Mr. Wentworth's heart, "I am so glad to go." He tried hard to put questions with perfect self-command and he succeeded in not betraying feelings which were stronger than he had imagined. However, Mlle. Elsa was so much excited at the prospect of the projected journey that she did not remark the change in his voice and manner. Besides, her aunt arrived and greeted him with the remark, "I suppose Elsa is telling you the news. She can talk of nothing but her journey."

Mr. Wentworth told the aunt that beyond the fact of the visit to Homburg he had not heard any particulars; thereupon she went on to give him full details: "You may suppose that I do not like my brother going to Germany and taking Elsa with him, but I can not well object because my brother's father-in-law is very anxious to see his granddaughter, and his wish ought to be gratified all the more as he says he is getting old and infirm. He has several times written about this, and as my brother suddenly found that he could get a longer holiday than usual this year, he decided upon starting next week. Of course I can not accompany them, having vowed never to set foot in Germany. I shall go to Bordeaux, however, to see my relations there."

Mr. Wentworth expressed the hope that they would all enjoy themselves, and added that, as they would be very busy preparing for their journey, he might be in the way if he visited them, whereupon both ladies said that they hoped he would come as often as he could. He did not care to prolong the conversation, so he took his departure and, at the appointed hour, he went to dine with Mr. and Mrs. O'Lorrequer.

## CHAPTER XV.

### RUPERT WENTWORTH PROPOSES.

NOT for the first time in his life, Mr. Wentworth was utterly puzzled how to act. Like all vacillating men he was accustomed to talk about making up his mind at once and he was disposed to plume himself upon the imaginary promptitude with which he carried out as well as arrived at his decisions. Had he been a much younger or a very much older man he would have had no hesitation about marrying Mlle. Elsa. She pleased him more than any young lady whose acquaintance he had made in Europe. The fact of her being a croupier's daughter had ceased to be an obstacle since his uncle had approved of his project. But a new doubt had taken possession of his mind. He was afraid lest, being on the verge of forty, he was not too old to become the husband of a damsel half his own age.

A man deeply in love does not pass his days and nights in meditating upon the date of his birth. He may be too old or too young to marry ; but his friends are often better judges of this than himself, and he never heeds their opinions or remonstrances. Mr. Wentworth might have been too young at twenty or too old at forty to marry Mlle. Elsa ; but he would have been the last person to discover and acknowledge this had he been an ardent lover. As it was, his case was not that of December mating with May. He had no reason to fear the ridicule of his Boston friends or to be commiserated by them for having been rash and foolish.

When his cousin, Julia Barton, the object of his youthful and unavowed love, became the wife of Newton Jones she was about the same age as Elsa, while her husband's age was then what his was now. His own observation led him to conclude that his countrymen who married at forty made good husbands to brides not much over twenty, and that, not unfrequently, they became the happy fathers of many boys and girls.

Perhaps notions of this kind might never have given Mr. Wentworth any concern if he had not been in a somewhat morbid frame of mind. The truth is that marriage did not enter into his scheme of life ; he had lived as a bachelor long enough to get into a groove out of which he was reluctant to issue. Once or twice he bitterly regretted having met Mlle. Elsa, and, after indulging in this feeling and demonstrating to his own satisfaction that he was a fool, he became angry with himself for his hesitation and grew more anxious to marry her than ever. He smiled grimly as he pictured to himself how Mr. Howells would have provided for him if the ordering of his fate had been in such ruthless hands. In such a case he would have been united in holy matrimony with the elderly aunt, Mlle. Rosalie Pessac, who certainly was effusive in her expressions of liking for him. He was quite certain that, if the niece were too young to become his bride, the aunt was far too old. As his custom was at this period of his life, he resolved to postpone a decision to another day, and he prepared to enjoy dinner and the hearty welcome which he was sure to find in the villa of which the O'Lorrequers were tenants.

"Delighted to see you, old fellow," was Mr. O'Lorrequer's greeting. "It is very good of you to come at such short notice," was said with as great cordiality by his charming wife. Mr. Wentworth responded effusively, but he had never felt so much tempted to resent being addressed as "old fellow," even in joke. Before dinner was served, Mr. O'Lorrequer insisted

upon showing him where the "whale" had been caught, describing with great animation his trouble in landing it. He displayed the line and the hooks, being evidently anxious to prove that his perseverance had actually been rewarded, and to prevent doubts being raised as to whether the fish had not been captured with a silver hook in the market-place.

Mr. Wentworth was not surprised, when the dish was uncovered, to find that the fish was a rather large *loup*, a Mediterranean fish somewhat resembling a whiting in appearance and very slightly in taste. Mr. O'Lorrequer would not admit that it was a *loup* of the ordinary kind, such as had been seen before.

"Sure," he said, "this is from the deep part of the sea, the taste is far finer, and the fish is not one of those consumptive specimens which are caught in warm, shallow water." His wife, in true wifely fashion, not only dissembled her doubts but she pleased her husband by remarking that the fish was exquisite in taste, and by asking for a second helping of it.

When dinner was over and the gentlemen were seated on the balcony enjoying the prospect, cigars and coffee, Mr. O'Lorrequer announced that a letter had arrived which might compel him to shorten his stay. It referred to the probable dissolution of Parliament, and contained the offer of a seat in the new House. As the writer was Mr. Parnell he could make such an offer. Mr. Wentworth congratulated him, whereupon Mr. O'Lorrequer replied, "Do not congratulate me until you have heard the whole story. I am offered a safe seat, but I am also asked to contribute largely to the cause: now, faith, though I don't object to enter Parliament myself, I am not at all inclined to spend money in helping others to go too and to keep them when there."

"But I thought," said Mr. Wentworth, "that your great ambition was to enter the House of Commons and redress the wrongs of your down-trodden and disconsolate country?"

"Of course I should like nothing better. I don't care to pay any thing for doing so, however; besides, it is not convenient to do so at present."

"So you mean to decline?"

"By no means. I shall write a letter of thanks for the offer, and postpone other matters till later. There is nothing like a little procrastination when you wish to negotiate. I shall probably get the seat by making fine speeches instead of a contribution. Let's talk of something pleasanter. I have seen and had a chat with your young lady."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Of course I mean Mlle. Elsa Pessac; she certainly does credit to your taste, but I am sorry I can not sketch her."

Mr. Wentworth was taken aback at the notion of Mr. O'Lorrequer having been so rapid in his movements, and he could not understand why Mlle. Elsa had said nothing to him about this interview, till he remembered that she had no opportunity to do so, their whole talk turning upon the visit to Homburg. Whether it was owing to the surprise occasioned by Mr. O'Lorrequer's remark, or whether it was due to an irresistible impulse can not be determined: but he went on to confide to one who was a mere acquaintance, the story of his relation with Mlle. Elsa.

In so doing he was less indiscreet than, in a calmer moment, he might have supposed. No man could give better counsel in all things, except those which concerned himself, than Mr. O'Lorrequer. He was both shrewd and capable of judging most soundly about the affairs of his friends, and he felt the more disposed to give good advice to Mr. Wentworth because he was flattered to be made the subject of his confidence. He had seen Mlle. Elsa and her aunt for a few minutes only, and what he then heard from the aunt he now communicated to Mr. Wentworth. He said, "My dear Wentworth, I must say that you appear to have made a conquest of the aunt. She did

nothing but sound your praises, calling you a charming man who was most amiable and clever, and who dearly loved the French. Upon my word, you would have no difficulty in marrying her ; but, at the same time, as she seems fond of her niece, I should think she would be almost as pleased if you became her nephew-in-law."

" Did the niece say any thing ? "

" You ought to know that French young ladies are forbidden to show their feelings before strangers; yet I am sure from the way she looked when I said I knew and liked you that your image was engraven on her heart. Besides, she took care to put in an assent to all her aunt's praises of you."

Mrs. O'Lorrequer coming in to ask them whether they would take a cup of tea put an end to the conversation. Soon afterward Mr. Wentworth returned to his hotel. He went to bed, having all but made up his mind to ask M. Pessac next day for permission to marry his daughter. He was sufficiently versed in French usages to avoid the mistake of asking the daughter to become his wife without having previously obtained her father's consent.

Early in the following morning he received a small packet which a messenger had brought from Monaco. It contained the volumes of Schiller's works which he had lent to Mlle. Elsa and which he had forgotten to bring away with him, and a note from Mlle. Pessac was inclosed. It was to the effect that the volumes were sent in case they might be mislaid during the confusion of packing ; that she was delighted to have made his acquaintance and hoped to renew it, that she feared not to see him before starting for Bordeaux, as she might go off before her brother and her niece went to Homburg. He took this to imply that he need not call again at the house in the *Rue du Tribunal.*

The postscript gave him greater pleasure than any thing else in the note. It ran : " My niece says, she wishes to write ' good-by ' as she can not say it. She

has expressed it in two German words which she tells me are the same as our *au revoir*." The niece's addition was, "Mr. Wentworth *auf wiedersehen*, Elsa." What struck him most, was not the message which might have little meaning, but the use of "Mr." This showed that she had remembered his teaching and had employed that form of address with a view to please him. When they first conversed in German she was accustomed, as was natural, to address him as "Herr" Wentworth. He told her that he preferred to be called "Mr.," and he explained that, while in England it was common to address a German as "Herr," an Italian as "Signor," a Frenchman as "Monsieur," in America every body was styled "Mr.," and that he preferred the American custom. She had acceded to his wish when conversing with him and she did so now in writing also. The matter was a trifling one, but the most trifling thing is magnified and acquires significance in a lover's eyes. After reading the few words in her handwriting, he said to himself, "Elsa evidently thinks of me," and in saying this he thought all the more of her.

Under the influence of an emotion to which he was a stranger he sat down and wrote to M. Pessac, as king the favor of an interview. He spoke French fluently, but he wrote it with difficulty. Had he been able to express himself with the nicety which the French language allows, he would have conveyed a hint of his purpose in seeking the interview. As it was, he could only say that he was anxious to see M. Pessac on a matter of great consequence to himself; that, as he understood his sister and daughter to be so much occupied with preparing for their departure, it might be inconvenient if he called at the house in the *Rue du Tribunal* and therefore he hoped M. Pessac would not object to call upon him in the evening at the hotel where he was staying.

M. Pessac returned an answer by bearer to the effect that he would gladly call soon after the hour at which

Mr. Wentworth would have finished his dinner. He thought that Mr. Wentworth desired to see him before his departure in order to arrange about learning something respecting the inner working of the Casino, a matter about which he had told him he desired further information for the purpose of inserting more details in the article which he had prepared for *Paul and Chapman's Review.*

When M. Pessac called he began by saying, "Here I am, my dear sir, quite at your service. Any thing you wish to know I shall have pleasure in telling you. Pray consider me at your disposal in every way."

"Many thanks," replied Mr. Wentworth, adding, "but perhaps we are not thinking of the same thing."

"Oh! I fancied you wished me to give some further particulars for the review article which you told me had been returned to you. If I am mistaken, I beg your pardon; yet, I repeat, I am entirely at your service."

Mr. Wentworth offered M. Pessac a cigar, and while the latter was lighting it, he tried to brace himself for an effort which he then felt to be much more serious than it seemed during rehearsal. For the first time it flashed across his mind that he had disregarded a formality upon which the French set great store when a proposal for marriage has to be made. According to French ideas and customs his uncle should have acted as an intermediary and asked M. Pessac for his daughter's hand on his nephew's behalf. However, as it was too late to be over-fastidious about etiquette, Mr. Wentwerth began by saying, "Perhaps you will excuse me, as an American, if I am about to make a proposition in a manner you may think unusual. You will believe me I hope, when I say that I do not mean an offense."

"Certainly, my dear sir; you have my pardon beforehand. I have always found American politeness, as shown by you and your excellent uncle, to be almost equal to French." This was said in a grave tone;

when Frenchmen are most serious they are distressingly polite. Feeling more nervous than he had ever done in his life, and not feeling re-assured by M. Pessac's manner, Mr. Wentworth went on to say with all the calmness he could muster: "Sir, the truth is that I love your daughter and I now ask your permission to marry her."

Giving a start, M. Pessac said in no amiable accents, "I hope, sir, you have not made love to my daughter under the pretext of teaching her English?"

"Rest assured," was the reply, "that such a notion never entered my head."

M. Pessac gave a sigh of relief and Mr. Wentworth continued: "In America and England it is not uncommon for a young man and woman to settle matters themselves and then ask their parents' consent to their marriage; but I should never do so anywhere as I hold that the parents should be consulted in the first instance; besides, as you know, I am not ignorant of French habits and it is on this account that I speak to you before having said a word to your daughter which could lead her to suppose that I desired to make her my wife."

With an altered manner M. Pessac said, "I thank you, sir; you have acted like a perfect gentleman."

Interrupting him, Mr. Wentworth said, "Pardon me; but I wish to finish my story before you give your decision. I am perfectly independent and, though not rich according to our American standard, I am well able to make a wife as comfortable as all fathers wish their daughters to be. The principal member of my family is the uncle whom you saw a few days ago and he quite approves of what I propose to do. I may add that I should have postponed this declaration had I not heard that you were about to go away and this must be my excuse for the abruptness with which I have placed the matter before you."

"No apology is required, sir. I have nothing to

complain of. You have really risen in my estimation by your behavior and I shall never forget the kindness which you have manifested for my son. I feel, indeed, that I can not repay you and that I must remain your debtor, and I feel this the more keenly because I must decline your present request."

"Pray, sir," interrupted Mr. Wentworth, "do not give your final decision now: I am quite ready to wait for an answer till you have further considered the matter and talked it over with your sister, whom you have told me you regard as a second mother to your daughter, and also till you have made inquiries about myself."

"I have no doubt those inquiries would prove perfectly satisfactory and it is because I am convinced of this that I wish to give my decision at once. My daughter's marriage has long occupied my thoughts and though nothing has been arranged, yet I have a plan which may probably bear fruit. However, my mind is made up on one point. I shall never give my consent to my daughter marrying a foreigner. Excuse me for not giving my reasons. I can assure you with perfect truth, that you are the only person I have yet met who makes me regret that my determination is irrevocable."

Mr. Wentworth was thunderstruck to find that, after condescending to propose marriage to a croupier's daughter, the croupier would not afford him the opportunity to marry beneath him. Had he been treated surlily or called hard names he would have been the happier, as he would have had the compensation of cherishing a grievance. As it was, he was humiliated as well as bitterly disappointed; worst of all, Mlle. Elsa was dearer to him than ever.

M. Pessac's tone was that of a man thoroughly in earnest; his manner was subdued yet self-possessed; his courtesy could not be called in question and Mr. Wentworth felt that it was hopeless to plead with him. It is questionable whether his pride would have al-

lowed him to do so. He had so long considered himself a superior person to M. Pessac that he could not immediately regard him from a different point of view. He had been taught from his youth up the self-evident truth, according to Jefferson, that "all men are created equal." Like his countrymen, he frequently found this assumption in the Declaration of Independence most difficult and repugnant to act up to. "M. Pessac, I shall leave Monte Carlo without delay, but I hope we may meet again. Let me assure you that I did not mean any offense and let me ask your pardon if I have blundered unintentionally."

"Nothing would please me more than to meet you again," replied M. Pessac, "and indeed, I have to request in turn that we shall still remain good friends. You have acted in such a way that I should be sorry if you ceased to regard me with the respect and good feeling which I entertain for you." He held out his hand which Mr. Wentworth shook, saying, "I have no reason to differ with you on this point. Again I have to express a wish, which is that you will not mention to your daughter any thing that has passed between us."

"You may rest assured that she will never hear a word of it from me. In token of my anxiety to continue our present acquaintance I may say that if you visit Homburg while we are there I shall be delighted to resume my acquaintance with you on the old footing."

They parted with mutual compliments and expressions of good-will. Mr. Wentworth inwardly vowed not to visit Homburg till he was certain that M. Pessac and his daughter had left it.

He started from Monte Carlo by the first train the following morning. When in mental trouble before, he had found relief and a philosophic frame of mind in Heidelberg; he now resolved to seek the same remedy in his old rooms on the right bank of the Neckar.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE BAYLES IN PARIS.

LORD PLOWDEN ETON staid a fortnight in Paris at the Grand Hotel, where Mrs. Bayles and her daughter had taken up their abode. His intention was to remain one night only ; but he found the ladies so pleased with his company and he was so glad to be in theirs that he postponed his departure from day to day.

He detested sight-seeing, yet he accompanied them from place to place without appearing to be suffering martyrdom. Happily, they did not care about going to the theater, or rather Miss Bayle, who wished to go, said that it was useless for her mother to spend an evening listening to a play of which she did not understand a word. Had the Opera-House been open they would have gone there, as it is not indispensable to understand the words in order to enjoy the music of an opera. He went the length of offering to go to the theater if they had wished ; he had the reward of being thanked for his courtesy without being called upon to put it in practice. As a rule, the ladies were worn out with sight-seeing and they remained quietly in their own sitting-room after dinner. Then he was free to amuse himself after his own fashion.

He had a male cousin who was glad of any excuse to get away from his parent's house in the Faubourg St. Germain. When they had the opportunity, the two cousins were in the habit of spending a great part of each night in seeing life. He spoke of Mrs. Bayle and her daughter to his aunt, the Countess de Flau-

bard, and asked permission to introduce them to her. This was granted, after she learned that they were very rich Americans and that the daughter was a beauty as well as a great heiress. Her desire was to find a rich wife for her only son who would inherit an old title and a very trumpery estate. It was arranged between her nephew and herself that she should call at the Grand Hotel to be introduced by him to Mrs. Bayle and her daughter, and that she should then invite them to one of her weekly receptions.

When Lord Plowden told Mrs. Bayle that his aunt, the Countess de Flaubard, would call upon her the following day in order to make her acquaintance, she expressed her readiness to receive her. He gave her some information about the family into which his aunt had married and those particulars were communicated by her the same evening to her friend Mrs. Johnson, whom she was delighted to meet at the Grand Hotel.

The Johnsons had spent two winters in Paris. There were five of them ; a mother and father, a son and two daughters. The father had made money at the trade of " pork-packing " and he was fulfilling the ambition of his mature years by spending it and enjoying life in Europe. His family and he had seen the greater part of the European Continent and it was partly owing to the stories told by them to their friends the Bayles that the latter had made up their minds to follow their example. The Johnsons had egregiously failed, however, in one of their objects, which was to enter the best French society. Why they should have set their hearts upon this is more surprising than the fact that they had failed. The story of their efforts and failures is too long for an episode, though it is curious enough to deserve telling in outline. Suffice it, then, for the present to give a summary of what Mrs. Johnson told Mrs. Bayle when the latter said that she was to be introduced next day to the Countess de Flaubard :—

" Sakes alive ! Mrs. Bayle, I must say you are in

luck. This countess belongs to the real upper tendom. Many of our folks would give their ears to be invited to her house. Once you have been received there you can go anywhere. Do you know that me and my husband have not yet been presented to any of these old French nobles, and my daughters Hattie and Minnie are quite mad at our failure. Our minister here presented us to President Grèvy, but what's the good of that? I guess he's played out. Any one can see him. Besides, his reception was not half as fine a show as our president's reception at Washington.

"I thought," was Mrs. Bayle's comment, "that you did not think much of these foreign noblemen. Don't you remember telling me at Chicago the last time you were home of that horrid story about poor Bessie Thomas, who married a French count and who, after spending all the money he could get and taking all her jewels and best clothes, left her without a cent and told her the marriage was not legal, and didn't you and others take up a collection to send her home with her infant?"

"That was quite true; but then the count was a bogus one who had been a courier and he complained that he did not get as much money with Bessie as he had expected and offered to marry her properly if her father would give him a million francs. The poor thing died a few weeks after reaching New York. But the real noblemen are not like that, though, as our minister said when I spoke to him on the subject, our people should take care when marrying Frenchmen that every thing is done squarely."

"But there must be plenty of nice Americans here. I read in a newspaper the other day that the American colony numbers seven thousand."

"I don't know how many Americans there are in Paris, but a more unsociable set you can not imagine. Most of them put on as many frills as New York society ladies. Oh! there's the first bell for dinner.

I must go and fix myself, and we can talk over these things in your parlor afterward."

It is quite true, as Mrs. Bayle had read, that there is a large American colony in Paris, and it is equally true, as Mrs. Johnson found, that it is a rather exclusive body of men and women. At the same time it is very mixed, consisting of millionaires who have more money than they can enjoy and artists struggling for a livelihood. The hospitality of Paris is the boast of Parisian journalists; but it is a form of hospitality which implies no sacrifice, consisting in allowing the strangers who have money to spend, to be entertained by the keepers of hotels and restaurants who know how to charge. Among other things provided for the gratification of strangers is a kind of sham society where self-dubbed barons and counts are ready to entrap heiresses and give young men who have more money than brains ample facilities for buying experience very dearly.

It requires a trained taste to appreciate the best society, the choicest wines, the finest paintings, and such a taste is not possessed by all the English or Americans who visit Paris. Neither Mrs. Bayle nor her daughter made any pretension to it. Each liked to "have a good time," which meant enjoying herself in her own way.

They both accepted the Countess de Flaubard's invitation to her weekly reception, though they did not like her manner, which was condescending and patronizing to a degree that would have made them painfully conscious of their own insignificance had they not had as good opinion of themselves as the countess entertained of herself. No properly constituted Westerner, or, indeed, no native-born American is liable to the European weakness of over-respect for those who are supposed to be higher in the social scale. Hence the countess's manner excited more surprise than annoyance. Mrs. Bayle and her daughter could not understand why she should give herself such airs after

having intimated her desire to make their acquaintance, and they accepted her invitation partly out of curiosity and partly because they thought that to decline it would be a slight upon Lord Plowden Eton.

The family mansion of the Flaubards in the Faubourg St. Germain was very old, very musty, and in sad want of repair. It smelled of the Middle Ages. The servants were in keeping. The company had an antique air and some of the men and women appeared as if they had stepped out of the picture frames which held the productions of an old master. Their speech was a glorification of a past which can not be restored and a denunciation of a present which must be endured.

With the exception of Mrs. Bayle and her daughter and Father Kerdrec, the curé of the parish, every one at the Flaubards' was of noble birth. The son of Breton fisher folk, Father Kerdrec had preserved the family manners as well as some of the locutions of his native Brittany. He meant well; but, when conversing with him, one regretted the more that the French priest of former days, with his exquisite polish and perfect tact, had passed away. However, it is not among priests only that good breeding is almost extinct and politeness a memory or a farce in France. As Mrs. and Miss Bayle entered the room, Father Kerdrec was indulging in the clerical luxury of a pinch of snuff and the noise which he made after applying a large brown cotton handkerchief to his nose made the room resound and the ladies start.

The countess advanced to greet them and she did so with a grace which it was a tradition of the family to display when in their ancestral mansion. She introduced the ladies to her husband, who spoke very little English, and to her son Count Louis, who spoke English very well. Lord Plowden, who had dined with his aunt, was present and he set himself to amuse Mrs. Bayle till all the visitors had arrived and his aunt was free to converse with her. The countess ques-

tioned her about her travels and was glad to hear that she liked France and that she proposed spending a few months in Paris after her husband joined her, while Mrs. Bayle was astonished to hear from the countess a very sad account of the state of France, which she ascribed to the existence of the republic.

Though not well versed in forms of government and though ignorant of French history, Mrs. Bayle entertained the common American superstition that a country in which the mere semblance of a republican form of government prevailed must have an advantage over any other. To questions from the countess what she intended doing with her daughter, she replied that her daughter had not yet signified her own wishes and that, till these were known, nothing could be determined. This surprised the countess who had become imbued with the French notion that parents should settle the marriages of their children and that the latter need not, except as a matter of favor, have any voice in the matter. The countess turned the conversation to religion, asked Mrs. Bayle about her opinions and whether she did not think it a good thing to be a Roman Catholic. However, in this matter as in others, the two ladies found that they had nothing in common, so the countess, under the pretext that she wished to speak to another guest, summoned her husband to take her place and do his best to converse with Mrs. Bayle.

The countess had communicated her design to her husband after visiting the Bayles at the Grand Hotel and arriving at the conclusion that, as Miss Bayle was beautiful as well as an heiress, she would make a good wife for their son. Before going to the hotel she had called upon an American banker, asked him whether he knew any thing of Mr. Bayle and she was told that he was reputed to be a very rich man. Thus good looks and great wealth being the portion of Miss Bayle, the countess and her husband agreed that their son would do well to marry her. They had resolved,

however, to insist upon the condition that Miss Bayle must become a Roman Catholic before the marriage.

The proudest and most cherished tradition of the Flaubard family was the glorious part which its members had played in slaying Saracens and Huguenots. As the countess had voluntarily embraced the faith of the Church of Rome before entering that family, she thought it would be a great triumph if she were the means of converting Miss Bayle before welcoming her as a daughter-in-law. The conversion of Miss Nevada to Roman Catholicism had been accounted a good work which would have been still more complete if that beautiful and rich young lady had married a Frenchman instead of an Englishman. The countess knew, moreover, that Americans had become the wives of the proudest members of the French nobility, and that these ladies, though American by birth and breeding, had been transformed by marriage into uncompromising aristocrats. She felt quite certain that, if Miss Bayle were Count Louis's wife, she would soon become as French in manner and feeling as the Princess Murat, the Marchioness of Chasseloup-Laubat, the Countess Saint-Romain, the Countess Olivier de Chevigné, and the Countess de Ganay.

Young Count Louis had no inkling of his mother's schemes for his happiness. Miss Bayle's beauty fascinated him more than her manners. Her frank and unconventional style of speech shocked his narrow notions of propriety. Like other young Frenchmen belonging to royalist families, he had been trained according to the strictest traditions of the old school and had been filled to the brim with prejudices.

The young Count Louis could read and write ; but he was devoid of knowledge. He was bigoted without possessing genuine religious convictions. His worst failing was that he had not the slightest notion of his utter ignorance. Like his family and associates he believed that France was hastening to destruction for want of a king and that the republican form of

government was an invention of the devil. He had heard that the United States of America had prospered exceedingly as a republic; but he labored under the delusion that so many Americans made Paris their home because the government of their own country was intolerable to them. He had conversed with the American ladies named above who had married French royalists and who had become more royalist than any queen, and he foolishly inferred from their exaggerated remarks that all good Americans were royalists at heart. Filled with these absurd notions he began his conversation with Miss Bayle by saying, "I suppose you are disappointed with Paris. It is a dull city now. Every thing here would please you and other strangers far better if the king were on the throne."

"The king!" she exclaimed in amazement, "I guess kings are played out in France. Besides, I think Paris very lively and pleasant. I don't see any thing wrong."

Not quite understanding what she meant by "Played out," he added, "Perhaps we may have to wait a little longer. The death of Henri Cinq was a great blow, but the House of France survives, and all right-thinking persons believe that the republic will collapse soon and that a king will restore France to her former prosperity."

"I can't say I know much about your French politics; but Lord Plowden told me that your republic is firmly established and that there is no immediate prospect of another revolution."

"Please don't say to me 'your' republic. We endure but do not recognize it. Besides, you must not trust my cousin in this matter. He does not detest the republic as I do, or if he does he says nothing against it since the Prince of Wales visited M. Grèvy and had an interview with Gambetta who, I am glad to say, is dead. However, though Paris is not what

it would be if a king were reigning, it must strike you as far finer than any of your American cities."

Now Miss Bayle, like all her countrywomen, liked Paris as a city, yet she was too patriotic an American to allow, without a protest, all the cities of her native land to be condemned in her presence, so she said warmly, "I guess, sir, we've as elegant stores in Chicago and New York as any in Paris. Why two of the best I have seen here are those of Tiffany and Howard & Co., and both are branches of American houses. Your streets may be better kept but that is the only difference. Besides, your countrymen are not nearly so good-mannered as mine."

A reflection upon French politeness, however just and well deserved, cuts a Parisian to the quick. Hence Count Louis had to control himself when he replied: "Surely, Miss Bayle, you must be mistaken. All the world admits that Parisians are models of politeness, excepting, of course, some of our republicans to whom you must refer. They are pigs."

"I have already said I know little about your politics; but I have had an experience of French politeness which I shall not forget in a hurry. The day after arriving mother had a headache and did not feel like going out. Lord Plowden had gone to call upon your mother so I went for a stroll to look at the stores, and I was never so insulted in my life."

"What! You went out alone?"

"Why not? I do so every day in Chicago."

It was the turn of Count Louis to be thunderstruck. For a young unmarried lady to take a walk in Paris or any other city by herself constituted a grave breach of decorum in his eyes. He was more shocked at Miss Bayle's avowal than surprised at her experience. She seemed far less charming than when he first saw her and he felt relieved when her mother came and said, "Almy, the carriage is waiting and Lord Plowden says if we go now he will accompany us to the hotel." Count Louis thought that, when Miss Bayle

least required an escort, she got one. As he was on the point of making a ceremonious bow to the ladies, first the one and then the other held out her hand to him. For a young lady whom he met for the first time to offer to shake hands with him was as contrary to his notions of propriety as it was for her to walk the streets unattended.

As the party drove back to the Grand Hotel Mrs. Bayle said, in reply to Lord Plowden's remark that he hoped she had passed a pleasant evening, that she did not care for the best French society if what she had seen was a fair specimen of it; she added, "The countess seemed very anxious to know whether I did not think the Roman Catholic religion the most satisfactory and whether Almy would not like to become a Roman Catholic. I told her that Almy was old enough to answer for herself and that many of my friends in Chicago were Roman Catholics, but that in America we did not trouble ourselves about each other's religion as it was the business of each person to choose his own church, and I had always been a Unitarian and did not care to change. She asked me what a Unitarian was and said she supposed the people who went to Unitarian churches were some sort of Dissenters. We have no Dissenters in America, I told her, and she seemed puzzled." So was Lord Plowden, it may be added; but he gave no sign of ignorance. He was as unacquainted as his aunt with the religious views of Unitarians, and it was news to him that Dissenters did not exist in free and enlightened America. He made a mental vow to look up a dictionary on the first opportunity to see if he could find a definition of "Unitarian" lest his aunt should speak to him on the subject. Mrs. Bayle continued: "Your aunt pressed me to have a talk with Monsignor Roussel, who she thought would do me and Almy much good as he had reconciled her—that is the word she used—to the Catholic Church. I begged to be excused and she seemed displeased. Now I want to

know whether French and English ladies always trouble their guests about the churches they go to, because, if that's so, I shall avoid their company."

Lord Plowden answered, "I am very sorry, Mrs. Bayle, that my aunt has been annoying you in that way. It is her weak point. Having joined the Church of Rome herself, she thinks all her friends and acquaintance ought to follow her example. When she visits us in England my father makes it a condition that religion is never to be discussed."

Miss Bayle remarked, "I was questioned too, but on another subject. Your cousin, Lord Plowden, wished to know my views about politics and he kept telling me that France was being ruined since it became a republic."

"Why!" interposed her mother, "the countess said the same thing to me."

"You must allow other people, ladies, to have their own views about governments," said Lord Plowden in the most conciliatory tone.

"Why certainly," replied both ladies in a breath, and as the carriage entered the court-yard of the Grand Hotel almost the same moment Lord Plowden was relieved from the embarrassment of taking part in a conversation which was not to his taste.

Lord Plowden called upon his aunt next day and he learned some things from her which both instructed and disquieted him. She confided to him her plan respecting her son and Miss Bayle and she told him that, though her son admired Miss Bayle very much, he thought she had been very badly trained and required further education before she could become the wife of a French nobleman. The countess was disposed to undertake the duty and consulted Lord Plowden as to whether Miss Bayle would not pay them a visit at their country house in Normandy. He knew that an invitation to that effect had no chance of being accepted, so he did not object to its being made. He had not the slightest intention of aiding his cousin

to marry Miss Bayle, as he felt perfectly certain that his cousin would not be a suitable husband for her. This may appear very considerate on his part; yet, after all, what right had he to concern himself about Miss Bayle's future?

He told his aunt that Mrs. Bayle had complained about her proselyting zeal, and she excused herself by saying that Miss Bayle could not marry her son unless she changed her religion. She also said that she had asked Father Kerdrec what form of religion the Unitarian was and that he informed her it was one of the many heresies which prevailed in America and was one of the worst. Lord Plowden left his aunt regretting that he had introduced the Bayles to her, and determined not to encourage their further intercourse.

The usual visit of ceremony was paid by Mrs. Bayle and her daughter to the countess; the latter called again at the Grand Hotel but did not find them there. She wrote a note inviting Miss Bayle to visit them in the month of August at the family seat in Normandy and saying that this might enable her to see something of French home-life. The invitation was politely declined on the ground that no arrangements could be made till after Mr. Bayle's arrival. The countess replied expressing her regret not to see more of them and her hope that they would revisit her when they returned to Paris.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE NOBLE SAVAGE AND HIS FRIENDS.

TEN days had elapsed since the party arrived in Paris, when Lord Plowden Eton told Mrs. Bayle he was sorry that urgent private affairs obliged him to leave for London without delay. He was pleased to be with the Bayles ; he found Miss Bayle more charming every day, and her manner toward him had become more cordial. But he could not be out of England on the Derby day ; for several years he had not missed going to Epsom during the race week. This was the pressing business which he could not neglect.

He told the ladies that he would introduce them that day to a countryman of their own who could tell them all they might desire to know about France, about the French in particular, and things in general also. He had met this gentleman during a trip to Switzerland the year before and he had called upon and renewed acquaintance with him since being in Paris. He said that this gentleman, whose name was King Edwards, knew Mr. Bayle by reputation and would be glad to become acquainted with his wife and daughter.

"What!" Miss Bayle said, "is that the author of 'The Noble Savage?' I have got the book in my trunk along with my other favorite volumes. I should so love to see the author."

Here again Lord Plowden was at fault ; he knew that Mr. King Edwards was an author and journalist, but

he did not even know the titles of his books. He confessed his ignorance and promised to inquire what Mr. King Edwards had written before introducing him.

Later in the day the introduction took place in Mrs. Bayle's sitting-room, when Lord Plowden said :

" Miss Bayle, I have much pleasure in bringing the noble savage to make your acquaintance ; he has assured me that he will do nothing worse than make you the subject of a poem."

She shook hands with the new-comer and remarked, " I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, sir. I think some of your poems are lovely. I have read them all."

" I am delighted to have had so fair and appreciative a reader," was Mr. King Edwards's reply. He felt more flattered than he cared to admit, as he preferred those who praised his poems to those who said that his novels were admirable. There was nothing of the savage in his appearance, except his hair, which was as black and lank as that of any North American Indian, and his figure, which was tall and lithe and slender. But his dress and manner were entirely French and he might have been taken for a handsome Frenchman from the Midi who had acquired a Parisian varnish. Of course he loved America, though he was never so happy as in Paris, and he was as prejudiced against England as any Parisian. But no Parisian had his talent and liking for entertaining friends and acquaintances, not with fine compliments which were valueless, but with cordial and lavish hospitality. After exchanging a few remarks, he said,

" Now, ladies, when will you favor me with your company at dinner ? "

" I thank you, sir," was Mrs. Bayle's answer, " we have no engagement at present."

" Then let us fix the day after to-morrow. Lord Plowden told me as we came along that he must leave for London in three days, so we have no time to lose ; besides, two English friends who are passing through

Paris said this morning that they could dine with me on that day."

The invitation was accepted ; Mr. King Edwards left the room and after the door closed, Miss Bayle said, "Mother, isn't he just handsome? But he doesn't look a bit like an American. What do you say, Lord Plowden?"

Mrs. Bayle agreed with her daughter,as was her custom when her daughter had manifested a decided preference.

Lord Plowden replied, "You are a better judge of this than I am, Miss Bayle ; besides, you may remember telling me when we discussed the appearance of my cousin Count Louis that one gentleman was the worst critic of another."

The party, including the two Englishmen referred to, met at the appointed time in the room of one of those old-fashioned Paris restaurants of which the number is rapidly diminishing. It is known as "Evians" and is the last place which a passing stranger would dream of entering. Those persons, however, who appreciate choice food, good cooking and sound wines prefer it to many more modern and more pretentious as well as expensive restaurants where the cooking is detestable and the wines are on a par with it.

Half an hour before dinner Mr. King Edwards called at the Grand Hotel in order to escort the ladies to the restaurant, a piece of politeness which they appreciated, and to tell them about the persons whom they were to meet, a mark of attention for which they had equal reason to thank him.

"I am very glad," he said, "that Mr. Atlas and his friend, Baron Parkhirst, have promised to dine with me ; they are two of the pleasantest Englishmen—Lord Plowden of course makes the third—whom I have met."

Lord Plowden, who was present, had not lived so long in Paris as Mr. King Edwards ; hence, he was unprepared to return the compliment thus paid to him,

and he only blushed after looking as if he would say something but did not know what. Miss Bayle, on the other hand, was ready with a question the moment Mr. King Edwards finished speaking.

"Is Mr. Atlas the first-class English novelist who made a lecturing tour in America a few years ago? I was a little girl then but I enjoyed the lecture which I heard. Say, mother, didn't you like him so much that you got all his books which I read afterward?"

"That's so, Almy. Mr. Atlas was very amusing. I was real sick with malaria when he was in Chicago and his lecture did me as much good as my medicine."

"It is a pity," Mr. King Edwards continued, "that you can not hear him make an after-dinner speech. I have never heard any Englishman speak better except Dickens. You may not know, perhaps, that he is also one of the most successful journalists of the day, and I am sure you will find him a pleasant companion. But let me warn you, Miss Bayle, against praising him to his face; he knows the value of compliments too well and, for that reason perhaps, he is always ready to bestow them."

"Surely!" she exclaimed, "I may say I have read all his novels and like them very much, especially 'Bad Boys,' in which he says in his 'Memoirs,' he has put all his friends, and that I am sorry he has given up writing novels."

"Certainly you may say that you wish he would write some more. If he should take the hint we shall all be delighted. But I must now tell you something about Baron Parkhirst who, if he were a native of our country, I should call one of our most remarkable citizens. I could write a book about his life; but I did not come to weary you with a long story, so I must content myself with mentioning a few incidents in it. I first made his acquaintance in Rome about eight years ago. The newspapers were filled with a report and praises of an address which he had come from England to deliver to the Freemasons."

"Pardon me for interrupting you," said Lord Plowden, "but are you a mason?"

"No, I am not; but my father was one and I may have inherited some of his masonic virtues—at least I hope so. To return to the baron. His address was praised for the beauty of its language as well as for the fineness of the sentiments, and, though I am not a very good Italian scholar, I was greatly struck with it. After making his acquaintance—he was not a baron then—I found him a thorough John Bull and an unusually amiable one. His life has been as varied as that of an American. If I am rightly informed by those who know and envy him, he was for a time a member of the British Civil Service and worked hard in Somerset House; but not finding sufficient scope there for his ability and energy, and possessing a small private fortune, he took to journalism, and wrote articles on social topics which led to important legislation. He married the handsome daughter of a prominent and wealthy engineer, traveled over India and America, became the head of several important companies and a patron of the drama and literature, with a tongue and purse always ready to advance both. He found time in his few intervals of leisure to pursue linguistic studies, and is as well known as an authority on comparative philology as the most learned professor at any university.

"I met the baron in Vienna four years ago at the Congress of the International Literary and Artistic Association, when he delivered an address which surprised the German and French men of letters who were present. He had just come from a trip through Hungary where he had bought an estate. Since then he has made himself the idol of the Hungarians by reading before their Historical Society at Buda Pesth a paper on *The Magyar Race and Language*, wherein some problems which had puzzled their learned men were lucidly solved. It is partly for this reason that the Emperor of Austria created him a baron of the

empire. He is now returning to London after visiting his estate in Hungary. Should you be in London when Mr. Atlas or he presides at a public banquet I advise you to be present. While Mr. Atlas recalls Dickens as a speaker, Baron Parkhirst recalls Lord Beaconsfield."

"Almy, dear," remarked Mrs. Bayle, "make a note of that. You know my fondness for attending meetings where good speeches are made."

"If that be your taste, madam, it will be gratified in London. The English are even fonder of public dinners than we are; besides, they have adopted the very sensible plan of allowing ladies to sit with the gentlemen, so you will have a double pleasure. But it is time to go to the restaurant. Before we go, I may tell you that I saw Mr. Gill this morning, who is the manager of the American International Bank, which has its headquarters in London. Before starting for Paris last night he received a cable dispatch from his New York house, in which it was said that Mr. Bayle had made what you Westerners call 'a big strike.' He has cleared several millions and was starting for Europe. The Chicago people are so pleased at his having made this money at the expense of Eastern capitalists that they talk of erecting a monument to him. I suppose he will be preparing to erect a mausoleum for his own use hereafter, as that seems to be the custom of our great capitalists."

"Don't say that," protested Mrs. Bayle with unwonted warmth, "I hate mausoleums. It's bad enough being buried, and it seems like tempting Providence to prepare one's tomb before hand. However, I am glad to hear the news. When I last wrote to Mr. Bayle I told him to address his messages to London, and that is why he has not cabled me here."

Though the walk to the restaurant did not last many minutes, Mrs. Bayle had time enough to learn in the course of it that Mr. King Edwards was a New Englander and that he had visited her native village when a boy. This raised him in her estimation far

more than all the poems and novels which he had written.

Lord Plowden, who walked with Miss Bayle, said to her, "I must congratulate you on your father's success."

"I am glad he is done with money-making," she replied. "He is always away from home when planning some big strike. He was quite sick before we started. Mother does not seem to have noticed it; but I am sure the anxiety is making an old man of him. He had a fit four weeks before we left, and the doctor told him then he must put on the brakes. I hope he will do so now."

This was the first time she had spoken confidentially to Lord Plowden. He was the more gratified because she displayed such a real concern for her father.

The dinner was a perfect success, and it was as great a novelty to Lord Plowden as it was to the ladies. He had never met with pleasanter people nor with any who differed so much, and for the better, from those who formed his own set in London. Mr. King Edwards was disappointed to find that his countrywomen were in that water-drinking stage out of which few of them pass till they have spent some time in Europe. Miss Bayle accepted a single glass of champagne, but the choice Bordeaux and Burgundy were left untouched by her mother and herself. The Englishmen, however, did not disappoint their host by over-abstemiousness. On the contrary, they diligently exerted themselves to make amends for the refusal of the ladies to enjoy the good wine placed on the table.

Baron Parkhirst told the company that, after a series of experiments, he had succeeded in producing some wine on his Hungarian estate which closely resembled the finest Chambertin and he promised to make a present of some to each of the gentlemen. Mr. Atlas did not appear at all displeased when Miss Bayle paid him compliments; on the contrary, he re-

turned them with interest and emphasis. Both Baron Parkhirst and Mr. Atlas had told some good stories and said many witty things, and Mr. King Edwards kept up a successful rivalry with them. These good things must be taken for granted. To reproduce dinner-table talk in its freshness and sparkle is as impossible as to convey an adequate notion of the flavor of the dishes or the bouquet of the wines. The sayings which tell and charm at the moment are as flat on repetition as a bottle of champagne which has remained uncorked for a night.

Mrs. and Miss Bayle found, not for the first time since landing at Genoa, that accident had befriended them far better than the letters of introduction which they carried but which they had not presented. In making the acquaintance of Mr. Atlas and Baron Parkhirst, they had enlisted two gentlemen in their service who could contribute quite as much as Lord Plowden to render their stay in London agreeable. Both pressed Mrs. Bayle to inform them of their arrival there in order that they might call, introduce their wives, and arrange for other meetings. Mrs. Bayle and her daughter agreed that they had never spent a more agreeable evening, and they agreed also that what is called the best society in Paris is not the most attractive.

Mr. King Edwards insisted upon escorting them back to the hotel. Before parting, both the ladies and Lord Plowden were warm in expressing their thanks. Miss Bayle was most effusive in her assurances that she had enjoyed "an elegant dinner and had a real good time." She proceeded to pay many pretty compliments to Mr. Atlas and Baron Parkhirst which, being uttered behind their backs, were probably sincere, and then, turning to Lord Plowden, she remarked, "I must say you English are very good company at a dinner table." This compliment was a dubious one and Mr. King Edwards considerately relieved Lord Plowden from making any reply by indulging in a

poet's license and telling Mrs. Bayle how his two English friends had thanked him before leaving the restaurant for introducing them to such attractive specimens of his countrywomen and assuring him that they preferred Western ladies to any others in America. He ended his speech by saying, "I must now bid you good-by, Lord Plowden, as you start to-morrow morning ; but I hope, ladies, to see you again before you leave. Perhaps you will come and join some other Americans at a breakfast where there will be none but American dishes."

"Will there be hot cakes?" was Miss Bayle's eager question.

"Yes ; there will be hot cakes and maple syrup with them, and green corn too."

"Oh, how lovely ! It seems ages since I saw green corn. I am just dying to taste hot cakes again. Aren't you, mother ?"

"I should like nothing better, Almy." Then, turning to Mr. King Edwards, Mrs. Bayle said, "We are much obliged to you, sir, for giving us such a treat."

The ladies wrote letters on the following day. Like all persons who write very seldom Mrs. Bayle covered sheet after sheet with trivial details which need not be repeated. In this, as in a former case, it may be sufficient to reproduce the more coherent parts of her epistle. She addressed her letter to the care of the agent of the Cunard Company at Queenstown in order that her husband might receive it on landing there :

"After arriving here I cabled you 'All well ; shall stay here four weeks ; then go to London ; address there Hotel Métropole.' Your reply came next day : —'May be detained thirty days. Write care Cunard agent, Queenstown, Ireland.' Alma and me have seen enough of Paris and we shall not be sorry to leave it. We think we shall like England better than we expected, as we have made the acquaintance of

many real nice English people who have invited us to visit them at their homes.

"Our friends the Johnsons are here now. They have often been in England and they tell me the English have one merit compared with the French, and that is when they tell you they want to see you again they mean what they say and they are disappointed if they are not taken at their word. We have also got to know an American settled in Paris who is quite as nice as the English folks we have met in traveling. His name is King Edwards and he is a prominent newspaper man whose name you may have seen mentioned in the Paris correspondence of *The Tribune* [Mrs. Bayle meant *The Tribune* of Chicago and not that of New York]. Alma has read one of his books and says it is quite too lovely. He gave us a dinner in a strange place which they say is a part of old Paris, but I prefer the new restaurants where the rooms are full of mirrors and much bigger. Still the dinner was very good and the guests pleasant gentlemen.

"Lord Plowden Eton, about whom I wrote before, came with us to Paris and he has been very attentive and helped us much in traveling. He has gone home as he had important business in London on the Derby day. Alma did not like his ways at first, though she thought him very good looking, and now she says she is real sorry he has gone. He presented us to his aunt who married a French count, and we went to a reception at her house. They tell me that only the best French society is found at her house, but I did not care for it, and unless the people are more sociable in England I shall not hanker after the good society there."

Other matters of a pecuniary kind filled the remainder of the letter, while among the parts omitted is an account of some things which Miss Bayle deals with more graphically in a letter to her friend, Sadie James, at Chicago:

"DEAREST SADIE,

"I am having a real good time. I think Europe just lovely, but I am a little disappointed with Paris. The stores are not larger and finer than those of Chicago and New York and every thing is very dear. When mother and I first went shopping we thought it strange to be asked whether we were Americans or English and of course we said we were Americans. Some Chicago friends whom mother met at the hotel told her there are three prices in many stores, the French pay the lowest, the English twice as much again, and the Americans three times. Isn't that shameful? We have put off getting many things till we get to London where we are told that the dry goods are quite as nice as in Paris and where every body pays the same price, which is far less than here.

"You have read about French politeness, but you would see little of it if you were in France unless taking off one's hat is what Frenchmen mean by politeness. A young lady can not walk about alone without being stared at and even spoken to by strangers. The street crossings are something dreadful. There are very seldom any policemen to assist ladies across as in America and the hack drivers try to run over any one who leaves the sidewalk. One day when I got to the Column of Napoleon, which is in the middle of a wide square, I felt quite scared and afraid to go further. A gentleman who spoke some English asked me if I would accept his escort, so he helped me across and walked with me to the hotel. He gave me his card and said he was a deputy, that is, a member of the French House of Representatives. The name on the card was Gascon de Viveur. I said to him I was an American. He asked to be allowed to call next day as he would like to talk about America. I told him my name, and, as he seemed quite a gentleman, I said he might call. He came, and after entering the parlor he rushed forward, took the hand which I

held out and kissed it saying, 'Meess, I loaf you.' This made me just mad, so I went to the bell and rang it, and as I did so, mother came into the room. I said, 'This is the gentleman I told you about yesterday; he has insulted me.' Mother fired up and told him to leave the room, which he did muttering something about not knowing I had a mother and begging to apologize. Just as he had gone the servant came in and I told him not to show the gentleman to our parlor should he ever call again. You may suppose this did not make me think highly about Frenchmen.

"I may tell you also that I do not believe they like us. The letters which I read at home in *The Tribune* from the Paris correspondent made me think the French are great friends of America. Well, I read something in *Le Figaro* which is far more uncomplimentary to us than any thing I have ever seen taken from the English papers. It is about Mr. Albert Millaud who has just come back from America, and he says that 'the American reader is still in his infancy and incapable of understanding the finest things in art and literature. He requires to be taught and in teaching him one must do as is done with little children who are told the history of Tom Thumb so as gradually to impart to him the meaning of the best Greek and Roman stories.' This appears in an article objecting to interviewing. Next day a Mr. Pierre Giffard defended interviewing but said Mr. Millaud was quite right in what he said against American journalists. Another writer says in a later number of the paper that American ladies are not unpleasant companions but that American gentlemen are 'Brittanicized Indians.' He is a Mr. Labruyère. Would you believe it? Two of the live papers in Paris, one in English, the other in French, have been both established and edited by Americans!

"I have seen a good deal of the English lord I wrote about from Monte Carlo and I find him far more polite and pleasant than the French I have met,

though as I said, he is not very bright. He has been very attentive to mother and me, and mother thinks him a real nice gentleman. He always agrees with me about books, which Tom Bates never did. Have you seen Tom since I left? Tell me about him when you write. Send your letters to the American International Bank, Trafalgar Square, London, England.

"Do you remember reading 'The Noble Savage,' by King Edwards? Lord Plowden has made us acquainted with him. He is one of the prominent Americans here. He is a handsome man. When I told him what I thought of the French he did not seem pleased and said that I might not be so prejudiced against them after being longer from home. When I asked him what he thought of the shameful treatment of Miss Van Zandt, he tried to make out that it was not owing to her being an American, but I said I was certain of it. I don't know why it is; but American gentlemen who have lived some time in Paris seem to think no other place is worth living in. We go to England in a day or two and I may send you as long a letter from there if I find a long one from you when I get to London."

A few days after these letters had been written and sent off, Mrs. Bayle and her daughter were seated in their private room in the Hotel Métropole, London, when a telegram was put into Mrs. Bayle's hands. It was from her husband, was dated Queenstown, and ran thus: "Just landed from *Aurania*. Had pleasant passage. Have got your letter; am passing through Ireland; shall reach London in four days."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A MILLIONAIRE'S RISE IN THE WORLD.

MR. EZRA PALGRAVE BAYLE was a good specimen of the New Englander who had gone West, had grown up with the country and become a millionaire. Many Westerners who have made their mark are natives of an Eastern state. The Far West is now a vanishing quantity. It is a mere figure of speech. What was regarded as the Great American Desert, when the present generation was at school, is now thickly populated, and the desert has shrunk within a very narrow compass.

When the present century was young, the city of Buffalo was regarded as a Western city ; then Cincinnati was so designated ; St. Louis and Chicago were for several years cities in the Far West ; Denver rose and became to them what Chicago had been to New York. Now the pioneers have had to pause in their Western march, for the ocean has been reached and those who press forward from San Francisco in quest of "bright homes in the setting sun" must sail across the Pacific, when they will reach an older and more marvelous East than that which they left behind them on the resounding shore of the Atlantic.

In San Francisco the people speak with pride of being Californians and, when they turn their faces toward the East which was the home of their fathers, they patronizingly announce that they are going to the States. The inhabitants of Denver and other cities in the heart of the North American Continent

regard Chicago as an eastern city, just as the inhabitants of Chicago regard New York. The time is over, however, for the West drawing all its population and its capitalists from the East. On the Pacific slope a large proportion of the best settlers come from New England. Many of those who are now rich men in Colorado migrated thither in their younger and poorer days from the state of New York. People have long flocked to Chicago from all parts of the American Continent and many parts of the world, Ireland and Germany furnishing the largest proportion of immigrants and some of the best and worst citizens.

Mr. Ezra P. Bayle, whom the citizens of Chicago delight to honor because he has grown very rich among them, went there when both he and the city were young, being attracted thither by the tales which reached him in his native village of Abraxa in that Green Mountain State which bears the official name of Vermont.

Mr. Bayle's father was a small farmer who died when his only child was ten years old. His mother carried on the farm with the help of a hired man, who was discharged when the boy left the village school at the age of twelve. His education, like that of many other New England children, consisted in reading, writing and arithmetic, and some scraps of history relating chiefly to the United States and their Constitution.

The boy's life was a hard one, the small farm yielding just enough to support his mother and himself. Their food was bread, beans and bacon; their drink was water. The butter, milk and eggs produced on the farm were sold, the proceeds barely sufficing to pay for the very plain clothing worn by the widow and her son. She died when he was seventeen. He did not then know that he had any near relatives; indeed, it was not till he had grown rich and till his name constantly figured in the newspapers that he learned how Providence had blessed him with many cousins

who were very poor and effusively affectionate. They had always cherished the conviction that he would get on in the world; they had considerately kept their fond eyes upon him at a respectful distance, and they expected that he would amply repay them for their patient and hopeful watching and waiting.

When free to do as he pleased, he felt his native village to be too small for him and he had a longing for the West. To him it was, what Kingsley pictured it as being to the adventurers in the brave days of Elizabeth, "The land of hope and the land of dreams." He determined to turn his face thitherward.

A neighbor gave him five hundred dollars for his small farm, a price far below its value; but he could not get any other offer, and, being in haste to depart, he accepted it. Besides, he had read in the village newspaper about many men with no more capital than five hundred dollars becoming rich within a few years in the wonderful city of Chicago.

Before young Bayle quitted his native village he plighted his troth to Judith Bradford, whom he had first met at school, where the boys and girls were taught together, and with whom he had kept up an acquaintance ever since. He promised to return and marry her as soon as he could maintain a wife. She was three years his junior. He thought that he would not be gone longer than two years. He was absent for more than double that time. Young men were very scarce in the village of Abraxa. A young girl who was engaged to be married ceased to attract the few eligible young men; hence, when Ezra Bayle did return to fulfill his promise, he found Judith still single and delighted to marry him.

The natives of New England are very shrewd and they are fully conscious of this, yet sometimes they fall a prey to the spoiler. In the car of the train which carried young Bayle to Chicago there were some gentlemanly passengers who beguiled the time by playing cards. He had never played cards; his

mother told him it was wicked to do so and he had never found time to displease her in this respect. A lad who is constantly at work between sunrise and sunset, with short intervals for meals, has not much leisure for mischief. Mr. Bayle was middle-aged before he learned the national game of *poker*, when he mastered it so thoroughly and played it with such coolness that he was widely known as a player quite equal to the late General Schenck.

On being asked to take a hand at cards by the gentlemanly players in the railroad car, he declined and said that he never played. His fellow-passengers were playing eucher, a game of which he knew nothing. When Lake Michigan came in sight one of them said, "Let's stop now. We shall be in Chicago in an hour or so." The others wanted to continue the game. The speaker who had taken stock of the company and saw that there were more greenhorns in the car than young Bayle, said, "Wall, if you will play, let's have a change. Give me the deck." He shuffled the cards saying, "I guess you all know how to play monté."

"No," his companions said, adding, "We've often heard tell of it but never saw the game played."

He answered, "It's not hard to learn. Here goes! You see the backs of them three cards; one is the Jack; spot the card." As an on-looker was about to put his finger upon the card, the player exclaimed, "Hold on there! You've not made your bets. You can't play monté without betting. The lowest bet is twenty dollars."

The dollars were laid down; the card was turned up and proved to be the Jack, whereupon the lucky guesser had twenty dollars added to his stake. The game continued with varying fortunes. The other occupants of the car became excited at the ease with which some of the players made money and asked permission "to sail in." This was granted and several of them won also. Young Bayle watched the proceedings with great interest and a spice of envy. He thought

card-playing wrong ; but, as his object was to get rich, why should not he profit by this opportunity ? If he could merely double his capital he would be satisfied.

He hesitated, however, till, on closely watching the cards, he made a discovery which inspired him with confidence. He observed that there was a small black speck near the corner of the winning card, and he felt certain of winning if he placed his money on the card bearing the mark. Staking twenty dollars on the marked card he won. He repeated the experiment and he won again. Never in his life had he dreamed of acquiring money so quickly. It now occurred to him that, if he went on winning, he would not have to wait two years before returning to his native village and marrying Judith Bradford. With this view he asked whether he might stake a larger sum at a time ?

The dealer said, "Wall, sir, though I am mighty near broke I don't mind running the risk. Plank down fifty or a hundred dollars if you like. Luck may turn and I may get back some of my money. But, sir, let me tell you that you are the smartest player at monté I have ever seen and I have played this game with the best players in the whole United States."

Young Bayle felt pleased with the compliment ; he returned it by staking a hundred dollars and winning. He repeated the stake and lost. He continued to play —all the others having ceased—sometimes winning and sometimes losing. Counting his money he found that he had the original five hundred dollars left ; so he resolved to be more cautious ; he staked twenty only and he won. Then he staked a hundred and lost. After looking carefully for the black speck on the corner of the card he staked a hundred and fifty and lost. Scrutinizing the cards again he saw that there was a black speck on two, but that one speck was more distinct than the other. He felt sure that he had mistaken the speck before and that he would choose the right one this time, and he staked all his capital, except

twenty dollars, in order that he might retrieve his losses at a stroke. He lost again.

The dealer then said, "Excuse me, sir, I must stop for a few minutes. We are running into the last station before Chicago and the conductor will be here for the tickets. He may not like to see the cards, as the company forbids this game being played on the cars. We can begin again as soon as he is through."

The train stopped and young Bayle and the others took their seats while the tickets were collected. After giving up his ticket, he looked out of the window as the train began to move past the station, and he saw the gentlemanly players and some who had staked money at monté before he began to do so, dropping in succession from the car, which was the rear one. They did not depart empty-handed. He never saw his four hundred and eighty dollars again.

Young Bayle left his native village with five hundred dollars after paying his railway fare; he stepped out of the train at Chicago with only twenty dollars in his pocket. He had been taught that it was wrong to use bad language as well as to play at cards; having played at three card monté he gave expression to some wicked words.

Though much poorer than he hoped to be when setting foot in Chicago, he was richer in two good resolutions, both of which he scrupulously kept. The one was never to play at cards with utter strangers, no matter how gentlemanly might be their appearance and demeanor, and never to play with any one at three card monté.

Discouraged but not disheartened by his first failure to make his fortune, young Bayle wasted no time in vain regrets or in attempts which might prove equally vain to discover and call to account the gentlemanly sharpers and their confederates. Years afterwards, however, he saw the chief of the gang trying to play upon a greenhorn the trick which had been played upon himself and he was able to frustrate the nefarious

attempt. This was his revenge. It was sweetened by the reflection that he had not only hindered the sharper from making money but had saved his intended victim from losing it.

He sought employment in Chicago and got it the day after his arrival. Willing workers, who could turn their hands to any job, never found it difficult in those days to earn a livelihood. He began as a dock laborer and made enough to pay for his board and lodging and to enable him to put aside a few dollars weekly. The loss of his small capital rendered him the more anxious to save money. He continued to drink water and eat the simplest food and thus he was not only able to accumulate a small sum, but his efforts to do so kept him out of spendthrift habits.

Hearing one afternoon that a steward was wanted to fill a vacancy which had suddenly occurred on board the steamer which sailed that evening for Sault Sainte Marie, he applied for and got the berth. He was never sick, which was a great advantage, as Lake Michigan is as trying to a landsman as the chopping waves of the English Channel ; he was always sober, and this was as great a recommendation. He retained the post till the close of navigation and his employer offered to re-engage him at a larger wage the following season. In the winter he was conductor of a street car. At the end of two years he had saved a sum as great as the original capital with which he started from his native village.

Like all Americans he was anxious to be his own "boss" or master. This was his first ambition ; he believed that, if he obtained such a position of independence, he would soon grow rich. With that object, he invested his savings in miscellaneous goods which he sold by auction in the evening. Having a loud voice and a plausible manner he was a successful auctioneer. But he found this occupation to be very precarious and, at the end of the first year, he had not been able to do more than live upon his small profits.

He disposed of his stock at a slight loss and looked out for something else.

Mr. George Pullman was then beginning to run sleeping cars over different lines of rail and to revolutionize the system of railway travel in America. One of Mr. Pullman's superintendents came from Abraxa, young Bayle's native village ; the pair had met once or twice and, on his mentioning that he was looking out for employment, the superintendent offered to recommend him to Mr. Pullman. The latter made it a point to have trustworthy and sober conductors for his sleeping cars and his care in this particular has contributed quite as much as the palatial character of the cars themselves to render them popular. As each conductor had a colored man under him to do the drudgery, he was a "boss" on a small scale. The excellent character which young Bayle got from the owner of the steamer in which he had acted as steward led to his being engaged by Mr. Pullman.

As the conductor of a Pullman car young Bayle was better off than he had ever been before. He liked the employment, especially the journeying from place to place. He traveled in succession over various lines of rail ; at one time his car went to St. Louis ; at another to Kansas City ; at another it ran between Omaha and Denver, and for several months it ran between Chicago and New York. Thus he saw many notable places in his own country. His pay was good and his expenses were small. A uniform which he wore when on duty was found for him and he lived for the greatest part of the year in the car itself. Hence he was able to save money ; the result being that, four years after his arrival at Chicago, he had accumulated three thousand dollars. This was not a fortune ; but it was a fair beginning. It justified him, he thought, in returning to his native village, during a few days' holiday which he had obtained, and marrying his first love, Judith Bradford.

Country folks in New England have a prejudice

against living in a hotel or boarding-house after marriage ; they rightly prefer a home of their own. Mr. Bayle and his wife were of this opinion and they took for themselves a small house in the suburbs of Chicago, not far from the spot where Mr. Pullman has since built a town for the accommodation of the many workers in his car factory. Mrs. Bayle kept house in the fullest signification of the phrase ; not till her daughter Alma was born did she hire a servant to help her. She had a hard struggle, but she did not complain ; life in her native village had not been luxurious ; indeed, the stern inhabitants of Abraxa might have doubted about their fitness for going to heaven if they were perfectly comfortable in this world. Besides, like other American wives who have had a country training, she took her husband for worse as well as for better, and she did not dream of repining because she had to take thought for the morrow and often found it difficult to make both ends meet.

A serious and protracted illness was Mrs. Bayle's severest trial, an illness, too, which rendered her delicate for the remainder of her life. In those days the dwellers in houses at the outskirts of Chicago were liable to what is there called "chills and fever," and what is known in England as "fever and ague," the malady, indeed, from which Robinson Crusoe suffered in his cave. In the city, the prevailing malady was rheumatism and many young men were crippled by it. Mr. Bayle was a sufferer from rheumatism and the illness of his wife and himself cost him a large part of his income for nearly two years.

It was while his car was running over the Washout Railway between Kansas City and Chicago that Mr. Bayle met the card sharper who eased him of his original capital. The train had not long started and he felt sure this man had entered the Pullman car from one of the ordinary ones in front of it, as he was not on the list of those who had paid for seats in the sleeper. He said nothing, but he carefully watched

him. Before long the passenger proposed to play at three card monté, and some of the other passengers professed their readiness to join in it. Then Mr. Bayle asked him for his ticket. The sharper replied, "You shall have it presently. I am only showing these gentlemen some tricks at cards."

"None of your tricks here," replied Mr. Bayle, adding, "I have seen too many of them. Clear out right away."

He left the car, Mr. Bayle following him. He told the conductor of the train to ask if he had a ticket for an ordinary car and said that he knew him to be a card-sharper. The man had no ticket, but he offered to pay. The conductor exercising, or rather stretching, his right refused to take payment, alleging that the company wished to put down card-sharping on board the trains. He stopped the train to put the man off, when some of the passengers remonstrated. Mr. Bayle told them his personal experience in a few sentences. They then said, "Fire him out," and the sharper was left at the side of the line to find his way on foot.

A short keen-eyed man who watched the proceedings without opening his lips now entered into conversation with Mr. Bayle and expressed his satisfaction with what had been done, and told him, "I am president of this road and I am glad to see how well you and the conductor of the train have done the right thing in this matter."

"What, sir, are you Mr. Jay Gould? I am very pleased to make your acquaintance." And the president and conductor shook hands. Mr. Bayle went on to give Mr. Jay Gould good advice, saying, "If I was you, sir, I would advertise this road. It is not half enough talked about. The Chicago and Alton is more patronized because it is better kept before the public."

"I have been thinking about doing what you suggest."

"Well, sir, you can't do it better than by cutting

the rates. Carry people cheaper than has ever been done in this section and the Washout will be talked about everywhere."

"Your idea is not a bad one. I will see what can be done."

The result was the breaking out of a railroad war in which the Washout Company was the aggressor, and during which passengers were carried between Kansas City and Chicago for two dollars instead of eleven. When the ruinous competition ended, the Washout had conquered the respect of its rivals and obtained a notoriety by which its president and his friends are supposed to have profited more than the British public. Indeed, many a British investor has reason to remember with sorrow the day upon which he subscribed for its bonds.

Mr. Jay Gould did not forget his meeting with Mr. Bayle. He made inquiries about him and learned that his character was above suspicion and that his services were so highly valued by his employers that they had offered him a more important situation and a far larger salary. He declined the flattering offer in favor of one made by Mr. Jay Gould. The latter required an agent in the West who would act for him in a confidential capacity. Mr. Bayle readily consented to fill that office.

Millionaires have a deep-rooted aversion to parting with their money; neither do they care to pay high salaries to their servants. Plutocrats resemble aristocrats in thinking that every one ought to esteem it an honor to be in their service. The confidential servant of a plutocrat in America and England has a distinct advantage by which it is easy to profit. A hint from his employer, or the mere knowledge of his employer's speculative operations may enable him to realize a fortune. Mr. Bayle was shrewd enough to understand this and he won Mr. Jay Gould's heart by asking him for a very small salary. He faithfully served his employer and fully merited his confidence. His

reward did not tarry. By turning to account the special information at his disposal he acquired fifty thousand dollars the first year that he acted for Mr. Jay Gould. Thereafter he became his associate rather than his agent, till his wealth, coupled with his financial skill and success, raised him to the doubtful dignity of a rival.

At the outset, Mr. Bayle speculated in every thing ; in the end he confined himself to railways, which are the "three card monté" of American millionaires. When he bought or sold wheat and hogs, cattle and corn, he was distinguished by his nerve as much as by his sagacity. He faced any risk without flinching. Boldness is half the battle in speculation. The timid speculator not only lacks pluck, but he generally courts ruin by being reckless when he ought to be cautious, and cautious when he ought to be bold, buying too soon and selling too late.

A single stroke made Mr. Bayle a "poor rich man" : he became at once a millionaire and miserable. He had watched the Washout Railway with a natural interest. He knew its secrets and he had early information of the endeavors to persuade the British capitalist to believe that it was a sound investment. In view of the British capitalist repeating the blunder which has caused the transfer of so much money from Great Britain to America, Mr. Bayle acquired a large quantity of Washout so-called securities and he did so when they were at a low price. Credulous British capitalists gradually bought them at a very high one and the difference was represented by a profit to Mr. Bayle of five million dollars.

This was his first great hit. The second one excited the envy of his brother millionaires. Neither the late Mr. Vanderbilt, nor even Mr. Jay Gould, had done any thing so "smart" and so profitable. It was to complete this transaction that he remained behind when his wife and daughter sailed for Europe.

Mr. Bayle had carefully investigated the formation

of the Washout Railway, and learned how the original part was a short line to which a cluster of other short ones had been added until the whole formed a Grand Trunk Railway which seemed to communicate with every city of note in the Union. He resolved to repeat the operation upon a new and improved basis. In concert with an engineer who was skilled in constructing railways upon paper, he planned a railway which was to run from Lake Erie to the city of Mexico and which was to be as bold and great an undertaking athwart the continent as the Pacific Railways were across it. It was called the Silver Gilt Road. Paragraphs in the papers heralded its beginning. It was commented upon as a daring and most praiseworthy enterprise which would open up a new district in Mexico and practically annex it to the United States.

The line was begun at either end on the same day and at the same second. Mr. Bayle superintended the ceremony as well as played the principal part in it at Buffalo, while his companion was understood to act in concert with him at the other end; at least a long descriptive telegram from Mexico led people to suppose this. At each end, the first rail was affixed to the first tie or sleeper by a silver gilt spike. This spike was said to have been formed of virgin silver and to weigh nearly ten ounces. In order that there should be no ground for skepticism as to the good faith of all concerned, an engraved fac-simile of it was reproduced at Mr. Bayle's expense in the obscure newspapers which contained the longest and most eulogistic reports of the proceedings. Within twelve months it was announced that a long section of the Silver Gilt Road was ready for traffic. A magnificent car started from Buffalo and reached the Texan town Brownsville on the Mexican frontier; but how it got there was never clearly explained. Advertisements appeared everywhere setting forth the attractions of the Silver Gilt Road and through tickets from Buffalo to Texas were offered at very low prices. Maps showed the

district through which the railway ran and, judging from them, it appeared to be a formidable competitor to existing trunk lines. It was also announced that goods would be carried over it at half the rates which had been charged by other railway companies.

The Silver Gilt Road became the talk of Wall Street. Though no shares had been issued, dealings were effected in anticipation of their being offered to the public. Buyers unexpectedly appeared who were ready to pay a premium for non-existing shares. The public followed suit, as usually happens in such cases, and applications for large numbers of shares were received at the company's office.

The presidents of the existing trunk lines became alarmed at the prospect of a serious competitor. They formed a syndicate which entered into negotiation with Mr. Bayle to buy up as much of the line as was finished and all the branches and franchises which he might have acquired. The syndicate also bargained for obtaining all the subscriptions which had been paid in view of shares or bonds being issued. After a long negotiation the price was agreed upon and the sum was paid in cash. The amount was six million dollars. Out of this Mr. Bayle paid his friend, the engineer, contractor and advertiser, one million. The Members Syndicate acquired: First, a handsome palace car almost new ; second, a set of drawings in good condition ; third, the two silver gilt spikes which had been used, but had not been left behind when the first ties were laid at Buffalo and elsewhere ; and fourth, the right to complete the railway at their own cost, as all subscriptions for shares had mysteriously disappeared. This was Mr. Bayle's "big strike." The day after receiving the money, which raised his capital to ten million dollars, he sailed for Queenstown in the *Aurania.*

Mr. Bayle was barely forty-six when he crossed the Atlantic for the first time, yet he looked twenty years older. His hair was as white as snow ; his face was

careworn. He suffered from what he persisted in considering a severe attack of rheumatism. His right leg was affected and he was obliged to use a stick when walking. His medical adviser did not undeceive him and say that he really suffered from a slight attack of paralysis. The attack was one which time and complete rest might cure, so that the doctor hoped the change, coupled with abstinence from worry and excitement, might prove effectual as a remedy.

The friends who came to give him what in America is called "a good send off," regarded him with admiration and envy. "There goes the smartest man on this continent," was the remark of one. "Guess you are right," was the response of the others. Though he might have been less of a hero in the estimation of his friends, Mr. Bayle would have been a happier man with fewer millions and sounder health.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE MILLIONAIRE IN LONDON.

A PARAGRAPH in *The Morning Post* informed the fashionable world of London that Mr. Ezra P. Bayle, the notable American millionaire and banker, had arrived at the Hotel Métropole. He had taken his wife's hint and described himself as a banker; but he did not understand, till some time after being in England, how much this added to his respectability. It is a prevailing English superstition that a banker is a public benefactor and as such is a fit and proper person to be returned to the House of Commons or elevated to the House of Lords.

Mr. Bayle was disappointed that his arrival passed unheeded by the newspaper reporters. Some Americans dislike interviewing. General Butler once said in his own emphatic style, that "of all the nuisances God Almighty had created the interviewing reporter was the greatest," yet many Americans find the interviewer a most useful personage. Mr. Bayle had often profited by his services. Speculators such as he can turn an interview to profitable account, and he had become so accustomed to meet several reporters at every place of importance he visited in America that he was both mortified and surprised, to use his own phrase, "to be left severely alone," in London. He did not then know that the conductors of the principal London morning papers have more important things to attend to than the opinions on things in general of a passing stranger, and that they do not regard a millionaire as a fountain of universal knowledge.

He was very glad, however, to have arrived at his

journey's end for the time being and to meet his wife and daughter again.

"Well, Judy," he said to his wife in his heartiest manner, "do you still like Europe as well as you told me you did in your last letter? Certainly it seems to have agreed with you as you look ten years younger."

The concluding clause of his remark gave his wife the gratification which all wives experience when complimented in such a fashion by their husbands after twenty years of married life. It was not with unusual ceremony, but in accordance with her habit when addressing or speaking of her husband that she replied, "I guess it's not a bad place, Mr. Bayle, though the ways of the people are peculiar. They do many things differently here from what I have been used to, but I understand the people better now and find them good folks on the whole. I guess they mean well."

"And, Alma," he continued, without vulgarizing her name into Almy as his wife did in imitation, perhaps, of those who speak of "Philadelphy" and "Californy," "Are you still having a good time?"

"First-class, father. I have found the people very kind and some are real nice. The English in real life are not at all like what they are in our papers and books."

"How did you like Ireland, Mr. Bayle?" was his wife's question.

"Well, Judy, I did not stay long enough to form any opinion of the country; yet I was not favorably impressed by the people on landing at Queenstown. I was surrounded by a crowd pressing me to buy lace or apples or walking sticks. I bought a few dollars' worth of lace which I have got in my valise. The woman who sold it called down all sorts of blessings on my head, wishing that the heavens might be my bed. The others from whom I didn't buy any thing yelled after me that I was 'an ould spalpeen,' which I suppose is something very wicked, and hoped that I

might go to a hotter place than Texas or Arizona. However, as I have nothing else to do, let us begin sight-seeing. Go to your rooms and fix yourselves, and then we will start for the prominent places. I guess the Tower of London is the one every stranger sees first."

The ladies said they had refrained from going there till his arrival and then, in obedience to his wishes, they proceeded to "fix themselves."

Just as they had re-assembled in their sitting-room previous to going out, Lord Plowden Eton was announced by the waiter. He said on entering that he had called to inquire whether Mr. Bayle had arrived, and added that he saw it was unnecessary to expect an answer. Thereupon Mrs. Bayle introduced her husband to him saying, as she did so, "Mr. Bayle, this is the gentleman who has been so attentive to Almy and me. I am sure you will be pleased to make his acquaintance."

Holding out his hand to Lord Plowden, he said, "I am indeed pleased to make your acquaintance, sir. My wife has often mentioned you in her letters and always with praise. Allow me to thank you, sir, for all your great courtesy to my wife and daughter. I shall not forget your kindness." This was said simply yet cordially. Though Mr. Bayle's training had not been that of a Chesterfield, no one, though a master of "The Graces," could have spoken in better taste or with greater geniality. It is not known so generally as it ought to be that the imported citizens are generally the Americans whose vulgarity is so offensive, while the native born Americans seem to have a natural good-breeding which is always pleasing and praiseworthy. Lord Plowden, though the son of a duke and gentlemanly in all his ways, was unprepared, like most Englishmen in his situation, with a fitting answer to Mr. Bayle's complimentary speech, so he merely looked confused and grateful, stammered out something about the pleasure he had in serving the

ladies, then he diverted the conversation by saying, "My mother has commissioned me to say, Mrs. Bayle, that she will be glad to call upon you, and hopes to do so to-morrow."

"We shall be delighted to see the duchess," was Mrs. Bayle's reply, while Mr. Bayle felt some curiosity at the prospect of meeting an English duchess; he had never even seen a member of the English aristocracy till he saw Lord Plowden and it seemed to him that he resembled other young men of his age. Lord Plowden asked what their plans were. Hearing they were bound for the Tower in the first place, he said he would gladly accompany them, not in the capacity of a guide because he had not been there since he was taken by his nurse, but because he should like to visit it again. Before calling, he had not contemplated going to the Tower that day.

The sight of the Tower had the effect upon these Americans that it has upon Americans whose cultivation had been neglected. They could not realize why so much fuss had been made about a place which was not remarkable in their eyes. They were unacquainted with the archæological and historical associations which cling to the walls of the Tower and render it a place of perennial interest to the intelligent student of history. Miss Bayle remembered the picture of the Tower given in "The Fortunes of Nigel," and she knew that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his "History of the World" during his imprisonment there and that Lady Jane Grey had been beheaded. Though her knowledge of history was very limited and superficial, it was much wider than that of her parents. Lord Plowden did not join in the conversation, as his ideas of historical events were rather hazy,and as he was better acquainted with the Raleigh Club than with Sir Walter's writings.

The Crown Jewels excited the ladies' admiration. They could appreciate them without any historical training. Mrs. Bayle was especially enthusiastic.

"Oh my, ain't these just lovely!" was her exclamation of delight.

"You bet!" was the response of her husband. He knew that his wife's weakness was for jewelry and he was not exempt from it himself. The largest diamond studs that money can buy are to be seen on the shirt fronts of Western capitalists and the most massive diamond rings on the fingers of their wives.

When Lord Plowden and Mr. Wentworth first saw Mrs. Bayle at Monte Carlo the diamonds which she wore rendered her a conspicuous object; indeed she was then regarded with wonder wherever she went. The subject of wearing diamonds during the day and wearing too many at any time was the one about which Lord Plowden had the most discussions with Miss Bayle in the early days of their acquaintance. She could not understand what he meant by calling it bad form, till she perceived that her mother was an exception, and that it was not the custom in Europe for ladies to appear at breakfast or dinner glittering with precious stones. Mrs. Bayle yielded to her daughter's remonstrance and laid aside many of her diamonds, among them being the large ring which used to sparkle on the forefinger of her right hand. Mr. Bayle remarked the change in his wife and was surprised; when told the reason he acquiesced; both parents submitted gracefully to the fancies of their daughter.

"Father," she said, as they were leaving the Tower, "Lord Plowden tells me this is a fine day for seeing Greenwich, where I have heard there is an elegant hospital and where people eat whitebait. I should so love to eat whitebait there. We've had it at the hotel, but every one says it tastes far better at Greenwich."

"Just as you please, Alma. Can we drive to Greenwich in the carriage?"

"You can," answered Lord Plowden, "but the pleasantest way is to go in a steamer. You will form some idea of the river and the shipping in that way."

The carriage was sent back to the hotel, and the party took a steamer at the Tower pier.

The day was one of those exquisite June days when London looks its best, when even the Thames below London Bridge has not the aspect of liquid mud, when the sun is hot enough to be pleasant, when the air, though less soft and scented than that which blows over Ceylon, is not surcharged with smoke as in the autumn and winter months, and when the sky, though not intensely blue, is unflecked with a cloud and is a delight to the eye. It was too early in the day for the saloon steamer *Alexandra* to be overcrowded, so that the trip was made under the most favorable conditions.

"This looks like business," exclaimed Mr. Bayle, as he gazed upon the vista of masts stretching far inland, and the crowd of large and small craft which rendered navigation difficult. "Now I have some idea of your English commerce," he continued, addressing Lord Plowden, "we can make a good showing of vessels at New York, but this beats it hollow."

The view of Greenwich Hospital from the river and the slopes behind it pleased all the party. The interior of the hospital impressed them more than the Tower ; they liked the spacious rooms, the large paintings, and the relics of Nelson reminded them of those of the father of their country preserved at Washington. About Nelson himself, the hero of Trafalgar, they knew and cared as little as the average American. If examined about him they would have displayed an ignorance as great as the average Englishman would display about Admiral Perry, the hero of Lake Erie.

Taking a carriage they drove for two hours through Greenwich Park and returned for an early dinner at the Trafalgar. Mr. Bayle was in good spirits, having thoroughly enjoyed the change ; his daughter admired and was pleased with every thing chiefly because her father seemed so happy ; his wife assented with her wonted complacency to all her daughter's enthusiastic

and sincere comments upon the beauty of English parks.

They enjoyed their dinner, though Mr. Bayle could not help noting that he had eaten quite as good a fish dinner at Taft's at Point Shirley during his last visit to Boston. Lord Plowden could not dispute this, as he had never even heard of Point Shirley. He felt, moreover, slightly uncomfortable. His experience of a dinner at Greenwich was that eating fish seemed an excuse for drinking wine, and he did not enjoy taking wine alone, as the others preferred water. The waiter was astonished at the rare sight. Miss Bayle took pity on Lord Plowden and offered to keep him company in a glass of champagne, and he felt more grateful to her than he cared to display. If Mr. Bayle's favorite beverage was water, he was no ascetic in the matter of tobacco, so in smoking he was able to join Lord Plowden. Indeed he gave him a choice cigar, one out of a box upon which he paid duty on landing at Queenstown. Each of them had cost him a dollar. Lord Plowden thought it very strong for the price, not knowing that American smokers complain about the cigars bought in England being wanting in flavor and strength. The party drove back to town. On the way Mr. Bayle plied Lord Plowden with such questions as, "Tell me, sir, where does your city begin or leave off? I can't get the hang of it no how."

"I really can not tell you the exact size, Mr. Bayle; but I understand there are nearly five millions of people in London."

"So I had read, but I didn't quite believe it. Now I can believe almost any thing."

Had Mr. Bayle visited London as a total stranger to every one there he might have felt dull despite his wealth. To the friendless visitor the capital of England is no more inviting than any American city. Even Paris, though abounding in what the French call "distractions," does not fascinate the mere stranger quite so much as the Parisians believe. But when a rich man

visits London with the way prepared for him, as was the case with Mr. Bayle, he immediately enters what lady novelists style "the vortex" of fashionable life.

Before Mr. Bayle had been a week at the Hotel Métropole, invitations to luncheon and dinner came upon him like a flood. Every body he met seemed anxious to entertain him. Being a rich man with an impaired digestion, he was sumptuously feasted day after day. Had he been a poor one with a good appetite he might have gone supperless to bed. As it was, his main difficulty was to select the people whom he could favor with his company.

His first introduction into fashionable society was at the Duke of Windsor's in St. James's Square. The *Morning Post* announced that Mr. and Mrs. Bayle and Miss Bayle were present at a grand dinner there which was followed by a reception. Neither the duke nor the duchess was in the habit of hunting after and entertaining the lions of the season, so the strangers who were welcomed to their table were at once recognized as being eligible for admittance everywhere. Thus it was that the Bayle family became the great attraction of the season which was nearing its close, and Miss Bayle became celebrated as a new American beauty. When it was stated that she was the only child of a banker who was worth many millions, the anxiety to see and know her grew feverish.

A paragraph in *The World* communicated the following piece of fashionable news to the men and women for whose edification that lively and successful journal is conducted: "Miss Alma Judith Bayle, the new American beauty, is the sensation of the present London season. Like Miss Chamberlain she hails from the West. Like her, too, she is a formidable competitor to such beautiful Americans as Lady Mandeville, Lady Harcourt, Lady Lyon Playfair and Lady Randolph Churchill, who are among the leaders and ornaments of our society. Exporting landless Irish patriots and importing rich and beautiful Ameri-

cans is a form of fair trade which must commend itself even to Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone. Miss Bayle is very clever as well as charming ; her quaint speeches are worthy of Mark Twain. Being both a great heiress and a beauty, she may be said to present an unrivaled combination of excellences. Her mother is a practical as well as an amiable lady. At a dinner at the Duke of Windsor's she outshone all the duchesses with her diamonds. Being complimented upon their splendor, she said they ought to be fine as they had cost half a million dollars. Mr. Bayle is on a visit to Europe for the sake of his health. He is 'as meek and mild a mannered man,'as ever made a fortune in the Far West. His countrymen are naturally proud of him on account of his unrivaled 'smartness.' I hear that the leading Americans in London propose testifying their admiration by entertaining him at dinner." This paragraph was read with pleasure by the Bayles ; they heartily enjoyed seeing their names in print and they felt grateful to the accomplished writer of it.

They did not like the paragraph in *Truth* which appeared the following week : "I am no match for you, Edmund, in sarcastic compliments, nor am I quite so susceptible as you are to the charms of pretty Americans. The Bayle family may be good enough in their way : but as for the father's 'smartness' it is not the virtue which I admire. I invested some of my hard earned savings in Washout shares,with the result of losing my money and helping to enrich this man, Bayle. If you had suggested that Mr. Chamberlain's admirable doctrine of 'ransom' should be applied to this American capitalist I should have agreed with you and contributed my mite toward the expense of putting him upon the rack till he disgorged. I admire the Americans, but I think they are foolishly merciful to murderers and millionaires."

The paragraphs in *The World* and *Truth* had the effect of calling public attention to the Bayle family ;

the London correspondents of country papers retailed anecdotes of them, while the correspondents of American papers wrote about them at far greater length. Some of them called upon and interviewed Mr. Bayle much to his satisfaction. The visiting list and fame of the Bayles increased daily

The curiosity to see them increased also. Miss Bayle fulfilled the expectations of the most exacting; she was as attractive in person and original in speech as any one could have desired. Mr. Bayle impressed many persons by his remarkable resemblance to M. de Freycinet, the French statesman. In height and figure the two could with difficulty be distinguished, the chief difference being that Mr. Bayle had not the springy gait of M. de Freycinet, having to support himself on a stick when limping into or about a room. To look at him he seemed as incapable as Mr. Labouchere himself of robbing the widow and the orphan. His benevolent aspect gave one the impression that he would easily fall a prey to the begging-letter impostors. Yet there were few men with whom beggars found it so difficult to deal.

Mr. Bayle was quiet in manner and measured in speech; he seemed as reluctant to waste words as money. He knew perfectly well, however, how to make himself understood and he was an adept in discerning the character and thoughts of others. He was imperturbable even under provocation; he kept his temper as if it were so much treasure. Having a cool as well as a clear head, he was never taken at unawares. In general conversation he was content to be a listener, excepting when some topic was broached which interested him and then he put questions in succession till he had acquired the desired information. Sometimes his gravity relaxed and he told stories with effect and gusto; but in general he gave the impression of either having nothing to say or else of not choosing to say what he knew. In London society his retiring disposition rendered him a favorite. He

was always spoken of as a polished and most gentlemanly man.

Mrs. Bayle, as has been said already, was quiet also; but she, too, would sometimes become very conversational. Unfortunately, her talk was utterly uninteresting. Her tribulations as a housekeeper were unappreciated in the Duke of Windsor's drawing-room. She used to surprise and shock formal ladies, who had never turned their hands to any thing useful, by saying that she was far happier when she lived alone with her husband in a very small house doing all the work herself, than when she had a large house "on" Michigan Avenue with many servants at her command.

Though the Duchess of Windsor disliked American ladies, she was exceedingly gracious to Mrs. Bayle. This was to please her sister, the Countess de Flaubard, who had written and asked her to help in securing the American heiress for young Count Louis. With this object in view the duchess displayed the heroism of a martyr in submitting to be bored. She exerted herself with the feminine tact which duchesses possess in common with other women to picture the advantages of any alliance with the Flaubard family, assuming that Mrs. Bayle, like many other Americans, had a blind attachment to France and the French. Mrs. Bayle honestly avowed her dislike for the Flaubards, and she said, moreover, that her husband had always disliked the French. This was early prejudice, no doubt, yet the jealousy toward France which prevailed in the old colonial days may perhaps have still lingered in a remote New England village like Abraxa when Mr. Bayle and his wife were born. The duchess, finding the topic an uncongenial one, allowed it to drop. She trusted to longer acquaintance with France, and better knowledge of the French, bringing about a change which her own persuasion and influence had failed to effect.

The duchess much preferred Miss Bayle to her

mother; indeed, the lovely American heiress became a general favorite. She was a fine specimen of a true Western girl when seen at her best. She made herself at home wherever she went and the most critical could only object to her on the ground that she was unconventional, an objection which was indirect praise. It was her great merit to be perfectly frank and easy without displaying a trace of rudeness or affectation. A New York "society lady" would have been far more stiff; a Boston one would have been always dreading being guilty of a breach of etiquette; a southern lady would have been too languidly indifferent; a Californian one would have been too self-asserting. Old and young admired Miss Bayle and many were dying to marry her. When they hinted marriage to her she laughingly remarked, "Guess I'm in no hurry. I mean to have a real good time first; besides, as I'm not a Mormon I can't marry every body who wants me."

A woman can adapt herself to circumstances much better and quicker than a man. But Mr. Bayle was an exceptional man and he got on in society nearly as well as his daughter. Doubtless his wealth was in his favor. Much is pardoned to him who is enormously rich. If the millionaire's fate be hard and unenviable in a future life, his path is very smooth and rosy in this world. His money does not melt here. It is a substantial and available possession. A millionaire, like the poorest peer, is even permitted to be eccentric to the verge of insanity without incurring serious reproach. Before Moses brought the Tables of the Law down from Mount Sinai, the Israelites formed a molten calf out of their golden ornaments, and fell down and worshiped it. Society in America and Europe tacitly accepts the obligations of the Ten Commandments, yet gladly reverences golden calves.

Mr. Bayle's American ideas and training stood him in good stead when he associated with the great people who constitute the highest circle in England. An

average Englishman who had lived Mr. Bayle's life and acquired his fortune would not have acted like him. The Englishman would have thought it condescending in the Duke of Windsor treating him on a footing of equality. Mr. Bayle, on the other hand, took this as a matter of course. He regarded the duke simply as a man like himself, and, though it may seem to some persons a revolutionary and leveling statement, it is literally true that the greatest English duke is but a man after all.

Some of Mr. Bayle's countrymen are prone to a course of conduct quite as absurd and reprehensible as that which causes a great English nobleman to be treated by his countrymen as a demi-god. They are too apt to disparage and despise a man of rank because he has been born to a high station and this is represented by the expression which, though falling from Irish lips, is less contradictory than it seems, that "one man's as good as another and better too." The person who acts upon this sentiment thinks himself, as a man, better than any other man, and, whether he be an English peer or a simple American citizen, he is at heart a snob.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE DUKE OF WINDSOR.

THE Duke of Windsor was a peer with whom any sensible man could get on and feel at ease, because he possessed great common-sense as well as remarkable capacity. In early life he had traveled in America and learned many things there which stood him in good stead afterward. He had many valid reasons for liking America: an investment which he made during his visit to the Far West yielded him several thousands of these reasons annually.

Nations that pay their debts with perfect regularity are certain to have many staunch friends in the nation which has lent them money. When Turkey suspended paying the interest on her debt, the integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire ceased to be paramount objects in the opinion of many Englishmen. If the Duke of Windsor had been less fortunate as an investor, he might have been a harsh and unjust critic of America and the Americans. As it was, he defended both when they were attacked by peers and commoners more ignorant or less fortunate than himself. When his son asked permission to introduce Mr. Bayle to him he granted it the more readily because Mr. Bayle was a citizen of Chicago. The duke's profitable venture had been made in "The Queen City of the Lakes" when he and it were young.

The principal banker at Chicago when the duke, then the Marquess of Slough, visited it during a hunting tour in the Far West, was Mr. Columbus Smith. He had left Scotland when a lad; had tried farming and got tired of it; had speculated in land out West and made a little money, and had finally settled in

Chicago where he founded a land office and bank. He was an ardent believer in the city's future and his belief was justified by events. He was pleased to receive the eldest son of a great English duke, having retained his boyish respect for dignities, so he showed the Marquess of Slough all possible attention and gave him the best advice in his power.

A financial crisis prevailed in Chicago at the time. There had been over-speculation in land ; the buyers could not meet their liabilities and the sellers had to accept any terms offered to them. Mr. Smith invested largely when prices were at their lowest ; but he dared not lock up more than a small proportion of his capital. One day when the marquess dined with him at his country house near Chicago, Mr. Smith expressed his regret not to be able to buy more land, and his belief that, whoever did so, would reap an enormous profit in a few years' time. He gave his reason which appeared valid. The marquess had made many inquiries about him and always found the reply couched in some such terms as " You may trust Columbus, sir, he is the discoverer of our West as the Eldorado for capitalists. He is about the only honest man in this section," the speaker saying this so as to imply that he was another. Westerners like to be esteemed for their honesty as well as their " smartness," just as they like it to be supposed that a rigid adherence to truth is their distinguishing virtue.

The Marquess of Slough, having resolved to trust Mr. Smith implicitly and to follow his advice unhesitatingly, arranged with him to invest five thousand pounds in city lots. Among other purchases were some " floating claims " which he obtained for a trifle. These were claims to pieces of land to complete an amount bought from the government. It was found that some lots which had been sold and paid for were incomplete, inasmuch as parts of them were comprised in the river and lake. To give compensation for this, scrip was issued representing claims to a correspond-

ing extent of land in the unsurveyed portion around the city. Some of these odd pieces became of immense value in the course of time, owing to the city's rapid growth.

Mr. Columbus Smith undertook to act as the Marquess of Slough's agent. At his advice the marquess soon sold a small part of the land, which brought far more than the original investment. The Michigan Central Railway required this part for an extension of the company's station. He built offices on the lots in the heart of the city. The great fire swept away the buildings, and the marquess, who had then succeeded to the dukedom, found that the half-yearly remittances from Chicago would cease altogether, unless he rebuilt the offices on a grander scale. He could not afford to do so immediately. In consequence of the delay he was able to erect them at a lower price, as the cost of materials and labor, which was very high after the fire, fell enormously when the greater part of the city had been rebuilt. Moreover a change took place in the business quarter with the result that the duke's property increased in value. His income from this property had grown till he annually received fifty thousand dollars or ten thousand pounds sterling for a total outlay of the like amount. His original investment of five thousand pounds had long before been returned to him by the sale of a small piece of land. He was now in the receipt of ten thousand golden reasons annually for liking America in general and Chicago in particular.

The fact of the duke being an owner of real estate in Chicago made him the more congenial to Mr. Bayle. They found at the outset that they had something in common, and a common interest or pursuit sometimes forms a bond of union between honest men as well as rogues. The only difficulty Mr. Bayle felt was in the matter of addressing the duke. He was particular as to questions of etiquette ; he had learned when conductor of a Pullman car to give full titles to the per-

sons with whom he came in contact. He know that a good rule to follow was to be liberal with the title of general or judge ; those who had no right to either designation, and they formed the majority, being the best pleased to have it conferred upon them. Now Mr. Bayle found it easy enough to say duke or lord, but he did not find it equally easy to use "Your Grace" or "Your Lordship" in the proper places. He remarked to the duke, "I trust you will not be offended if I do not address you with proper formality ; the fact is I have not yet understood your English custom in this respect."

"Pray, Mr. Bayle," was the reply, "do not concern yourself about that matter. When I was in America I often wished that I had no title or that it was not known that I had one. I used to be tired of answering the questions your countrymen put to me during my Western trip. They were always wanting me to explain what a marquess was ; whether he was a lord, or if not, what was the difference between one peer and another, and though I did my best, I doubt whether I ever succeeded in making myself clearly understood."

"Is there any book where this is set forth ?"

"You will probably find what you desire in the introduction to any of the peerages ; but let me tell you that in general the persons whom one cares for the least, such as servants and tradespeople, are most precise in the use of titles. Some of my brother peers are far more exacting in this respect than I am. My friend, the Duke of Berkshire and Chiltern, is most familiar in conversation with commoners ; but, if a commoner should forget to introduce "Your Grace" into every other sentence, he is soon made to understand that he is speaking to a duke who will not stand any nonsense. Another rule I may lay down for your guidance. The newer the peer the more sensitive he is on points of etiquette. Be assured, however, that when it is seen you mean no offense a gentleman will

never take it. Besides, citizens of the United States are not supposed to be versed in the aristocratic distinctions of the Old World."

"Well, duke, or your grace, as perhaps I ought to say, I shall not give offense to any one intentionally and though I am unable to see the necessity for your aristocratic distinctions, I have lived long enough and seen enough of the world to recognize that the customs of every country ought to be respected by strangers. Some of your young men who visit America seem to forget this and they produce a bad impression upon our people."

"Let us change the subject to one of immediate interest to myself. I have some money to invest and I wish to get as high interest as I can with reasonable safety. Which of your railways is the safest?"

"As you have asked for my candid opinion you shall have it. Our railroads are good investments when one has the control of them. I have not a cent in any. All my money is in United States securities."

"But I thought, Mr. Bayle, that you had made money by investing in railway shares?"

"No, your grace, or duke, it was by speculating in them. I bought them only to sell at a profit, and it was the stupidity of British investors that enabled me to do so. I have been told since coming here that I am a wholesale robber of the widow and the orphan. What I did was to buy Washout stock when it was very cheap and sell it when it was far too dear, the rise in price being due to the large amount of bonds which were subscribed for in this country, and then your people began to buy the stock also. If they had been wise they would not have bought either bonds or stock. They squeal now they are hurt and call me names. Surely they are to blame and not me!"

"Probably you are right. The bait of high interest is the temptation which makes our capitalists invest in your railway shares. This influenced me and this is

the reason why I have asked your advice. However, I shall give up the notion."

"Well, sir, I mean duke, you will have no reason to regret leaving our railroads severely alone. I am maturing a scheme which will insure their better management and limit the stealing which now goes on. I guess I shall make something by the deal, but then I shall deserve it. A man must have some inducement to give his best attention to other people's property."

"I shall be glad to hear about your plan when it is completed. By the way, I hope to see your wife, your daughter and yourself at Druid's Mount, where we go next week. We have to make up a list of persons whom the prince would like to meet. He is to pay us a visit with his eldest son."

Mr. Bayle asked what prince was meant; the duke explained that by the prince, the Prince of Wales was generally understood. Mr. Bayle said his wife and daughter had been presented to him at Monte Carlo and that in any case they would feel as pleased as himself to visit Druid's Mount.

The Duke of Windsor was a peer whom every one respected and agreed that he did not do himself justice. He had often been pressed, but had uniformly declined to accept high office in the government. He was a Conservative as well as a peer by birth. Some members of his party thought him lukewarm because he would not admit that every Radical ought to be hanged. He was ready to vote with his party on most occasions, but he excused himself from doing so in every case by alleging that he was a moderate Conservative and not a red-hot Tory. When his more ardent political friends affirmed that the English consitution was the perfection of human wisdom he staggered them by saying that its chief merit was that it could be easily adapted to the changed condition of the country. They held reform to be revolution; he maintained with Dr. Arnold that it was a measure of self-preservation.

The Duke of Windsor honored his ancestors who

had played important parts on the theater of public affairs; but he could not deny that they had often injured the country by their blunders. The greatest of these he considered to be the blind opposition which one of them offered, in common with his fellow Tories, to the original demands of the American colonists, an opposition which drove them in despair to take up arms against the motherland and ended in the independence of the United States of America. He thought the policy of Chatham, Burke and Fox the true and patriotic one, and that the policy of George the Third, which the Tories encouraged and supported in both Houses of Parliament, was an irretrievable and a most lamentable error. But, while doubting whether his Tory friends were always right in their views and action, he felt even stronger doubts about the superiority of the wishes and aims of the latter-day Radicals. The radicalism which he preferred was that which Lord Beaconsfield professed when a young man and which was never expressly renounced by him when an old one. Yet he was no idolater of Lord Beaconsfield. The duke had traveled through Europe and Asia as well as America and he had learned from personal observation neither to dread Russia as an enemy nor to desire Turkey for a friend.

It was the duke's good fortune not to possess any property in Ireland; hence he kept his temper when Irish questions were under discussion. His father had been one of Mr. Gladstone's college friends and had remained his bosom friend through life, and the duke had continued the acquaintance made with Mr. Gladstone under his father's roof, so, while disapproving of many of Mr. Gladstone's opinions and acts, he was not among the number of those who maintained that he was either possessed with a devil or was really the devil in person.

He was a rich man even for an English duke. He had house-property in London; an estate in Buckinghamshire and another in the West of England where

minerals abounded. The duke carefully managed his property and he was accustomed to say that if he took a more active part in politics his estates would go to ruin. He was a generous as well as a prudent landlord and this rendered him popular despite his infrequent public appearances.

The duke's leisure was devoted in part to reading and in part to the cultivation of science. His character may be best summed up by saying that he was a thorough English gentleman of the modern school; a man who respected others and wished to obtain their respect in turn; who was as devoid of false pride as of false pretense, who was liked by those with whom he came in contact because they felt that the liking which he manifested for them was perfectly genuine. If the hereditary peerage contained many more men of his stamp the voices calling for its abolition would be feeble and few.

The Duchess of Windsor was differently constituted from her husband. She unduly magnified her position. In her eyes the people at large were created to serve those whom she considered their betters and to be despised by them. Her father had been Lord High Chancellor of England. His family name was Beauclerc and he retained it when raised to the peerage. He had a large income as a barrister-at-law; but the sum which he had saved was not large.

When Lord Beauclerc resigned his seat on the woolsack which, to his lasting disappointment, he had occupied for two years only, he found it easy to live in comfort on his pension of five thousand pounds sterling. He was then a widower. Happily he had no son to struggle after him through life as a poor peer. His two daughters were both very beautiful. They had lived much in France and spoke French perfectly: it was during a visit to the Pyrenees that the eldest daughter made the acquaintance of Count de Flaubard and eventually became his wife. The twenty thousand pounds which formed her dowry

rendered her quite as attractive as her beauty in the count's eyes. A year later her younger sister became the wife of the Duke of Windsor, who married her for her beauty alone and who soon found that she possessed no other personal attraction. She had two sons, the younger one, Lord Plowden, was her favorite; she seldom saw or cared to see the elder. Indeed, she had not much affection to lavish upon any body. For her sister she entertained as much love as she could feel for any one except herself and she was always ready to do what lay in her power to help and please her. She loved her husband as much as she supposed she ought to do. To the eye of the world they got on well together. In fact, they agreed so well to differ that they never quarreled.

It was to please her sister, as has already been stated, that the duchess tried to make friends with Mrs. Bayle. By one of those odd chances which baffle explanation the duchess took a real fancy to Miss Bayle and the latter reciprocated the feeling. She thought, indeed, that her nephew Count Louis would be very fortunate if he married her and she resolved to do her utmost to forward the match.

The greatest piece of condescension which the duchess ever practiced in her life was to offer to present Mrs. Bayle and her daughter at the next drawing-room, which was the last of the season. As she had arranged to go herself in any case, the sacrifice was not great ; but, then, she had always refused to render such a service to any one else. Miss Bayle was enchanted and her mother was scarcely less pleased at the prospect of going to the drawing-room. Their only regret was that the queen would then be at Balmoral instead of Buckingham Palace and that the Princess of Wales would act in her stead. They had both as sincere a desire to see the queen, on such an occasion, as the most attached and loyal subject could possibly entertain.

When the duke was told of the arrangement he

expressed himself highly pleased. He felt, though he did not express surprise at the unusual kindness of his wife, whom he knew to have a dislike for all Americans. However, he did not inquire as to her motives, being entirely satisfied with her conduct. He offered in turn to present Mr. Bayle at the levée which was to be held about the same time as the drawing-room. Mr. Bayle thanked him ; he, too, was curious to see the Prince of Wales again. He had seen him as a lad when he visited Chicago, which was a few months after Mr. Bayle first entered that city.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE MILLIONAIRE HAS "A GOOD TIME."

THE ladies enjoyed the spectacle of the drawing-room and the parts which they played in it. Mr. Bayle did not like the levée : he thought an affair of the kind was managed far better in Washington. He exercised the right of an American by going in evening dress ; his wife and daughter were dressed like other ladies who went to be presented to the princess ; the dresses of both were pronounced to be beautiful and in the best taste.

One of the strangest pieces of legislation of modern times is the Act of Congress forbidding representatives of America to wear court dress at a foreign court. The late Charles Sumner was the originator of this extraordinary piece of sumptuary legislation and he was wont to speak with pride of his handiwork. He was an able man who had not the slightest sense of humor. What he really did without intending it was to prescribe a court dress for all Americans representing their country at a foreign court, who were not in its military or naval service, and it is what other people call evening dress.

Though an American millionaire, Mr. Bayle was not a duly accredited representative of the great republic of the West and he was not, therefore, expressly forbidden by the law of his country from going to the levée in any dress he thought fit to wear. Nevertheless he thought it his duty to adopt what Charles Sumner considered to be the appropriate costume for a plain American citizen ; the result being that he looked more conspicuous in his black clothes than any other

person at the levée, was stared at more than he liked, and overheard whispered comments upon his appearance which he liked still less.

It was at the moment of presentation that Mr. Bayle felt most annoyed. He had written his name on a card to be handed to the lord chamberlain. He had strictly fulfilled the injunctions given him to the effect that his name was to be given in full and was to be written very legibly. On handing that card to the lord chamberlain, he announced his name to the prince as that of Mr. Ezra Palgrave; Mr. Bayle paused before bowing to the prince, thinking it odd that his name should not be given at length; the lord chamberlain said in an impatient tone, "Pray pass on, sir." The prince smiled, thinking there was some mistake, but not knowing what it was. Mr. Bayle passed before him and forgot to bow. The on-lookers thought him guilty of intentional rudeness, while the fault lay with the lord chamberlain, who had not looked carefully at the card and who was both too hasty and irritable. However, the chief purpose for which gentlemen are presented at court was fulfilled. Mr. Bayle's name appeared at full length next day in the list of presentations which was published in the newspapers.

Mr. Atlas and Baron Parkhirst kept their word and called upon Mrs. Bayle and her daughter as soon as they knew they were in London; in due time, they were introduced to Mr. Bayle. Owing to their acquaintance with these gentlemen, the Bayles saw London life to greater advantage than if they had been the intimate friends of all the dukes and duchesses in the land. Mr. Bayle was not less impressed with the hospitality of Mr. Atlas than with the luxurious existence which he had created for himself by his pen. He had two country houses, one on the Thames, and one at Brighton, and a fine mansion in the most fashionable part of town.

"Do all your newspaper men live in such splendid

style?" was the inquiry which Mr. Bayle put to Mr. Atlas soon after making his acquaintance.

Mr. Atlas modestly replied, "It is our artists, and not humble journalists like myself, who are housed like millionaires. My style of life is comparatively simple; if you wish to see those of my profession who live like Sardanapalus, you should make the acquaintance of my colleagues. I can assure you also that my finest house is a mere hovel when compared with the palace of *Truth*."

"Well, well," was Mr. Bayle's reply, "I have heard a great deal about English journalism being profitable, but I had no idea that your editors and newspaper people were all so prosperous. The richest of our prominent newspaper men, Whitelaw Reid and Gordon Bennett, do not live in grander style."

The Bayle family visited Brighton at the invitation of Mr. Atlas; they had too many engagements in town to spend more than a day there. But that day was an enjoyable one to them. They liked both the Aquarium and the Pier, and they agreed that the principal shops were as fine as those of Regent Street. Mr. Bayle having said that he would like to take a walk along the promenade in front of the sea, his wife and daughter left him to join Mr. Atlas and his wife in a drive. Mrs. Bayle disliked walking nearly as much as housekeeping.

Mr. Bayle had not gone far; indeed, he was passing in front of the Grand Hotel when a burly and jovial-looking man stopped and exclaimed, "Hello, Ez, what brings you here?"

Mr. Bayle did not recognize the speaker, and said after looking at him, "I am sorry, sir, but I can not place you."

The other replied, "I am not surprised; this beard has changed me."

Thereupon Mr. Bayle held out his hand saying, "Why, Dave! I could not make you out at the moment, and what brings you here? I heard you

were somewhere in Europe, but this is not a business city."

"You are right there, Ez. But it is a pleasant one to live in. My wife could not bear London. We tried four houses in different parts of the town and one day paying a visit to this place she took a fancy to it and we have been here ever since. My office is in London and I go backward and forward every day. There are several Americans here, and they all like it."

"How does business progress?"

"Not so well as at first. The English people are fighting shy of American investments, and when I take some new land scheme or mine or railroad to capitalists they always tell me that such things are played out. Your Washout Road, the Denver and Rio Grande, and the Emma Mine, have helped to scare English investers."

"I am sick to hear about Washout."

"Well the English bondholders are sick of it too, I guess. However, call on me at my office in Grace Church Street and we may talk over other matters. Here is my card; I will write my business address on it. I am on hand there most days between twelve and four. I have a very good thing at present which you might like to look at. There are millions in it."

"I have found that to be the case with many good things before I took them up; but somehow the millions never appeared afterward. But I will call and listen to what you have got to say."

"Won't you come and dine with us now?"

"I can not to-day, as I am on a visit here, and I must go to my host's house, which is not far off." So Ezra P. Bayle bade David Jackson, his friend and fellow-countryman, good-by.

He returned to London by the Pullman train after an early dinner. His daughter had enjoyed herself the most. She was disappointed, however, at not having met Mr. William Black, who she knew lived at Brighton. Mr. Atlas could not satisfy her curiosity

about him, as they did not move in the same literary circle. When she asked him rather indiscreetly whether the popular novelist was not the most prominent citizen in Brighton, he told her, in reply, that the most prominent citizen he knew was Sir Horace Robinson, a great man and architect. If Miss Bayle had been better acquainted with Mr. Atlas she would have known that there were few residents in Brighton more popular and prominent than himself. On some far distant day when he is transferred to another sphere, the house in which he dwelt will doubtless be ornamented with a tablet setting forth that "Mr. Atlas, poet, novelist, and journalist, lived here."

Mr. Bayle liked the journey to and from Brighton as much as the place itself. He did so because it was made in the Pullman train. This was an unexpected treat. He did not know that Pullman cars were used in England. They pleasantly reminded him of his own country and of old times. Moreover, he had never seen in America a train composed of what he called "such real elegant cars," provided for the accommodation of the public. In America the most comfortable and luxurious cars are reserved for the exclusive use of railway directors and their friends.

Mr. Bayle took as great a liking to Baron Parkhirst as to Mr. Atlas. The latter knew nearly every thing and every body; the former knew some things which were imperfectly known to Mr. Atlas. Mr. Bayle had given a great deal of his time to Freemasonry; when he became a very rich man, he was elected Grand Master of Illinois. It is one of the glories of masonry to inculcate the doctrine of natural equality and mutual dependence. In America, negroes are refused admittance to a masonic lodge, and in England princes of the blood royal, and others of noble birth, are preferred before all other masons for positions of dignity in the craft.

Though neither of royal blood nor a peer of England, Baron Parkhirst had risen to high masonic

office; but he was one of the brilliant exceptions. Unfortunately the masonic season was over; but the baron intimated that, on his return to England in the autumn, Mr. Bayle would be presented in due form to his English brethren, and be made the recipient of masonic hospitality.

He was still in time, however, to be a guest at the Mansion House, the last banquet of the season not having been given. He enjoyed the ceremony and some of the speeches. Happily, the lord mayor was versed in the pronunciation of his native tongue. Indeed, he surprised Mr. Bayle and elicited loud applause from appreciative aldermen, sheriffs, common councilmen and other guests by introducing into one of his speeches a quotation from Homer in the original Greek. The aldermen not only applauded and enjoyed the Greek lines, but they had the further satisfaction of regarding the strangers present with a patronizing and pitying air, as much as to say, "We know more things in the city than you fancy; what may be heathen Greek to you is like plain English to us." It is still true, as Mr. Moore wrote in the first number of Dodesley's *World* on the 4th of January, 1753, that "a little Latin or Greek to those who understand no language but English is both satisfactory and entertaining."

The United States minister returned thanks for the visitors, and, when doing so, he noticed a remark of the lord mayor to the effect that among those present was a great financier whose name was famous on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean and said he regretted that his distinguished countryman was forbidden by etiquette to return thanks in person, but that he had been commissioned by him to say how greatly he appreciated the courtesy and hospitality of the citizens of London who were such excellent judges of financial genius. Some Washout bondholders were present, and they made a few comments in an undertone which, if they had been uttered aloud, might

have disturbed the harmony of the proceedings. Mr. Bayle admired the display of gold plate at the Mansion House. On returning to his hotel, he told his wife and daughter how fine the spectacle was, adding, "If I were lord mayor I should make a change in one thing. Would you believe it, Judy! On coming away two or three footmen in liveries covered with gold lace handed me my hat and overcoat, and pushed forward a basin with money in it for me to put some in. I was never more astonished in my life." His wife's comment was, "Now, Mr. Bayle, I call that real mean."

He did not know that it is a species of high treason for a guest at the Mansion House to comment unfavorably upon any city custom. Fortunately for himself he erred in ignorance; besides, he was at the time beyond the jurisdiction of the lord mayor and aldermen.

He was not a little pleased to receive on the following day an invitation to a banquet to be given in his honor by Mr. Gill, the head of the American International Bank, which makes special provision for the wants of American travelers in Europe. He was requested to name the day which would suit him; he did so and accepted the invitation with heartfelt delight. He was further gratified with the request that his wife and daughter would also honor the host with their presence. It was natural that Mr. Gill should show respect for Mr. Bayle, who had ten thousand pounds to his credit in his bank.

The dinner was choice; the company select. The Criterion Restaurant was the place of meeting and the manager had been desired to place on the table his oldest and finest wines as well as all the delicacies of the season. Mr. Gill was unaware, when giving the order as to wine, that his chief guest drank water only. The company numbered thirty. It was composed of men eminent in finance, letters, politics, and journalism, being the men whom Mr. Bayle wished to

meet and who were curious to see him. Baron Parkhirst, Mr. Atlas, Mr. G. La Salle, and Mr. Pulerock, M. P., were conspicuous among the English guests. Mr. Bayle was disappointed next day that no mention of the entertainment appeared in any of the London newspapers; a fews days later, a pleasantly turned paragraph appeared in *The World;* but that was all the publicity it received in England. However, as two American journalists of note were among the guests, several American newspapers contained an almost verbatim account of the proceedings. From their columns, the following details of the after-dinner speeches are extracted and condensed.

The report of the speeches was preceded by the names of the guests. The bill of fare was given in full as well as the list of the wines with their names and the dates of their vintage; these particulars occupied much space without profiting those who read them.

Mr. Gill, who presided, rose and said, "Gentlemen:—I mean to run this dinner on American principles and I now ask you to drink the health of Mr. Ezra P. Bayle, whom you must be all glad to meet this evening. Our English friends always begin their after-dinner exercises with toasts to the queen, the royal family and the army and the navy. We entertain such good wishes for the health of our president for the time being that we do not think it necessary to express them as a mere matter of form. Being all sovereigns we have no need to toast a royal family.

"At the public dinners in England I have remarked that, after the army and navy have been praised in glowing terms, a venerable general frequently responds to the effect that the army is going to the dogs and that the government is to blame for this, and a venerable admiral makes the same consolatory remark with regard to the navy, though there are times when the general and admiral maintain that the army and navy are perfect, and are the terror and admiration of the

world. Now we have such complete faith in our army and navy doing their duty, that we take this for granted. Our English friends who are present here to-night will not think it disrespectful to them or their institutions, if I omit the toast which they so often hear at social gatherings in this country.

"It is not the American custom to praise a man strongly before his face. We have all a good opinion of ourselves and we are not always dying for any confirmation of it. Every one who is well acquainted with American affairs knows that Mr. Ezra P. Bayle is a representative capitalist of whom his countrymen are naturally proud. We all desire to collect dollars and we are so unselfish as to admire those who succeed. For his great merit in this respect Mr. Bayle's fellow-citizens of Chicago have resolved to erect in his honor a statue in Lincoln Park, and this statue, in accordance with the Western ideas, is to be far bigger than the one Commodore Vanderbilt erected in honor of himself in New York City. With a liberality which does him credit, Mr. Bayle has offered to pay the whole cost of the statue out of his own pocket and this has greatly increased his popularity in the West,where people do not object to things being done for them on a gigantic scale at other people's expense.

"I may assert without boasting that no people are so generous as regards monuments as we are, though sometimes, as in the case of Washington, we may take a long time in finishing them. You all know, I suppose, what happened when on the proposition of Mr. Bartholdi, the French sculptor, it was resolved that France should present America with a statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the World.' The subscriptions from Frenchmen being far too small to pay the cost, Americans provided the greater part of the money, while France enjoys all the credit of the gift. I am sure you will all join with me in wishing long life and prosperity to Mr. Bayle, that you will at the same time pay a like compliment to his wife and daughter who have

charmed us with their presence this evening, thus we shall recognize the triumph of western enterprise in the father, and the attraction of western beauty and spirit in the mother and daughter."

When Mr. Gill sat down Mrs. Bayle whispered to her daughter, "Almy, I call that a real elegant speech." She was moved to say this, though she would have hesitated to avow it, on account of the closing sentence, having a woman's appreciation of a compliment, especially when neither young nor good-looking. Mr. Gill's flattery had much more effect upon her than upon her daughter, who accepted praise as her due.

Mr. Bayle began his reply by protesting that he was not much of a hand at a speech and had not much to say, and then he spoke fluently for upward of an hour. He warmly thanked the chairman in the names of his wife and daughter as well as his own, for all the kind expressions he had used, he stated that they highly appreciated the courtesy they had received in England and that he was personally grateful for the tribute paid to them and himself by his fellow-countrymen in a strange land. He went on to say, and his own words may now be used :

"I like the English better than I thought I should, but I find them a curious people in many respects. They talk of my having robbed widows and orphans, because I made considerable money by speculating in Washout stock. If any of them had done the same thing they would probably have taken credit to themselves for smartness. Now our people are entirely different, as they do not find fault with a man for being smart, but try to get points from him, whereas the English seem to suppose that a smart man who succeeds must be a bad one. I wish, sir, to say right here that our people better deserve to make money than any others, because when a man become a millionaire in Europe he thinks himself different from any poorer man and will not even shake hands with

him, whereas in America every man is always ready to shake hands with his neighbor. Besides our people invest their savings in the country, while English capitalists seem to prefer investing their money out of the country and squeal when they lose it."

He dilated on this theme at great length, his object being to demonstrate the virtuousness of American capitalists and the wickedness of others. It may suffice to give some of his references to England.

"Now, sir, I am well acquainted with Wall Street. I see a gentleman at this table who is a member of the British legislature and who, I believe, was once a prominent broker there, and he will indorse my statements. Business men in Wall Street have got to keep their heads mighty level if they mean to succeed. Since I have been here I have met several men and done business with them who belong to the London Stock Exchange. You may bet your life, sir, that they are as good hands at a deal or a corner as any Wall Street brokers. Why, sir, they have made suggestions to me for getting ahead of John Bull, which are uncommonly like stealing. I don't think English financiers are quite the people to play at throwing stones at American glass houses. I have no doubt that you and other gentlemen present who have known this country longer, are entirely of my opinion, and I have no doubt also that your kind reception of me is a proof of this. I thank you all and I can assure you that since I have been on this side of the Atlantic I have never felt so like being at home again as I do to-night."

Mr. Gill then informed the company that his friend Mr. King Edwards had come expressly from Paris to attend the dinner ; that he had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Bayle and her daughter there, and that he was anxious to do honor to Mr. Bayle whom he knew by reputation. They were all well acquainted, no doubt, with the poems of his friend, and they would assuredly take great pleasure in listening to one which he had

offered to read to them. It was an extract from a great epic which would probably be laid before the public in England and America at no distant day. It may be added, what Mr. Gill did not know, that Miss Bayle was a far stronger attraction to his friend than the desire to do honor to her father.

Mr. King Edwards admired Miss Bayle the first time he saw her. But, as he was wont to say, he had nine wives already and he had vowed fidelity to them till a certain task had been accomplished through their inspiration and with their aid. He spent all the hours he could spare from the indispensable occupation of bread-winning, in communing with the tuneful nine, as they used to be styled, and he had resolved never to marry a mere mortal till he had secured for himself the immortality which they have the power to bestow upon their favored adorers. The great work he had planned was to be called *The New Earth*, and it was to display the transformation of the world at the instigation and in accordance with the example of America. His ambition was to succeed where Joel Barlow had failed, and to become the Milton of the American continent.

The short piece which Mr. King Edwards read was entitled *The Tribute of the Nations;* he prefaced it by expressing his hope that it would not be reproduced in print till such time as he thought fit to give it to the world, and his wish was granted. Its purport was to show how America had grown and flourished through the gifts cast into her lap by the people who lived in less fortunate countries, and the rise of such men of financial might as the millionaires of America was shown to be largely due to their skill in making the capitalists of other countries pay them tribute. Mr. Bayle shook hands with Mr. King Edwards, saying as he did so: "I thank you, sir, for your elegant 'pome.' Though I don't profess to be a judge of poetry, I most cordially indorse your sentiments."

While Americans do not waste time after dinner in

drinking toasts corresponding to the loyal and patriotic ones which Englishmen appear to prize, they add many others to the toast list. Hence toast after toast was proposed by Mr. Gill and duly responded to. Out of the many it may be enough if two be given in full, the reply of Mr. Harold to the toast of the American Press, and the speech of Baron Parkhirst in proposing the health of the chairman.

"I candidly admit," said Mr. Harold, "that the American Press is the best in the world. There are some fairly good newspapers in England, but they all want vim. Our newspapers do not profess to teach the people ; they are written to please them and to sell. Now, sir, the business of a daily paper is to give plenty of news and make considerable money. We tell people what they want to know. When Mr. Bayle returns home, he will be interviewed and our people will learn what he thinks of Europe. We are blamed by starched English critics for giving too many personal details, for writing up murders and railroad accidents, but if our people did not like these things they would not buy the papers. I have written a good many editorials, but I have always felt that I had many more interested readers when I reported police news and daily happenings for *The Herald*.

"The very first day after arriving in London I took the measure of English journalism and found it a one-horse affair. I went off to interview the late Lord Beaconsfield and sent in my card by a flunkey who returned with a message, which he delivered in a contemptuous style, that 'his lordship did not know me, and could not receive me.' I tried Mr. Gladstone and other prominent men, but had no better luck. In our country a public man would not dare to keep a reporter at his door as I was kept by these men. The worst of it was that I had to write the interviews all the same and I found this much tougher work than if I had spoken with these men and been able to describe their appearance. I found afterward I had got rather

mixed as to their heights and the colors of their hair, and I was told by the next mail to give up interviewing if I could not do better than that. It is pleasant, however, to be present to-night at a gathering of my own countrymen who can understand and sympathize with me and there is no fear of any mistake being made about this most agreeable and truly American entertainment."

Baron Parkhirst, in proposing the last toast said: "Were it not that the toast I have to propose is one which can lose nothing in any hands, I should feel greater diffidence than I now do in following so many speakers who are masters of all the arts and graces of oratory. I should much have preferred remaining a simple and delighted listener. Without presuming to put myself in competition with those who have instructed and enlivened us this evening, I may perhaps be permitted to refer briefly to some things which impressed me in two of the speeches to which I have listened with profound attention and, I venture to hope, with no inconsiderable profit.

"It must be gratifying to all the possessors of property, who are deeply interested in the preservation of social order, that millionaires are highly esteemed in America and that they are honored monuments instead of being subjected to ransom. Indeed I read in the *New York Herald* the other day that the only piece of false news a prominent citizen never protests against is that which styles him a millionaire.

"When visiting Paris recently I attended a meeting at the Chateau D'Eau where it was proposed to solve what the French call the social problem by shooting the Rothschilds and other rich men. A speaker moved an amendment to this which merits the attention of Mr. Bayle in the event of his deciding to take up his abode in Paris. Shooting millionaires was pronounced a mistake; but it was agreed that they should be shut up in prison, kept several days without food and then compelled to sign checks for whatever

they got to eat ; thus they might have either to pay 100,000 francs for a mutton cutlet, or die of hunger. Surely it is far pleasanter to live in a country where people erect statues to you, than one in which they compel you under the penalty of starvation to pay 20,000 dollars for a cutlet. ["You are quite right, sir," was the remark which Mr. Bayle interposed with much feeling and emphasis.] The chief drawback I can see to the indefinite increase of millionaires in America is that it may lead to a corresponding increase in monuments, so that, in the course of time 'The New Earth' of Mr. King Edwards will be filled with old monuments.

"It being the chief pride of my life to have been for many years prominently connected with the press of England, I listened attentively to Mr. Harold's eloquent eulogium upon the press of his country. That press certainly succeeds in collecting and printing news of all sorts ; thus it is that I learned from a New York newspaper what Mr. Jay Gould paid for his house at Irvington, how many servants he has, and the wages they receive. I also learned—and for this some indefatigable reporter must have toiled hard, or trusted to his imagination for his facts—that Miss Nellie, the only daughter of Mr. Jay Gould, gets $5,000 a year wherewith to buy clothes and prevent her complaining that she has nothing to wear. Truly the enterprise of American journalists is surprising. Some of our English papers are attempting to keep pace with them ; but hitherto the conventional sanctity of private life has been respected. However, on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, the day may not be far distant when the mass of irrelevant information may become far in excess of useful knowledge, and daily newspapers may completely supersede magazines, reviews and books.

"I confess that I seldom read a newspaper printed in any other country than my own without learning something about England that I did not know before.

Thus I have learned from American journals many startling things about this country, and only the other day, when glancing over the columns of a Parisian newspaper, I learned that England bore the stigma of being the 'enemy of the human race.' Hence it is that, as Mr. Harold indicated, the press holds the mirror up to nature and keeps mankind 'well posted,' to use an Americanism, as to what is right and wrong. However, you will pardon me, perhaps, for having dilated so long and discursively upon a theme which Mr. Harold treated with such thorough knowledge and assurance, and I must now ask you to drink to the health of our host who may be called, in a phrase which is doubtless familiar to the guest of the evening, 'a perfect daisy.' You will join me, I feel sure, in expressing the hope that he will always continue to act as such."

Mr. Gill's response was short and effective : "I am sincerely obliged to you all for your kind wishes. Baron Parkhirst has shown his familiarity with our beautiful American tongue by more than one expression. Let me add, then, in the same home-like phrase, that I trust you will 'call again' and I can assure you that, the oftener you do so, whether as guests or customers, the better I shall be pleased."

Before Baron Parkhirst, Mr. Atlas and Mr. La Salle parted outside the banqueting room they exchanged a few remarks. The baron said to Mr. La Salle, who had as intimate a knowledge of America as Mr. Atlas himself, "Surely our millionaire friend was not in earnest ; he can not have swallowed all Mr. Gill's compliments !"

"In earnest, my dear boy," was Mr. La Salle's response ; "did you ever find an American joking when he eulogized his own country, or conscious he was being chaffed when he was over-praised to his face ? Why they all believe that their country is an El-Dorado and that they are potential millionaires !"

Mr. Atlas chimed in with this remark, "I think you

are rather too sweeping. When I was last in Boston I met with many gentlemen who were as severe upon uncultured millionaires as any man of letters could desire. To them as to us the prospect of the country being crowded with statues and millionaires would seem either a hideous absurdity or a gross profanation."

Baron Parkhirst was able to confirm this; as he, too, had seen much of the brightest and best side of America; so he remarked: "I think, Mr. Harold judged his newspapers and ours too much from a reporter's point of view. I found the leading editors and writers in America highly educated men. Perhaps the working-up of police and divorce cases may help a young man who joins the press, but if I were an American journalist I should cultivate my powers of graphic description for expounding or exposing railway policy and finance. A good writer on these topics is a great power in America."

They all agreed, however, that, while some of the speeches were open to criticism, the millionaire's daughter was above praise.

The feeling that the English guests at the dinner entertained for Miss Bayle was reciprocated by her. When her mother and father returned to the hotel, they commented upon the entertainmeut. Mr. Bayle had been praised till he was more convinced than ever of the greatness of his country, and himself. Mrs. Bayle was slowly digesting the pleasant compliment with which Mr. Gill had ended his speech. Miss Bayle was the only critic and her criticism was most genial.

"Why is it," she asked of her father, "that our newspapers represent Englishmen as unable to speak in public without hesitating over every word? Our own folks spoke beautifully to-night; but Mr. Atlas, Mr. La Salle, and Baron Parkhirst spoke quite as well: indeed I rather preferred the last three to all the rest, even including you, father."

"Well, Alma, we need not quarrel with your taste.

You always liked strangers best. Still it is quite true that our papers are down upon Englishmen. Why should they get credit for fighting or speaking? English newspapers are just as bad. Don't they say all they can against Americans? Perhaps they don't mean all they say, nor do our people always show more disposition to be fair. We may have to wait long for two nations like the English and American understanding each other. However, I have had a high old time and am now quite ready to retire. Good-night."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### VISITING PLACES AND PARLIAMENT.

MR. BAYLE had not been many days in London before he grew tired of sight-seeing. He was honest enough to own that old buildings gave him no pleasure and that he preferred a hotel built yesterday to one in which Chaucer might have lived. He went, or rather he was taken to the British Museum and South Kensington, to St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and he gave it as his opinion that St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York was a far more beautiful building than either St. Paul's or Westminster, both of which he considered dark and dismal structures.

His wife had no personal views on the subject of architecture. She was always ready to go sight-seeing or to do any thing else for which her daughter expressed a desire, and when she found her daughter full of admiration over a church or museum she pronounced it very good. Miss Bayle often disagreed with her father's criticisms, and when he said, "Well, Alma, these churches and museums may be very elegant, but they don't enthuse me," and she replied, "Surely, father, you wouldn't have any thing in Europe just the same as in Chicago! I like things here because they are so different. If they were not old, they wouldn't be worth looking at. Nobody goes from Europe to admire our new Chicago buildings."

The result was that Mr. Bayle went daily to the city, where he spent several hours, while his wife and daughter went sight-seeing. Mr. Bayle bought and sold shares and stocks, and he was as fully occupied

and nearly as much excited as if he had been at home. He planned great financial schemes and he felt a proud satisfaction in thinking that the day might arrive when he would become the richest man in America if not in the world.

Owing to Mr. Bayle spending his days in the city, Lord Plowden Eton resumed his post of escort to the ladies and he did so with pleasure. He was not sorry that his friends should envy his intimacy with the new American beauty. She was on good terms with him; but whether she preferred him to any one else was doubtful. Her familiarity with him resembled that of a sister for a brother. She was wont to say, "We are quite old acquaintances now;" and this was the explanation she gave for being more free and easy with him than with other young men who made no secret of their admiration for her. He had one thing in his favor. No other young Englishman pleased Mrs. Bayle so much, and Miss Bayle thought the better of Lord Plowden because he exerted himself to be agreeable to her mother, which none of her other English admirers thought of doing.

Lord Plowden was able to take the ladies to some places which are not accessible to the general public, such as the private rooms of the queen in Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. The visit to these places gave great pleasure to Mrs. Bayle and her daughter. They derived but little personal gratification from the sight of the beautiful rooms in Buckingham Palace, which are now almost as deserted as the Hall of Tara, or for the pictures therein, such as the masterpieces of Teniers and Vandyke, of Rembrandt and Cuyp; but they thoroughly enjoyed being able to boast of having seen them. In like manner, the rooms in Windsor Castle did not impress them; yet two places there gave them unfeigned satisfaction, the royal vault and the royal plate room.

A cemetery has as great a fascination for many Americans as a gallery of works of art has for other

people. The cemetery is the show-place in the principal American cities. When, then, it was proposed to take Mrs. Bayle and her daughter into the royal vaults, they readily assented and they looked forward to enjoy a great treat. Accordingly they were taken to the vault where rest the remains of Queen Charlotte and Queen Adelaide, of George the Third, George the Fourth, and William the Fourth and of several royal princes and dukes; and the spectacle greatly impressed them. It is true that all they saw was a number of coffins placed on shelves and covered with velvet; the coffin containing the remains of a king or queen being covered with crimson velvet and that containing the remains of a royal but less elevated personage being covered with purple velvet. However, though the ladies saw nothing that deserved to be called remarkable, they were not only satisfied, but they gloried in the thought that they could tell their friends they had seen something which is not visible to any but highly-favored persons.

They had a vivid enjoyment, moreover, in passing along the corridor leading to the private apartments in the castle and gazing upon the pictures representing the principal events in the personal career of the queen, such as her coronation, her marriage, the baptism and the marriage of the Prince of Wales. These pictures pleased them better than finer works of art. They had as little appreciation of the paintings of the old masters as their countrywoman Mrs. Beecher Stowe; but they were not quite so candid as she in acknowledging inability to admire high art. Their case is no rare one. Very few of the visitors to picture galleries, whether they are American or English, really appreciate what they see; the admiration which they express is purely conventional and assumed, being a reflex of what is set forth in guide-books.

There was no pretense in the admiration which Mrs. Bayle and her daughter lavished upon the contents of the royal plate room. That collection of articles in

gold and silver gratified Mrs. Bayle more than any thing she had seen in England excepting the Crown Jewels in the Tower. It raised the queen in her estimation. She had no desire to sit upon a throne; but she did envy the possessor of so many pieces of gold and silver plate; of the silver articles taken from the Spanish Armada; of the gold ornaments from Mexico; of the nautilus shell set in gold by Benvenuto Cellini; of Tippoo Saib's footstool, being a tiger's head in gold; of the first gold nugget found in Australia; of the golden tankards out of which the early English kings drank mead or ale. She gloated over the spectacle of these rare and precious articles; her admiration was increased to the verge of enthusiasm when she was told that they were valued at several millions sterling.

She remarked to her daughter, "What a pity it is that your father is not here, Almy! He would have liked this quite as well as going to the city."

"Yes, mother, this is quite a sight. When you see the Johnsons you must tell them all about it. They have never seen it, though they have often been in England and bragged about what they saw. How mad they will be when you tell them that you saw all Queen Victoria's gold and silver plate!"

The first Sunday Miss Bayle spent in London was one which she long remembered. She had a strong wish to attend service in Westminster Abbey and Lord Plowden Eton, who knew the dean, was able to procure seats for the ladies in a private pew. They had never heard the service of the Church of England till crossing the Atlantic, and they had never heard it to so great advantage as in the old abbey. Mrs. Bayle sat tranquilly through the service; she neither understood nor appreciated it. But her daughter took a deep interest in it, though she might not have left the abbey in a satisfied and devout frame of mind if the sermon had not been as striking as the service. The preacher that day was her countryman, the Rev. Dr.

Phillips Brooks, who was on a visit to England, and whose sermons are as much appreciated in the capital of England as they are in the capital of Massachusetts. Even the rapidity of utterance which mars the effect of his discourses in the opinion of some English listeners, did not seem a drawback to Miss Bayle who followed him with unalloyed delight.

Curiosity led her to seek for admission to hear the proceedings in Parliament. Here again Lord Plowden was able to gratify her wishes. She first visited the House of Lords and both her mother and she found their respect for English noblemen descend to a low point when they saw a few venerable gentlemen representing the hereditary legislators of the united kingdom. If these peers had only made themselves heard in the gallery, both ladies might have thought the better of them ; but only a sentence of their speeches was audible at intervals and the ladies left the gilded chamber without any desire to revisit it. Miss Bayle told Lord Plowden that the Upper House must have changed since Lord Beaconsfield wrote about it. To this Lord Plowden could make no other reply than that he had not read the books referred to.

"What ! you call yourself a Conservative and you have not read Lord Beaconsfield's novels ! Well, I never ! I was surprised to find that though you were fond of yachting you knew nothing of William Black's novels ; but this is almost worse. What is it that you know ?"

"I am very sorry," was Lord Plowden's apology, "but I have often told you I have scarcely any time for reading. However, you should not harp on my ignorance of Mr. Black's novels, as I have read them now and like them immensely, and I promise to read Lord Beaconsfield's too. My father has a presentation copy of them from the author. Which shall I read first ?"

"Why ! if you want to know about your House of Lords read 'The Young Duke,' and if you want his

opinions about your country and House of Commons read 'Sybil,' who, I may tell you, is a charming character. I should so like to have known her."

This conversation took place in the sitting-room of the Bayles at the Hotel Métropole. Books were scattered over a side-table there. Going to it Miss Bayle selected "The Young Duke" from the heap, brought it to Lord Plowden and said, "Read that, and tell me if what we heard in the House of Lords last night was half as good." He read the passage which occurs at the beginning of the sixth chapter of the first volume, and is as follows: "We laugh at a debate, especially in the Upper House; but on the whole, the affair is imposing, particularly if we take part in it. Lord Ex-Chamberlain thought the nation going on wrong; and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and in himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character, when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives, because his auditors could not understand his acts. Then there was a maiden speech, so inaudible, that it was doubted whether, after all, the young orator really did lose his virginity. In the end, up started the premier, who having nothing to say, was manly, and candid, and liberal; gave credit to his adversaries, and took credit to himself, and then the motion was withdrawn."

"Now, Lord Plowden," Miss Bayle asked, "was last night's debate in the House of Lords any thing like so entertaining as this account?"

"I can not say that it was," he replied; "but, then,

you must remember the account in this book is a sketch of what might have happened. Besides, my father has often told me the House of Lords is very different from what it was when he first knew it, and that the most interesting speeches are now delivered in the House of Commons. Every body in the House of Lords says that the result of a division depends upon the Marquis of Salisbury, and that the speeches are not made to convince any one. But I do not know much of these things. Till yesterday I had only been once in the House of Lords, and that was when the queen opened Parliament. You may like the House of Commons better. I am promised orders for the ladies' gallery to-morrow."

The orders for the ladies gallery reached Mrs. Bayle the following morning and she and her daughter used them. They both thought it strange to be cooped up in a gloomy place where they could see and hear well, but could not be seen. They did not understand why the members of the House of Commons should be afraid of ladies being visible to themselves. They felt, however, that the proceedings of the Lower House were far more interesting than those of the Upper and they soon learned that the members of the House of Commons did not conduct the affairs of the nation in a sort of dumb show.

It so happened that Lord Randolph Churchill was the principal speaker the first time they were listeners to a debate in the Lower House. Miss Bayle regarded him with special interest. She had heard much about him and she knew or assumed that his American wife had the credit of stirring him up to display his great natural abilities. She had met Lady Randolph at the Duke of Windsor's and she felt a justifiable pride in thinking that a fellow-countrywoman had acquired so much influence over the course of English politics. She felt as much envy as admiration and she longed for the opportunity to play the same part. Lord Plowden was soon made conscious of this. He was

questioned by her as to the principles and purposes of English politicians and he soon regretted that Miss Bayle had ever taken an interest in such matters.

His own views were hazy. His opinion was that a politician's convictions could be ascertained when one knew the club of which he was a member. How political principles were formed was an impenetrable mystery to him. He was a Conservative because his father was one; but, when asked to explain the difference between the Liberals and Conservatives he found himself as much at sea as if he had started off in a yacht to navigate the channel without a pilot. He understood by a Radical a man who made himself generally disagreeable. He believed, moreover, that Conservatives were good and patriotic men, and Liberals perfect monsters of wickedness; but he could not explain, because he did not know, in what consisted the distinguishing merits of the one and demerits of the other. All he could assure Miss Bayle was that the Liberals wished to destroy the crown and constitution, and that the Conservatives desired to uphold both. Miss Bayle, like most women, had no leaning toward revolutionary acts or doctrines; consequently she began to regard English Conservatives as angels of light and Liberals as the emissaries or friends of Satan.

Miss Bayle received two letters from America, the one being from her bosom friend Sadie James, the other from her admirer Tom Bates. She answered the first in the following terms:

"DEAREST SADIE: I am almost afraid to begin a letter to you as I have so much to say that it seems as if I should never stop once I began to write. Perhaps then I shall write a shorter letter than I might have done had I not felt that I should send you too long a one. I was real glad to hear from you and to get so much Chicago gossip. I was amused with what you said about Tom Bates. He seems quite mad to think that I am having such a good time in

Europe. He has written to me but I have not yet made up my mind to send a reply.

"I like London, there is always plenty to see and do here. Mother and I go somewhere every night; father has given up accompanying us as he has made friends with many city people who always want him to dine with them and talk business. Some Americans here gave him a dinner at which mother and I were present. It was real fun and some of the speeches were quite interesting. I used to think that Englishmen could not speak as well as Americans, but at the dinner three Englishmen, Mr. Atlas, Mr. La Salle, and Baron Parkhirst spoke beautifully; mother thought so too and you know she is not given to praise the English.

"I have attended the British Parliament several times. They make a great fuss here about admitting strangers but I got in the day after I said I wished to do so. The House of Lords is a sleepy place, but the House of Commons was lively enough. They often have what they call 'scenes' there. I saw one between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill. You know that Lord Randolph married one of the Miss Jeromes and since his marriage he has become a prominent politician here. On the whole I found the House of Commons and British politics much more amusing than I thought they could be.

"I have had plenty of balls and dinner parties and I like the dinners the best in one way. I am generally taken in to dinner by some elderly gentleman who has either visited America or knows something about it and I have a good time. At the balls I dance with young men who either seem afraid to speak at all or who pay me foolish compliments and say things about America which I could not believe if I had not heard them. They seem to think that Chicago is a shanty city in the backwoods, and that Lake Michigan is like one of the pools they call lakes in this country. When I tell them that Chicago—which they call 'Shycaigo'—is

no more in the backwoods than London, and that England could be put into Lake Michigan they stare and say that I can not be in earnest. When I first met Lord Plowden Eton I thought him very ignorant, but since I have met others of his younger countrymen I think he knows far more than I gave him credit for. He is the pleasantest Englishman I have yet seen, he is so good-natured as well as handsome and is always on hand and ready to do any thing for mother and me.

"We shall soon leave London to visit a place in the country called Druid's Mount which belongs to the Duke of Windsor. The Prince of Wales and his eldest son are to be there too. Whenever I mention to any one that I am going to pay this visit I am told how fortunate I am, and both ladies and gentlemen seem to envy me. You can not conceive how these English people worship the Prince of Wales. They appear to think that being in his company is as good as being in heaven."

The letter of Tom Bates may be summarized. He began it with remarks about the reports in the papers concerning the Bayle family in Europe, he added the insinuation that the flattery Miss Bayle had received was turning Miss Bayle's head. Mr. Bates protested against caring for praise and admiration from "played out Europeans" and avowed that he could not breathe except in the free air of America, and especially in the Western variety of that air.

He went on to give Miss Bayle the chance of having this happiness again, combined with another form of it, in other words he asked her to become his wife and settle permanently in the West. He said that he had been appointed manager of a branch at Denver of the dry goods store in which he had been clerk for several years and that his salary would now be five thousand dollars. He concluded rather foolishly by assuming that Miss Bayle would accept his offer and that they would be married soon after her return from Europe.

Having read the letter, Miss Bayle felt in doubt

whether to answer it or to give no sign of having received it. Her feelings for Tom Bates had undergone several changes. At the outset of their acquaintance, she had liked him beyond any one she had met and her friends regarded her as in love with him. If her parents had formally objected to her marrying him she would probably have done so, and the union would have been considered a love-match. But, having her own way, she was slow in making up her mind. The pair saw too much of each other to be always harmonious. Though not engaged they quarreled about trifles, and it was because they were not engaged that their reconciliations were not made easily or with good grace. The love was one-sided.

Miss Bayle did not reciprocate the feelings of Tom Bates and his suspicion of this made him frantically jealous and absurdly exacting. He was angry when he heard of her trip to Europe. She was delighted at the prospect and could not understand why he should express so great an aversion to her going away. He took her departure so much to heart as to excite her compassion and make her regard him with kinder feelings than she had ever done. He was so much in love as to be wanting in tact ; his jealousy of possible rivals in Europe made him morbidly suspicious. He wished her to promise that she would not even speak to any young man during her absence. She resented his distrust of her and she used language which irritated him. The result was that they quarreled more seriously than they had ever done, and she was not sorry to part from him.

He cursed his folly when it was too late to make amends in person and he put off doing so in writing till he was ashamed to refer to the matter at all.

When Tom Bates read in the newspapers the paragraphs in which Miss Bayle was represented as the new beauty from the West who was leading captive all hearts in London, he felt convinced that he had been perfectly right in calling upon her to agree to a

self-denying ordinance during her stay in Europe. More than once she looked backward with regret upon the days when Tom Bates was her devoted admirer and, if he had written a letter expressing regret for having vexed her, she might have written such a letter as would have rendered him a happy man. But the tone of his letter asking her to marry him was far too imperious to soften her heart. Yet she hesitated to return an emphatic "no" and she doubted whether she ought to allow his proposal to remain unanswered. She resolved to hand the letter to her mother and, for once in her life since a child, to abide by her mother's decision.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### EXIT TOM BATES. ENTER A WELSH BARD.

"MOTHER," Miss Bayle said, "I have received a letter from Tom Bates asking me to marry him. Shall I accept him or not?"

Mrs. Bayle was too much astonished at the statement and request to be able to reply at once. After a short pause she merely said, "Is that so, Almy?" and then to gain time she continued, "Does he give any Chicago news?"

Her daughter thought the best reply she could make was to hand the letter to her mother, saying, "Here is the letter; read it and then tell me what you think."

Mrs. Bayle took the letter and said, "It is late, Almy. I wish to retire;"—In plain English she wished to go to bed—"I will read it and tell you what I think in the morning."

"Well, mother," replied Miss Bayle, "I guess the letter can keep. I am in no hurry about answering it and that is why I wished for your advice."

The mother and daughter met in the morning and resumed their conversation. Before they did so Mrs. Bayle had talked the matter over with her husband and they both felt that the crisis which they long dreaded had arrived. They were shrewd, sensible parents; they wished their daughter to be happy; but they were as averse as before to her marrying Tom Bates. Still, if marriage with him would insure her happiness they would give their consent. Their desire was that she should reject him without knowing or feeling that it was a sacrifice on her part to their wishes. Mr. Bayle was a man of great readiness, re-

source and nerve when speculating in stocks, shares or produce; but, where his daughter's welfare was at stake he felt himself at a loss how to act. He would do any thing to please her. He desired, however, before arriving at a decision, to learn what was the state of her feelings.

"Judy," said Mr. Bayle, "you understand these things better than I do; is Alma in love with Mr. Bates?"

"I wish I knew for certain, Mr. Bayle; I don't think she is, because if she were I guess she'd not have asked my advice, but would have told me she had consented to become his wife."

"That's so, my dear. It's quite probable that nothing is settled, and we'd better not say any thing that might make her desperate."

"They seem to manage these things quite different in Europe. Did I ever tell you what the Countess de Flaubard and the Duchess of Windsor said to me about Almy?"

"No. At least I don't remember your doing so. What did they say?"

"When I met the countess in Paris she told me Almy would make an excellent wife for her son, Count Louis, and she hoped I would not object to this or to Almy becoming a Roman Catholic. I told her that we did not arrange marriages in that style in America and that the young folks must make up their minds in the first place. This surprised her and she said the custom was quite different in France, and that she would speak to you on the subject when you came to Europe. The Duchess of Windsor has also said that her nephew Count Louis, would be an excellent husband for Almy; but I told her I could not discuss this, and that if she wished to do so she must do it with Almy herself."

"Does Alma like this young count?"

"Like him! She seems to think him a greater fool than any of the young Englishmen she is always laughing at."

"Then we need not trouble any more about him."

"That's not so certain. You know we have accepted an invitation to Druid's Mount, and I heard from the duchess yesterday that her sister the countess is to be one of the guests and is very anxious to make your acquaintance. I guess she means to talk about this marriage."

"She may talk as much as she pleases, but she'll find I don't take any stock in it. When you see Almy you'd better try and find out what she wishes and let her know we are ready to agree to any thing that will please her."

Mrs. Bayle followed her husband's advice which proved to be both sagacious and fitted for the emergency. "Well, Almy," was her greeting, "I've read Tom Bates's letter. He seems to count upon your marrying him. You can't back out."

"He may count as much as he likes, mother; but he has forgotten that two are required to make a bargain. I don't hanker after him as much as he supposes."

Mrs. Bayle was delighted to hear this, and she had the tact not to make her feelings too conspicuous, lest her daughter should change her mind out of that contradiction to which all young girls and some old ones are prone. So she simply replied, "You know, Almy, that your father and I are anxious you should please yourself. All the advice I can give you is to send some answer by the first mail. If you don't, Tom Bates will suppose you agree to his proposition, but hesitate to say so at once."

This had not occurred to Miss Bayle. She did not like to write a refusal and she thought that by leaving the letter unanswered she would be spared that necessity. Her mother's hint opened her eyes to a possible consequence which she had not foreseen. She thanked her mother and said, "Guess I'll send an answer right away." Taking a pen and piece of paper, she wrote a note which will not occupy too much space if given

in full: "Dear Tom, I am glad to hear you are going to Denver and that you have got such a good place. I suppose you will soon be a partner. I believe the young ladies in Denver are quite as pretty as those in Chicago, and I have no doubt you will soon meet with one who will make you a better wife than me. I have no thoughts of marriage and I do not know when I shall return to America, as father and mother talk of spending a long time in Europe. Letters sent to the address I gave you will find me whereever I am and I shall be glad to hear from you again when you are married." She handed the note to her mother who read it with a satisfaction which she did not manifest by any speech, simply remarking, "I guess that will fix him, Almy." The note was sent to the post, and Tom Bates read and survived it; but Miss Bayle never had another letter from him. On receiving her letter he pronounced her unworthy to be his wife. He consoled himself by marrying in haste with the usual result.

The London season was nearing that stage when every one who can afford to leave town feels it a grievance to remain. But so long as Parliament sits, many persons have to suffer discomfort in London instead of enjoying themselves elsewhere. Not unfrequently the end of the season is more festive than the beginning or middle; the revelers, though fewer in number, enjoy themselves with the energy of despair. Besides, the large professional class seldom gets a holiday till the middle of August, so that there are always plenty of persons to accept the invitations which are issued by those who, being compelled to remain in London, try to soften their fate by entertaining their friends and acquaintances.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayle and their daughter knew nothing of the irrational rules which govern the London season, nor had they any reason to complain of their lot. They continued to have more invitations to dinner and evening parties than they could accept and

they felt and agreed that they were having "a good time." The hot weather did not incommode them. They thought the air cool by comparison with what they had experienced in Chicago and New York.

The chief difficulty they had in forming their plans for the summer was to decide what invitations to reject. They were asked to many country seats, one of the most pressing invitations being from Baron Parkhirst, who was anxious to let them see a new scene and a new form of life at his comfortable mansion in Wales. When giving the invitation he had intimated as an inducement to accept it, that he would introduce them to some Welsh bards who were to visit him with a view of practicing for the Gorsedd which was to take place in London and at which the bards were to stand on tall stones and make a proclamation to the accompaniment of harps. Addressing Miss Bayle he remarked: "Perhaps you may not know that I, too, am a bard and the first Englishman who has achieved that proud distinction."

"You don't say, baron!" was her reply, adding, "but are you in real earnest, or indulging in what your folks call chaff, which is a thing I don't quite understand?"

"I am always in earnest, Miss Bayle, and you behold in me a genuine though humble bard with an official title which not one of my English friends has yet been able to pronounce."

"Then you must sing and also play on the harp?"

"I fear that my singing days are over and I certainly find the harp a difficult instrument; still, I hope to play my part in the ceremony, as I manage the language pretty well with the exception of the pronunciation."

"Well, I declare! that's just like me and French. Before I left Chicago I spoke French perfectly, and when I first tried it in Europe I could not make myself understood and I could not follow other people

as they spoke so fast; but I get on better now. Perhaps you want practice in your Welsh."

"But, baron," interposed Mrs. Bayle, who had listened with her usual patience, "bards are called tramps in our country and we think them of no account. I have always looked on you as a high-toned gentleman."

"Mother, you are quite wrong about these bards," said Miss Bayle rather snappishly, "a tramp is a beggar and a bard is one of the people who discovered the mistletoe in this country. The bards were like the priests in the Old Testament and very prominent men."

"I think, Miss Bayle," the baron mildly explained, "you have slightly confounded the bards and the Druids, unless you fancy as some learned persons do that they are one and the same, and I have no doubt they would both have enjoyed the form of worship under the mistletoe which is practiced nowadays."

"Don't you feel it rather cold in your bard's dress? In pictures it looks like that of our Indians, which is merely paint and a blanket. Now I think of it, you must be playing a joke on me. Where's your long white beard? A bard without one must be a fraud."

"Let me assure you there is no restriction as to clothes and that modern bards never perform in undress and also that the white beards are worn by the oldest bards only, while I am one of the youngest. However, if your father, mother and yourself come to my house in Wales, I shall be able to explain every thing there."

Here Miss Bayle appealed to her father to give his consent, saying, "I should love to go to Wales, father, and see these bards and hear them sing their beautiful Welsh songs;" to which he replied, "I am very sorry, Alma, but I can't fix it no how. I have promised the Duke of Windsor to spend a week at Druid's Mount and my physician wishes me to go abroad im-

mediately afterward. However, we may visit the baron some other time."

Mr. Bayle had been obliged to consult a London physician, who urged him to avoid excitement, and advised him to try a course of the Homburg waters which seemed to be indicated in his case. Since he had frequented the city and resumed his career of speculation some serious symptoms had recommenced, and he felt more out of sorts than he had ever done because he had grown nervous about himself. A man who, being ill, is in terror lest he should grow worse, unconsciously but surely aggravates his malady and renders its cure more difficult.

One of the entertainments which Mr. and Mrs. Bayle and her daughter attended before leaving London was the finest at which they had ever been present. It was given in their honor by Baron Parkhirst, who combined on this occasion all the gorgeousness of display in which a Hungarian magnate delights, with the warm-hearted hospitality of a true-born Englishman. Richmond was the appropriate scene of the festivity. The baron belonged to a club there which permits its members to entertain ladies as well as gentlemen. The novelty of dining at a club pleased the ladies, while the gentlemen much preferred club comforts to the factitious luxury of any hotel.

It was the pride of Baron Parkhirst to attend to detail in all things and, in giving this entertainment, he was mindful of his practice. He was determined that his guests should enjoy themselves if that could be effected by any thing in his power. He hired a steamer to convey them to Richmond, and had it decorated for the occasion. He engaged the guard's band to play sweet music during the trip. He ordered a choice luncheon to be laid out in the saloon. Every guest received a small bouquet when stepping on board. The steamer reached Richmond two hours before dinner. Open carriages were provided for the

guests to drive in the park during that interval. The dinner itself was perfect.

As the moon shone brightly when the party returned to Charing Cross pier by water, the trip back was the more enjoyable. No representative of the American press being among the guests, a detailed record of the proceedings is not to be found in print. The public learned, however, from the *World* of the following week that the entertainment had taken place ; the paragraph, though short, contained all that was necessary to say. It ran thus : "Baron Parkhirst surpassed himself last Saturday. He had a party of the leading actors, actresses, artists and men of letters to meet Miss Bayle, the American beauty of the season. Though the invitation was to dine at Richmond the entertainment began on board a special steamer which started from Charing Cross pier. It ended where it began. Dancing went on during the return journey, and the baron, though no longer in his first youth, was the envy and admiration of younger men. Miss Bayle paid him the compliment of saying, 'Baron, you dance as well as an American !' Our versatile fellow-countryman replied, 'How could I do otherwise when dancing with one so attractive.' When the party separated on returning to Charing Cross pier, Miss Bayle spoke the sentiments of others as well as her own when she told Baron Parkhirst, 'I must say that I have never had a more lovely time.'"

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### RUPERT WENTWORTH'S DESPAIR.

MR. RUPERT WENTWORTH left Monte Carlo in a frame of mind which it is easier to imagine than to depict. He had received a knock-down blow and he could not understand why. A man in love is as apt as a man about to commit a murder to omit some contingency from his calculations, and the omission often leads in the one case to the loss of his lady-love, and in the other of his life.

Mr. Wentworth was prepared for every thing save M. Pessac's objection, on the ground of his nationality, to have him for a son-in-law. Had he foreseen this he would either have tried to propitiate him before declaring love for his daughter, or else he would never have made up his mind to marry her. Formerly it appeared doubtful whether he were really in love. There could be less question of the fact now. He thought and could think of nothing else than Elsa Pessac. To his mind she appeared more charming and desirable than ever. Since finding it hopeless to obtain her hand, the one wish of his heart was to make her his wife.

He traveled from Monte Carlo to Heidelberg and took up his abode in the rooms wherein he had formerly been happier than at any other stage of his career. About twenty years had passed away since he saw Heidelberg for the first time. He was then a young American to whom Europe was a new continent. Every thing was novel and nearly every thing was interesting. Though out of health and spirits when he became a student at Heidelberg, he soon recovered

both and also found delight in a life of study. He met with congenial companions. He was fortunate also in having an ideal to aim at, and a belief in his power of attaining it. America was to hail in his person a philosopher who would be the equal of any one of whom the Old World boasted.

Now, however, this ideal had ceased to attract, and his capacity for attaining it appeared to have gone. He was mentally and physically prostrated. The world had become hateful, because he looked upon it with changed eyes. A retrospect of the past neither soothed nor satisfied him : on the contrary, it recalled opportunities neglected and departed. Worst of all, the future appeared devoid of light or hope.

He tried to resume the course of study which had formerly absorbed his attention and made him forget his cares and sorrows, but the old books had no longer their old charm. Macaulay, in his *Essay on Bacon*, has expanded into a very pretty paragraph the notion that books are the friends of which one never wearies, that they are the "old friends who are never seen with new faces, who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in obscurity ;" but the frame of mind with which a book is read is the condition to be taken into account when the value or influence of a book is estimated. There was no change in the books to which Mr. Wentworth turned for relief and refreshment, but they appeared to him quite different and unsatisfying. He laid them down with a sigh. Had he been unaltered, he would have pored over them with the assiduity and interest of by-gone days.

Even external nature had lost much of its power to please him. He retrod his favorite walk, called the Philosopher's Road, without seeing any thing to admire. He walked to the Angels' Meadow and returned to his rooms dissatisfied. He went to the castle and gazed upon the valley of the Neckar without being impressed with the beauty of the prospect. He arrived at the conclusion that Heidelberg was ruined by

the alterations which had been made since he saw it for the first time.

He had a plausible reason for arriving at the conclusion. The ancient university town has become a place where factories for the production of cement, soap and liquors are in operation all the year and where sight-seers abound in the summer. A procession of tourists moves every summer's day between the railway station and the castle; the tourist allows himself an hour or two to see the place and departs satisfied with a rapid scamper up to the castle and back to the train. For those who make a longer stay the hotel accommodation is very large, the most beautiful sites having been desecrated by hotels. Yet these changes and others do not really affect the student-life of the town, nor do they give offense to those who are ignorant of the good old times.

It was Mr. Wentworth's craze, in his morbid frame of mind, to regard what displeased him as a personal injury. The truth is he had wasted his life. He had no one to consider but himself. Whatever suited him he did, and he left undone what was not to his liking. For the first time he had received a serious and unforeseen rebuff. He was unhinged by this and he was the more affected because the obstacle to his union with Mlle. Elsa had made him love her more cordially than he did when his course seemed to him an easy one, and when he fancied that he had but to say the word in order to bring her to his feet. His one chance was to go away from all old associations and to seek in entire change of scene and occupation a relief from the passion which consumed him. But lovers, like moths, are fond of hovering round the fatal flame.

Not long after he reached Heidelberg and when worrying himself about what he should do next, he found at the post-office a note from Lord Plowden Eton. The latter did not know where Mr. Wentworth was, and he had sent his note to his London bankers, by whom it was forwarded to the Heidelberg post-

office. Lord Plowden was not a Horace Walpole; he never wrote a letter if he could avoid doing so, and when he did write, he said not a word more than was absolutely necessary. This is no drawback in a letter-writer and it has the advantage of allowing his epistles to be given in full. Before copying what Lord Plowden wrote it is right to premise that he was wholly ignorant of Mr. Wentworth's love-making and of what he had done since parting from him at Monte Carlo :— "Dear Wentworth, I hope you have not forgotten me and I can assure you I should greatly like to see you again. When we meet you shall have all my news. I am anxious that we should meet very soon at Homburg, where I am going to keep the Bayles company. The prince will be there, too, and I think we shall have what your fair countrywoman calls 'a good time.' I am not sure whether you Bostonians approve of the phrase, but if you do not, pray forgive me for using it. We shall be at the Victoria. Try and be there about the end of August."

Mr. Wentworth's first thought after reading these few lines was to write saying that he could not possibly visit Homburg. His second thought was that M. Pessac and his daughter would have left it before the end of August, and he had a desire to meet Lord Plowden again and a slight curiosity to make the acquaintance of Mr. Bayle, of whom he had heard much as the last addition to the millionaires of the Far West. Accordingly he replied in the following concise strain : "I have been greatly occupied since I saw you. I am doubtful about being able to visit Homburg, but if I go there it will be at the end of August. I shall look you up at the Victoria."

While Mr. Wentworth was finding life burdensome at Heidelberg, M. Pessac and his daughter were staying in the *Hôtel de France* at Homburg. M. Pessac was nearly as much discomposed as Mr. Wentworth, though he had no misadventure in love to deprive him of his peace of mind. He had told his sister of Mr. Went-

worth's proposal and of his reply, and he was astonished to find that his sister entirely disapproved of his conduct. Mlle. Pessac was surprised to learn that Mr. Wentworth desired to marry her niece, having never thought that he entertained any feelings of affection for her, and having supposed that she had been the sole object of his attention, not with a view to marriage, but because her opinions on most subjects were in unison with his. Had she been a mother, she would have rejoiced to have him for a son-in-law.

"What!" was her exclamation when her brother informed her of his having told Mr. Wentworth that he would not consent to his daughter's marrying a foreigner, "do you call Mr. Wentworth a foreigner? He is quite different from the English. The Americans are French in feeling; they know that we made them independent of England. Besides, Mr. Wentworth hates the Germans and I don't think that he loves the English. I am sure he would make a capital husband for Elsa."

"Surely, my dear sister," was his reply, "you have always told me that you hated foreigners and you never approved of my getting a wife in Germany even though she was of French parentage."

"That's a different matter," was her womanly and illogical retort. "I should always object to Elsa's marrying a German; but Mr. Wentworth has lived so long in France and speaks French so well, that he seems like one of ourselves. Now you tell me this, I feel certain Elsa would gladly marry him."

"Has she told you so?" was his quick remark, a remark made under the apprehension that love-making had gone on between his daughter and Mr. Wentworth, a thing which Mr. Wentworth had solemnly assured him had never occurred.

"No, my dear brother, Elsa has never mentioned the subject to me. She knows too well that her duty is to accept the man whom you choose for her husband; but I am quite sure that, if you told her you had chosen

Mr. Wentworth, she would have been delighted. Poor little dear, I am sorry for her."

M. Pessac said no more. He was nearly as much annoyed and surprised as Mr. Wentworth when his offer to marry Elsa had been unconditionally rejected.

When Mlle. Pessac saw her niece shortly after this conversation with her brother, she rather imprudently said : " Well, little one, you will not see your American any more."

" Indeed ! " exclaimed Elsa. " Has any thing happened to him ? "

" Only this, that your father has refused to allow him to marry you and he is gone away in a state of despair."

" Marry me ! " Elsa cried, " is it possible that he wished to do so ? I always thought he liked you far better than me." And then giving way to her feelings she threw herself into her aunt's arms and said as well as she could between her sobs, " Oh ! dearest aunt, I love him, and now I shall never see him again."

Mlle. Pessac did her best to console her niece. She was highly flattered to find that her niece supposed Mr. Wentworth to have admired her ; but, as she had known what a love-sorrow was, she was all the more ready to sympathize with her niece's disappointment. She begged her not to say any thing to her father and she assured her that she would do her best to make him change his mind in the event of Mr. Wentworth's giving him the opportunity. Mlle. Pessac did not really anticipate that such an occasion would occur ; but when consolation has to be administered, hard facts must be softened or kept out of sight. When Mlle. Pessac parted with her brother and niece and went on her way to Bordeaux, her niece felt a warmer love for her aunt than she had ever done before.

At first M. Pessac neither noticed any alteration in his daughter nor fancied that she had been informed of Mr. Wentworth's proposal. Yet his daughter was greatly changed in thought and feeling. Mr.

Wentworth had become her ideal: she regarded him as Desdemona regarded Othello. Till she made his acquaintance the outer world was an unknown land to her; she knew that America was an important part of the world, but she had the idea, in which she was not singular, that American gentlemen differed from Frenchmen, not in speech only, but in their physical appearance and their manners. To make the acquaintance of one who was polite in manner, pleasant in speech and far better informed than any Frenchman with whom she had conversed was a revelation to her.

In the course of Mr. Wentworth's short acquaintance with Mlle. Elsa he had told her more that was curious and entertaining than she had learned from any one else in the whole course of her life. He had been in battles and sieges, as well as in strange countries, and a French girl has an instinctive liking for a soldier. It is true that Mr. Wentworth never boasted of his brief military career; indeed, he was not given to boasting; he had seen and read too much not to have become so critical as to be the reverse of a braggart. The merest chance caused him to inform Mlle. Elsa that he had practical acquaintance of soldiering. One day as they were seated on the terrace before their house in the *Rue du Tribunal* the army of Monaco passed along the road; the rank and file did not number more than one company of an American regiment. The men looked as well adapted for actual fighting as any mimic army on the stage. The uniforms were beautiful, far too beautiful to be soiled in battle.

"How I love soldiers!" exclaimed Mlle. Elsa.

"You are quite right, my darling," was the response of her aunt, who had been attracted to the spot by the sound of martial music. "What do you think, M. Wentworth?" she remarked, and then she added, "I believe you have no army in America."

"Mademoiselle," he replied, "our army may be small; but it is a good deal larger than this one. I fear you have been as misinformed about our army as you

were about our railroads and our bread. Perhaps you remember telling me you had heard at Bordeaux that railroads were almost unknown in America and white bread was never seen there. During the war our army was large enough; when I joined it there were a million of men under arms."

"You have been a soldier, then, M. Wentworth!" she exclaimed, thinking the better of him on that account.

In answer to further questions he told her how he had gone to fight for the unity of his country, making very light of what he had done. Both the ladies felt confident that he had been a greater hero than he would allow. Once or twice Mlle. Elsa recurred to the subject and learned from him the meaning of the great war in which he had played a small part. All this knowledge was used by her to elevate Mr. Wentworth into a sort of demi-god. If her own consent had sufficed and if she had been given the opportunity, Mlle. Elsa would soon have become Mr. Wentworth's wife.

Mlle. Elsa had long looked forward to revisiting Homburg and she was anxious to see her grandfather again, having preserved a very pleasant memory of him from the days of her childhood. But her spirits did not rise as Homburg was reached and her anticipations were about to be fulfilled. She could think of nothing but Mr. Wentworth; her father noticed that she had become gradually more pensive and did his best to cheer her. He fancied that the thought of her mother might recur to her with increased force, as it had done to him; but the topic being a painful one, he forbore talking to her about it.

Herr Cosse, his father-in-law, gave him a hearty welcome at the Homburg railway station and appeared delighted to embrace his granddaughter.

"What a charming little girl you have brought back to me, and how like her mother!" was his first remark to his son-in-law. He went on to say how glad he was

they had come, that his health was breaking fast, and that he had left Friedrichsdorf for the present and occupied rooms at the *Hôtel de France* in order to take a course of mineral waters. M. Pessac found accommodation in the same hotel, and thus he had ample opportunities for conversing with his father-in-law. He thought it his duty to tell him about the proposal of Mr. Wentworth. "What does Elsa say?" was the question put by Herr Cosse.

"I have not mentioned it to her; but I am inclined to think from her manner since leaving Monaco that she suspects something. She does not look well, poor thing, and she is not nearly so lively as she used to be."

"I think you had better take her to a doctor here; the waters may do her good. I thought her looking very pale and weak when I saw her at the railway station; but I supposed this might be owing to the fatigue of the journey. Leave the other matter to me. I will try to find out what her feelings are with regard to this American."

The doctor pronounced Mlle. Elsa to be wanting in "tone," a very safe statement, as the same thing may be said of most girls of her age. He said, however, that she would soon get perfectly strong if she drank two glasses of the Luisen Brunnen every morning and one glass of the Ludwig every afternoon. She followed this treatment without regaining her appetite or her spirits. Mineral waters will remove some real and many imaginary maladies; but they have never yet cured or alleviated love-sickness. Her father watched her with anxiety and a secret dread lest she should pine away as her mother did. Her grandfather questioned her as to the state of her heart and he spoke in so sympathetic a strain that she responded by making a frank disclosure of her feelings and desires.

Herr Cosse thus learned that his granddaughter was deeply in love with Mr. Wentworth. He wished to know what sort of a man Mr. Wentworth was and

he told M. Pessac that he should be pleased if he could be persuaded to visit Homburg. M. Pessac felt a delicacy in preferring such a request to Mr. Wentworth, and it was not till his sister had written to him saying that his brother near Bordeaux thought a match between his daughter and Mr. Wentworth would be an excellent one, that he did what his father-in-law suggested. In France, more than in any other country, a man marries a family when he takes a wife, and, when a marriage is in contemplation, the members of the young lady's family circle consider they have a right to make their wishes respected. When M. Pessac found that his brother and sister disapproved of his rejection of Mr. Wentworth's suit, and that his father-in-law agreed with them, he felt that he was in the wrong and he resolved to make all the amends in his power. The letter he wrote was a short one and to the effect that he hoped Mr. Wentworth could make it convenient to visit Homburg before he left it, that he was anxious to introduce him to his daughter's grandfather who greatly admired Americans and was longing to make his acquaintance. The last phrase was pure fiction, resembling many phrases in complimentary notes. He concluded by saying that he was specially anxious to renew his last conversation with Mr. Wentworth in order to correct some misunderstanding which might then have occurred. The meaning of M. Pessac's note could not be obscure to one far less acute than Mr. Wentworth. Though forwarded to the address which he had given M. Pessac in case of the latter requiring to write about his son, this note did not reach Mr. Wentworth till its contents had ceased to have any immediate interest for him.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### AT DRUID'S MOUNT.

THE Bayle family resolved to visit a few places of interest on their way to Druid's Mount. It is not necessary to follow them in their wanderings and to describe their adventures; the places they visited are well known and of adventures they had none more exciting than missing the train on one occasion through trusting to a time-table which was out of date. They first went to the Isle of Wight; thence to Torquay, Dartmouth and Falmouth, and from Falmouth they journeyed without stopping to Druid's Mount.

Though Lord Plowden Eton did not accompany them yet he was not forgotten, as Mrs. Bayle and her daughter repeatedly exclaimed, "If Lord Plowden were here he would soon fix it," and then they fully recognized how serviceable he had been to them. Mr. Bayle was soon wearied and out of humor. He found nothing to interest him. Besides, his health did not improve. The energy with which he had entered upon a speculative career in the city was now followed by lassitude and a persistent feeling that something was seriously wrong with him. He was peevish and irritable by day and restless all the night. His wife grew very uneasy about him and was anxious that he should go as soon as possible and drink the Homburg waters which a London physician had recommended.

Two days after they arrived at Druid's Mount, Miss Bayle wrote to Sadie James and gave the following account of her parents and herself: "We are in the strangest place you ever thought of. It is very old

and people come to see it on that account. It is called Druid's Mount because, I suppose, the Druids once lived here. The house is on the top of a hill and seems like what the castle at Nice must have been in olden times ; this hill is separated from the mainland when the tide is full, that is for eight hours out of the twenty-four. The house has been recently added to and no two rooms are alike in any way. Father does not like it at all. He says if he had the place he would build a bridge so as to enable one to go backward and forward at any time and he would get rid of the ruins and put a comfortable modern house in its place. The English people have no notion of pulling down an old building. They seem, on the contrary, to like it all the better when it is very rickety and uncomfortable.

"I was sorry to leave London as I got to like it better every day. We were out somewhere every night ; but I was told that a few days after we left there would be absolutely nothing going on. The finest of all the entertainments was given by Baron Parkhirst who is nearly as good-looking as Lord Plowden and seems to know every thing and every body and has a great admiration for America and, I must say, is most attentive to me. To prevent any mistake I may tell you he is married and has a large family. We went to Richmond in a steamer and dined at a club there of which the baron is a member. We had lunch going and a dance as we came back ; the baron danced divinely. He knows all the Hungarian as well as the English dances and I was told that he is a splendid dancer of the 'Highland Fling' ; I asked him to show me what it was like, but he said that he made a point of dressing for every part and that he never danced the 'Highland Fling' unless he had a Scotch dress on. I have seen some Highland soldiers and they seem in full uniform to have forgotten to put on some of their clothes.

"I told you, I think, that I was disappointed not to

have met Mr. William Black at Brighton. I told the baron of this and he at once asked me if there were any other celebrities I should like to meet. I said there were heaps, and when he asked me to specify some I named Mr. James Payn and Mr. Irving. Both were at the entertainment and I had plenty of talk with them. I have often seen Mr. Irving on the stage, but I liked him even better in private. He is bright and lively as is Mr. Payn, who kept telling me stories that made me laugh till I cried and were quite good enough to put in print and I was sorry there was no reporter to take them down. The English do not care for having reporters present on all occasions ; they seem to think it right to keep all the good things to themselves. When we went for a picnic, didn't we jump for joy when a notice of it appeared in the paper next day ? The English say they don't like that sort of thing.

" Before coming here we went to the Isle of Wight, which is real pretty and then we went to Torquay, Dartmouth and Falmouth. The country in all these parts is very beautiful. I never saw such fine flowers ; every little cottage has a garden filled with them. Our Western people don't care for flowers as much as the English, nor are our flowers on such a large scale. I have seen fuchsias quite six feet high and some of the cottages are covered with geraniums. They say it is very mild here even in winter, and that roses and mignonnette bloom in the open air all the year round. I am called away to go for a drive with the Prince of Wales, so I must reserve other news till I can write again."

The Bayle family preserved their equanimity during the visit of the Prince of Wales and his eldest son. Indeed, they were quite insensible of being honored in an exceptional way. Even the duke and duchess felt greatly elated at having two members of the royal family under the roof of Druid's Mount. The duke's father had entertained the queen and Prince Albert there, but with that exception no royal personage had

been an inmate of it since it afforded a temporary asylum to Charles II. Nearly all the other guests were proud of being in the same house as the Prince of Wales and his eldest son, with the exception of the Countess de Flaubard, who had no curiosity to see the prince, being in the habit of doing so whenever he visited Paris ; but she was most anxious to meet and make a favorable impression upon Mr. Bayle. Both she and her husband had agreed that Miss Bayle must become the wife of their son Count Louis.

The prince was desirous that his son should see some of the wonders of the western coast of England ; they had previously visited what was most worthy of notice along the southern coast. A series of excursions had been planned ; the first was to the Land's End and the party was on the point of setting off when Miss Bayle, being summoned from her writing desk, abruptly ended the letter to her friend Sadie James.

It was the prince's desire that his visit should be treated as strictly private, and that he should be allowed to go about with as great freedom as on his own estate of Sandringham. In compliance with his wish nothing was said of his visit beforehand, and he had been at Druid's Mount half the time he intended to stay before it became generally known in the neighborhood that he was there. The excursions were made without any formality. All that the curious public saw were three private carriages being driven along the road and this sight was too commonplace to attract notice. The Prince of Wales, the duke and duchess and Miss Bayle occupied the first carriage ; Prince Albert Victor, or as some prefer to style him, Prince Edward, the Countess de Flaubard, Mr. and Mrs. Bayle occupied the second, while the third contained those who are expected to attend great personages when they take walks or drives.

As the day appointed for an excursion to the Land's End proved lovely the drive thither and back was

most enjoyable. The scene is one which can never be forgotten if beheld when the weather is at its best; it is one also which can not adequately be described by the most cunning artists in words. Such a combination of wild scenery and luxuriant vegetation is not to be found elsewhere. The trees are stunted, chiefly owing to creeping plants and lichens covering their trunks and branches and, so to speak, stifling their growth. Where hedgerows should be seen, are long slabs of stone or mounds of earth; it is only after careful investigation that the mass is perceived to have stone or earth for a nucleus, so thickly is the stone clad with verdure and the earth covered with plants and flowers. Vast stretches of barren looking land extend on either hand, yet this dreary moorland is brightened at intervals with patches of *Erica vagans*, a purple heath which will not grow where the air is keen, which is to Cornwall what the heather is to Scotland and which is to be found in great luxuriance and beauty on the shores of Western England and those of the Mediterranean.

When the sun shines brightly the scene is enchanting; but a more desolate and dispiriting one when the mist-laden air is swept along before the Atlantic blasts, can not be imagined. Even the grandeur of the granite-bound coast is then lost to the spectator, a still and clear day being required to distinguish the outlines of the massive rocks which buttress the isle. The fine weather enabled the party to enjoy a glimpse of Scilly on the distant horizon. It is but seldom that the outline of the islands which form the Scilly archipelago can be clearly discerned; but, when visible, it is quite as striking a spectacle as the outline of the Alps when seen from Berne or of the Pyrenees when seen from Pau.

Miss Bayle was familiar with the lines of Lord Tennyson describing the fabled battle fought by King Arthur on that "sweet land of Lyonesse" which is now supposed to lie beneath the sea. She was able to

quote some of the poet's lines and the enthusiasm with which she gazed upon the spectable before her was deep and unfeigned. The prince had met and admired many charming Americans ; but Miss Bayle was the first who displayed perfect acquaintance with the poet laureate's writings. Perhaps it was as well that she was not too rigorously examined. The passage about King Arthur was one in the reading-book she used at school, which she had been obliged to get by heart. The *Morte D'Arthur* contains upward of three hundred lines ; Miss Bayle could repeat the first twelve only.

Next day the party visited the Botallack Mine, which is a still more curious spectacle than the Land's End. Moreover, the view at Cape Cornwall, which is not far from the mine, is one of the most impressive on the coast. The prince had visited the mine in 1865 in company with his wife, so that the sight had no novelty for him. Mr. Bayle had seen and gone down several mines in Colorado ; but he had never even thought it possible that mining could be carried on beneath the sea.

The prince and his son, Miss Bayle, her father and Lord Plowden Eton formed the party which explored the mine ; the others preferred to await their return. As regarded sight-seeing the party which went below had no great advantage over that which remained above ; but the more venturesome persons had the strange sensation of moving along a level which ran half a mile under the sea, and of hearing a dull booming sound overhead as the waves rolled huge stones backward and forward or dashed them against each other. Miss Bayle's opinion after she returned to the upper air and took off the coarse garment she had put on before going down was as follows : "Well ; I'm right glad it's over. When I went behind the Falls of Niagara I vowed I would never do any thing so foolish again ; besides, I was nearly deaf for a week afterward. Now I don't mean to go down another

mine. It makes one feel like being present at one's own funeral."

There was no drawback, however, to the enjoyment of the following day which was spent in visiting St. Ives. The sky was cloudless; the sea a vast expanse of opalescent water unruffled by a breath of air. "Surely," exclaimed the prince, "Mr. Brett must have had a scene like this in his eye when he painted 'Britannia's Realm.' I never saw any thing more beautiful." None of the Bayles had heard of Mr. Brett's great picture, yet they could not look upon the scene before them without delight. Each expressed in characteristic phrase the impression which had been made. Mrs. Bayle said, "Ain't that real pretty now?" Mr. Bayle said, "I never before saw water look like that," while Miss Bayle exclaimed, "Prince! you certainly have some wonderful sights in your country. I never saw any thing which recalled more vividly some of my dreams of heaven when I was a little girl." Happily the party was not disenchanted by walking through the narrow and foul streets of the lower part of St. Ives. Luncheon was taken at the Tregenna Hotel and, after taking a walk through the grounds and along the upper part of the town, the party drove back to Druid's Mount.

The guests were so highly favored with respect to the weather that the third day was as fine as the other two, and this was fortunate, because that day had been set apart by the duke for an excursion to Scilly. In order that the trip might be made in comfort, he had hired the same mail steamer *The Queen of the Bay* which plies between Penzance and Scilly on stated days. As the crossing takes about five hours it was arranged that the party should start early and take breakfast on board. Up to the last moment Mrs. Bayle hesitated about going. She was afraid of the sea. Both the duchess and Countess de Flaubard were indifferent sailors also and they, too, would have gladly welcomed an excuse for staying behind. The

three ladies would have been pleased if it had rained in torrents and if the wind had been blowing a gale. As it was, however, they were reconciled to their fate. The loveliness of the weather averted their fears about being uncomfortable. The sea was like a mirror ; the sky was without a cloud ; there was not enough wind to rustle the leaves on the trees.

All went well for a time. So long as the steamer was pursuing its course through the placid waters of Mount's Bay the motion was too slight to be discernible by the most sensitive and the whole party met at breakfast in the steamer's small saloon. Each congratulated the other on the fineness of the day and the smoothness of the sea. The old seaman who commanded the steamer said that such a day was seen once a year only.

The view of the coast was itself worth the trip. Sheltered nooks among the high cliffs, which seemed to have been formed to be the abode of peace and contentment, were exquisitely beautiful with their patches of silver sand running down to the water and the dark green vegetation in the background. At the Land's End the real grandeur of the scene could be appreciated in a way which is quite impossible when it is gazed upon from the shore. Not only does one see from the deck of a vessel those granite cliffs which form the western bulwark of the island, but the view of them is far more imposing than any which can be had elsewhere. On the right, the reef upon which the Longship's Light-house stands is a spectacle only surpassed by that of the still more exposed rock upon which the Wolf Light-house serves as a beacon and a warning to the mariner.

Yet the view did not absorb all the passengers on board *The Queen of the Bay*. Smooth as was the surface of the sea, there was more motion when the Land's End was passed than some of the lady passengers expected or enjoyed. To all appearance the water was oil. The ripple formed by the motion of

the steamer died away almost as soon as it was formed. Beneath the surface, however, there was an amount of motion due either to the current running along, or to the ground-swell which had succeeded a storm, causing the mass of water to undulate in reality as a Western prairie does in appearance, and making the steamer roll on an apparently tranquil sea as greatly as it might have done when the wind was blowing strongly and the waves ran high.

The Duchess of Windsor, the Countess de Flaubard, Mrs. Bayle and others soon retired to the seclusion of the cabin, where they bitterly regretted having set their feet on the steamer and repented their further folly of breakfasting after so doing. Mr. Bayle and Lord Plowden Eton felt perfectly comfortable; they sat on the bridge, where they talked and smoked. The prince, being a thoroughly seasoned sailor, was in his element, keeping up a continuous conversation with Miss Bayle, who thoroughly enjoyed herself. His son and the duke sat near the bow; the duke thought much, but said little, and he often asked Prince Albert Victor whether land was in sight.

"What is that?" said Miss Bayle to the prince, "surely you do not have black rocks in the middle of St. George's Channel. Besides, the rock seems to move."

"You are quite right, Miss Bayle, as to the motion," was the reply. After looking through his glass the prince added, "That is a shark, not a rock, and it is an immensely large one. I have heard that they are often found here in pursuit of the shoals of fish which run into Mount's Bay."

"You don't say!" was Miss Bayle's hurried rejoinder; she added, "I must go and tell mother; she has often said she would like to see a shark." Miss Bayle hastened to her mother and urged her to come on deck in order to see the huge fish. "Leave me alone, Almy," was her mother's reply; she added, "I don't care for sharks or any thing else. I wish I were

at the bottom of the sea. This is far worse than the Atlantic." Though ready to console her mother, Miss Bayle's curiosity was too much aroused to allow of her remaining below; so she rushed on deck just in time to see the shark roll round and disappear.

Nothing else was seen to attract attention, if the Wolf and the Longships light-houses be excepted: both appearing as monuments amid the deep. That the swell was greater than would have been inferred from the glassy or rather oily surface of the water was evident to any one who noticed the broad fringe of foam at the base of the Wolf Rock. Then the many isles of Scilly stood out about the water; the ground-swell ceased as the steamer entered the passage between them, and then it moved forward without rolling from side to side. The ladies who had wished themselves at the bottom of the sea a short time ago now came on deck and felt glad that dry land was so near.

As the steamer entered the channel leading to St. Mary, the largest island in the archipelago of Scilly, Miss Bayle called out, "There's another shark right ahead." They all gazed upon a dark object which seemed like the back of a huge monster projecting from the water. The captain being appealed to pronounced it the Hog's Back, a sunken rock upon which many a vessel has struck and which is an obstacle to the safe and easy navigation of the channel. Not long afterward the steamer was moored alongside the wharf at Hugh Town, the capital of Scilly.

The duke told the members of the party that they had four hours for refreshment and sight-seeing, that they would first proceed to Hugh Town hotel to take luncheon, then they would see something of the island, next cross to Tresco in order to visit the famous gardens, abbey and ruins there, belonging to the Lord of the Isles, and start back early in the evening.

The Star Fort was the first object they visited; it dates from the reign of Elizabeth and was much

enlarged in that of George the Third ; but it has long ceased to be garrisoned. Indeed, the principal hotel now was the officers' quarters in former days. Not far off is a tower which is used as a signal station and from which a fine view is to be had of the archipelago.

A remark having been made by one of the party that shipwrecks are frequent occurrences, another added that nothing so dreadful had happened since Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel's flagship was wrecked and all hands drowned as the loss of the *Schiller*, an American liner. Mr. Bayle had a friend on board the ill-fated ship and no tidings of him were ever heard by his family. Many of the other passengers were Chicago citizens bound for Europe in order to spend the summer there. As both Mr. Bayle and his daughter expressed a desire to see the church-yard in which the bodies were buried, the prince said he would be glad to go ; accordingly, they proceeded to the spot where hundreds of shipwrecked sailors and passengers slept their last long sleep. The saddest thing in the burying-ground is the array of monuments showing where the remains of passengers in the *Schiller* are laid. Upward of three hundred are interred in the church-yard, which was enlarged in order to accommodate that number. Saddest of all is the fact that, had not gross carelessness been displayed, loss of life would have been averted.

It was with a sigh of relief that the members of the party turned away from the mournful spectacle and proceeded to the wharf where a steam-launch was in waiting to ferry them over to the island of Tresco where are the house and gardens of Mr. Dorrien Smith, the Lord of the Isles. In less than twenty minutes they stepped on that island and proceeded toward the entrance to the gardens. The porter opened the gate, ushered them into a small room and asked them to write their names in a book. The prince at once took a pen and wrote his name. As he was doing so, Lord Plowden Eton asked the porter if he

knew that the Prince of Wales was one of the party : "Which is he?" asked the porter. "He is now writing his name," was the reply. The porter said nothing, waited till the prince had laid down the pen, looked at the signature "Albert Edward" and said to Lord Plowden, "It is well for you all that the gentleman has not written Prince of Wales, as master has ordered that if any one does so the party is not to be shown over the grounds."

"But my father, the Duke of Windsor, will tell you that he is the prince."

"Then, sir," continued the porter, addressing the duke, "if you write yourself the duke of any thing I can not let you go further, for master says he will not have his book disfigured by persons pretending to be dukes and princes." The porter's remarks gave some amusement to the persons referred to in this uncomplimentary way. No one interrupted him. The prince drew out his cigarette-case and was about to light a cigarette when the porter abruptly said, "No smoking, here. It's against the rule. My opinion is you're a rum lot calling yourselves princes and dukes and beginning to smoke without saying, by your leave ——" He was suddenly checked in his harangue by a violent ringing of the bell at the lodge door, followed by a loud knocking.

The porter opened the door with the intention of using language as strong as his feeling ; but he changed his mind on seeing Mr. Dorrien Smith's factor, breathless and agitated : "Where's the prince and the duke?" was the question which the factor put as well as his want of breath would allow him, adding, "run and hoist the flag." The porter never ran more quickly in his life than he now did ; he was perfectly satisfied that the prince and the duke were not impostors, and he felt very doubtful as to his own fate. After hoisting the flag he returned by a back way to his lodge and went to bed, saying to his wife : "I am took that bad I can't do any thing ; tell the under

porter to look after the lodge gate." His wife, who was both puzzled and grieved at this sudden attack of illness, first carried the message to the under porter and then returned to console her husband who begged hard to be let alone. He recovered very rapidly, after hearing that the party had left without any inquiry having been made about him. The truth is the party had left the room and most of its members were inspecting the figure-heads of wrecked vessels which are outside, when the factor came forward pouring forth apologies for not having been there sooner and urging that he had started off the instant he learned that such distinguished visitors were on the way to Tresco. Questions were put to him about the collection of figure-heads and other matters and nothing was said about the porter's blunder.

Mrs. Bayle was not easily impressed with any natural objects and she was seldom demonstrative ; yet, after walking through the gardens of Tresco Abbey, she said to Lord Plowden Eton who, as his custom was, remained by her side as an escort : "Well, well, I call this something like a garden. I never saw any thing like it in America and the Monaco gardens that Mr. Wentworth cracked up so are not to be compared to it."

"I quite agree with you, Mrs. Bayle, I have never seen any thing to approach this." The whole party concurred in admiring the varied and almost unique spectacle. All the plants and flowers which flourish in Great Britain were growing there along with others which are supposed to be peculiar to tropical climes. At one spot might be seen the delicate English cyclamen under a tree-fern from New Zealand. At another, rose-bushes were flourishing alongside of bamboo plants from China, lilies from Mexico and the Cape Fig Marigold. Some of the walls were clad with mesembryanthemums and others with ivy. One long path was bordered with aloes ; another with Australian gum-trees. Strange birds as well as rare plants were to

be found there ; the golden oriole built in the garden and ostriches laid eggs and reared their young in the lawn near the house. Nor were fish scarce there ; the fish-ponds cover fifty acres ; in short, all that is required to form an earthly paradise could be found at and around Tresco Abbey. Yet the lord of all these wonders prefers to pass the winter somewhere on the mainland, where the climate may be less genial and gardens are less lovely. Perhaps Adam and Eve would have abstained from the forbidden fruit if some occupation had diverted their thoughts or if some pleasure had occupied them. Idle heads provide mischief for idle hands.

The factor lamented that the house was closed and that no entertainment could be provided in it at so short notice. But he was told not to concern himself, as the party hoped to return to Druid's Mount for a late dinner. He was highly gratified when the prince said on leaving that he had greatly enjoyed his visit to Scilly and that he hoped to return and see those parts which he had not yet visited.

The return voyage was made by another channel than that through which the steamer had entered. As the vessel moved on its course, the passengers had a close view of an Italian bark which had gone on the rocks during the fog. Happily the sea was extremely calm and the vessel was so little injured that it was expected she would float safely when lightened of cargo. The captain of the steamer said that though many vessels were wrecked, the loss of life was much less now than it used to be when he was young. He admitted, indeed, that the improvement was due to the desire of the people to save the lives of those in peril quite as much as to the perfection of the life-saving apparatus.

Five-o'clock tea was provided on board the steamer ; but Miss Bayle was the only lady who cared to eat or drink. A breeze was blowing and the others thought that they had better lie down at once. The wind was favorable and a sail was set which steadied the boat.

Moreover, though the surface of the sea was rougher than in the morning, the swell was not so great; hence the boat went along so quietly that before the passage was half over, the whole party was able to reassemble on deck and enjoy the splendid view of Penzance and the surrounding country when approached from the sea. The moon had risen before the voyage was over and the spectacle was invested with a fresh charm. The party sat down to dinner at Druid's Mount at nine o'clock, after having compressed into the compass of a single day a vast number of fresh and pleasant experiences.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### MISS BAYLE AT BAY.

THE next day's programme included a drive through the mining district and a visit to Truro, which now aspires to hold in Cornwall the position which Exeter holds in Devonshire. Neither the duke nor duchess had stopped at Truro since the cathedral was finished. As a large subscriber to the fund for building it the duke was anxious to see the result. He might have had a voice in choosing the design ; but he had urged other engagements as an excuse for not accepting his election as a member of the building committee. He had no knowledge of architecture ; his own tastes were scientific and his hobby at the moment was electric lighting. He was desirous of visiting the cathedral in order to learn what plans had been adopted for lighting it and whether there was any chance of electricity being preferred to gas, oil, or candles.

But the weather was unpropitious for a drive ; the three exquisite days were followed by one of gloom and rain. All sight-seeing had become a form of punishment and, had not the bishop been informed that the prince, his eldest son, and the duke would visit Truro that day, the expedition thither would have been abandoned. It was resolved to go by rail instead of by road ; the worst railway carriage is quite as comfortable on a wet day as the best carriage drawn by horses. The prince intimated that those only who cared to do so need accompany him, and that, if he could please himself, he would remain behind. In consequence of this intimation, which was equivalent

to a permission, most of the party remained at Druid's Mount ; the party which set off for Truro consisted of the prince and his son, the duke and duchess, and Miss Bayle.

The following day was the last which the prince purposed spending at Druid's Mount, and it was much finer than the previous one, though slight showers fell at intervals. It was resolved by the prince to devote the early part of the day to walking about the neighborhood in company with the duke ; to go out fishing in the afternoon and to be present in the evening at the starting of a new arrangement for lighting the house and grounds by means of electricity. This had formed the subject of many experiments, and the duke hoped the machinery would have been in full working order before the date of the prince's visit. But the usual delays and miscalculations had occurred and progress had been even slower during the stay of the prince. However, it was thought that all difficulties had been surmounted at last, and it was expected that the prince would see the completion of an ingenious and novel design.

It had long been the Duke of Windsor's belief that no greater benefit could be conferred upon his fellow countrymen and also his fellow men than the discovery of a simple and effective plan for utilizing the force of the tides. He had calculated that an amount of power sufficient to actuate all the machinery in the world is entirely wasted each time the sea ebbs and flows around the British Isles. There was nothing novel in this, the same thought having occurred to other persons ; but none had solved the problem of how to profit by this great natural force. The duke's contribution to its solution were the appliances for lighting Druid's Mount with electricity.

Many experiments had been made which served to prove the greatness of the obstacles to be overcome. Into these it is unnecessary to enter at present, the result being all that will be generally interesting.

After many trials and failures the duke had succeeded in arranging that the tide, when it flowed, should fill a reservoir of water from which a stream issued by another channel, and in this there was an undershot water-wheel. Sluices, balanced and buoyed so as to work automatically, closed and opened the entrances to the channels and the outlets from them. The stream turned the wheel which actuated an Elphinstone and Vincent dynamo. The current of electricity so produced was stored in accumulators and from them was distributed throughout the house and grounds. Thus, without any outlay save for the construction of the machinery, a sufficient quantity of electricity was produced to light a much larger area than that of the house and grounds of Druid's Mount.

The arrangements were so simple that even the ladies understood them; indeed they were much simpler in appearance than they can be made to appear on paper without the aid of diagrams. The prince congratulated the duke on his success and he hoped that what he had done might serve as a useful lesson to others.

Mr. Bayle was most hearty in his compliments. What he had seen gave him an idea of the English aristocracy totally different from that which he had entertained. He little knew that from the Marquess of Worcester, who is credited with having invented the steam-engine, down to Lord Elphinstone and the Duke of Windsor, the aristocracy of Britain numbers in its ranks many men of science of the first-class and inventors of real originality. Unfortunately, those peers who adorn their order are less conspicuous and talked about than those who disgrace it. Mr. Bayle only echoed the opinions of the majority of his countrymen when, after saying, "I guess, duke, you have fixed it," he added, "I never thought an English duke could do any thing so useful. When I go home and tell our folks what I have seen here they will not

believe me. You must patent this and form a company to run it."

"No," said the duke, "you are welcome to do what you please with it. After all, this is but an experiment and great improvements may be made on my plan. If the plan with or without improvements proves of general benefit I shall be amply rewarded."

"That would never do in our country. We think no rewards are so practical as dollars. However, as I have said, you English are a queer people. You are as grasping at times as any people on God's earth, and at others you will make the world a present of some invention in which there are millions."

During the excursions which have been briefly described and in the intervals between them, some of the visitors to Druid's Mount were not idle. The Countess de Flaubard vigorously pursued her campaign against Mr. Bayle with a view to compel him to consent that his daughter should marry her son. She fancied that he would regard this as a piece of condescension on her part, other Americans having been highly gratified when their daughters became the wives of members of French noble families. Mr. Bayle listened to her and replied with perfect courtesy to the effect that the honor was one which did not concern him and also that he preferred hearing his daughter's views before stating his own. This was a disappointment to the countess. She more than suspected that Miss Bayle did not care for young Count Louis; she hoped, however, that if her father gave a decided opinion in favor of the match it would take place. She had given up all hope of influencing Mrs. Bayle or of obtaining her support since she heard from the duchess how indisposed Mrs. Bayle was to run counter to her daughter in any way.

Before abandoning her project in despair, the countess turned for aid to another quarter. She had remarked with satisfaction that the prince liked to converse with Miss Bayle, and she inferred that he

might try to persuade her that a marriage with the Flaubard family was most desirable. Accordingly, she laid the case before the prince and begged him to give what help he could. She was right in supposing that he would sympathize with her. His liking for an historical family such as hers was great and natural; but he knew enough of the Americans to understand that Mr. and Mrs. Bayle and their daughter might differ in opinion on this head. He suggested that the countess should speak frankly to Miss Bayle and he promised that, if she hesitated, and if a word from him would be of service, it should be spoken.

The Countess de Flaubard had performed several disagreeable duties in her life and had nerved herself in each case to overcome her repugnance, but never had she felt less at her ease than when she had a conversation with Miss Bayle. She availed herself of an opportunity the same evening, after the ladies had left the dining-room and when Miss Bayle said on entering the drawing-room: "I guess I'm almost roasted. I shall go and cool off on the terrace." Though not suffering from the heat and rather fearing the night air, the countess said, "I will accompany you, Miss Bayle." Not knowing exactly how to broach the subject, the countess began the conversation with the commonplace question, "How do you like this country?"

"Oh! I like what I have seen of it very well; but I have not seen much yet. The people are so kind that one can not help liking the country."

"But I suppose you would prefer to stay in France; all Americans think Paris far nicer than London. Besides, the Americans and the French get on so well, as they resemble each other in many respects." The countess was ignorant of Miss Bayle's unpleasant adventure in Paris, or she would not have made this remark. Owing to her ignorance of it she was astounded when Miss Bayle replied:

"If Frenchmen would learn good manners I should

like them better. They are not half so polite to ladies as Americans. The English do not take off their hats so often as the French, but they will make way for a lady when a Frenchman would bow and let her step into the gutter."

"Surely, Miss Bayle, you can not be in earnest. As an Englishwoman I naturally wish to think well of my countrymen, but I can not admit they are so polished as the French. Besides, you have not seen much of the best French society."

Miss Bayle had not forgotten her night at the countess's and the remembrance of it made her exclaim, "I guess I've seen enough!" Then, looking through the open window of the drawing-room, she added, "The gentlemen have arrived. I must go in as I promised the prince I would play something to-night. I have not touched a piano for a long time, but as I promised, I suppose I must do my best."

The countess followed, feeling that she must give up her plan for making Miss Bayle her daughter-in-law. She was in a bad humor, being unused to failure. Her temper improved after listening to Miss Bayle play and sing. She played with audacity and sang with vigor. It was clear that she might play and sing better if she would but take pains. Unfortunately in her case, as in that of many of her countrywomen, the desire to shine was more conspicuous than the power to excel. If, instead of knowing fragments of many operas and single verses of many songs, she had learned to play a few pieces perfectly and sing a few songs from beginning to end, she would have pleased good judges, though she might not have been so generally praised for her brilliancy by those who mistake sound and fury for artistic skill. The prince thanked her and never asked her to play or sing again. The Countess de Flaubard told him that Miss Bayle had an unaccountable aversion for the French. He advised her not to pursue the matter further. She replied, with a spice of feminine malice, that she could

take this advice the more willingly since hearing Miss Bayle's performance at the piano.

Mr. Bayle enjoyed himself as much as any other guest. He got on with the prince as well as he had done with the duke. He really felt what he said, when first meeting and shaking hands with the prince, "I am pleased to make your acquaintance, sir." He was not overwhelmed by the prince treating him like a rational human being, as an Englishman might have been in the like circumstances, nor did he think it his duty, as some of his countrymen would have done, to be presuming and boastful in the presence of the heir to the crown of the United Kingdom. He talked to him as he would have talked to any one else and he made his court by being perfectly natural. The prince talked as freely with him in return.

It was a curious coincidence that the Prince of Wales should have visited Chicago a few months after Mr. Bayle went thither to seek his fortune and that Mr. Bayle should have been among the crowd which saw the prince drive from the terminus of the Michigan Central Railway to the Richmond House. In consequence of this they had something in common; hence, their first conversation turned upon the changes in Chicago. Mr. Bayle told him that the hotel in which he staid is now unknown; that the Sherman House and Tremont House, which had become the fashionable hotels before the great fire, had given place, in turn, to the Palmer House and the Grand Pacific. He told him also of the many splendid buildings which had arisen and how the University of Chicago had been founded since his visit.

The prince asked: "Is the prairie near Chicago as striking a spectacle as it was when I saw it; and are the thunder storms and prairie fires on as grand a scale?"

"Well, prince, we have still plenty of thunderstorms, but we must go a long way off now before we

come to the real prairie. Do you remember the name of the prairie town you visited?"

"Yes. It was called Dwight and was a small place; but the shooting round about was very good and the prairie chickens were as plentiful as partridges at Sandringham."

"You would look long now before you saw a prairie chicken at Dwight except in the market."

"However, the Mississippi is unchanged I suppose."

"In all respects except its course; it has moved its bed several times since you saw it."

"But I mean does it still look the same straggling, weedy, dirty stream as before? One of my party described it very well when he said that it looked as if it had a chronic attack of yellow fever."

"That's so. The Father of Waters has an unhealthy look. Since the introduction of railroads he has had to take a back seat. Steamboating on the Mississippi is a mean business now."

The mention of railroads led the prince to ask for information about the great trunk lines which span the continent, and this Mr. Bayle was well able to impart. When questioned about the English railways, he avowed that he preferred the American. "You see," he added, "our system is better designed for the wants of our people. Besides, this country is but a very small one, not larger than the state of New York, and much smaller than many of our western States. Now your roads could easily be concentrated under one management and thus a great saving would be effected. If I were settled here, I should like nothing better than to run all your roads."

"This seems easy enough in theory; but our practice might interfere with your plans."

"That's just where there would be no difficulty. I could easily fix matters if I had the chance. Why don't you take it in hand, prince?"

"The truth is, Mr. Bayle, we can not fix things, as

you say, so easily as you suppose. All monopolies are opposed to the spirit of the age."

"As for the spirit of the age, I know nothing about it; but I do know that railroading ought to be conducted so as to make money, and your people do not make as much as they might do if their railroads were better organized."

"The matter is not one to which I have given much attention, but I should like to hear what you propose."

"You must excuse me if I make any mistake through ignorance of your ways and ideas; you must suppose also that I look at the affair from a purely business point of view and I need not tell you that in matters of business between a company and the public, the company is bound to have the worst of the bargain. Still if your people could only be brought to see it, there would be little difficulty in making the railroad companies the masters of the public. As it is they have too little liberty and, as a consequence, they pay too small dividends."

"I believe you are right as to the smallness of the dividends. Many of my friends complain of this; but they complain at the same time of the depression of trade."

"Depression of fiddlesticks, prince. The dividends would be large enough if your roads were run on American principles."

"But what is your remedy? How can the dividends be increased? I have always thought the English railway companies set an example to those of any other country."

"Hold on there; you have been imposed upon by those who told you this. Your roads ought to set the example, but they don't. The directors are played out. They want backbone. They don't know their own business."

Mr. Bayle proceeded to expound a scheme for the reconstruction of the railway system of which more

may be heard hereafter. His scheme was framed in relation to the railway system in the United States; the object of his life being to give effect to it there. He thought that if he could interest the prince in his project, he might aid him in applying his theories to English as well as American railway companies.

Before the prince left Druid's Mount he intimated that he had arranged to proceed to Homburg and to remain three weeks there, drinking the waters. He said that he hoped to meet Mr. and Mrs. Bayle and their daughter at that fashionable watering-place. Mr. Bayle had not formed any definite plan for the summer, but he was disposed to try the Homburg waters in accordance with the advice of the physician whom he had consulted in London and to whom his doctor in New York had given him a letter of introduction.

The Bayle family staid a day after the departure of the other guests, the Countess de Flaubard excepted, who was in no hurry to return to her happy home in France. Miss Bayle availed herself of the leisure she had to write again to Sadie James. "Dearest Sadie," she wrote, "I sent you a short note a week ago and you must regard this as a continuation of it. I have had a real good time since then. Every day there has been something to do here. It seems that when you visit an English country house you have to become an actor in a performance, especially if a royal personage be present. Every thing is arranged before hand, and each day has its appointed occupation.

"We have worked hard since coming here and I must admit that no one has grumbled. All possible arrangements have been made for carrying out the programme without wearying the guests. The Prince of Wales, who is the principal guest, has been as ready to carry out the appointed task as any one else.

"I can not tell you in detail all that we have done, as it would require a volume to do so; but I may

mention one or two things which interested me. The chief one was a visit to the Scilly Isles, a place of which I never heard before and which differs from any I ever saw. They are about forty miles from the Land's End and when you get there, you feel that you are in a new world. Flowers grow there in the open air which I never saw except in a hot-house in America. The people seem quite different from the English in this place and many of those I spoke to did not know any more about England than America. What seems very strange is that though all England is no larger than many of our Western states, the people in some parts are quite different from those in others. Here in Cornwall they speak as if they were not English at all. I asked some of the servants whether they had ever been in London, they said they had not but hoped to go to England some day.

"I think I told you in a letter from Paris about the Countess de Flaubard. She is the sister of the Duchess of Windsor and one of the guests here. It seems that she wishes me to marry her son Count Louis, she spoke to father and mother about it; but got no encouragement. They told me what she said, so when I saw her about to begin on the subject with me, I stopped her by giving her my opinions about the French, which are not complimentary. I don't think she will trouble me again in a hurry.

"Since being shut up in a house with so many English people I have been better able to form an opinion of them. What strikes me the most is the great difference between them, some being perfectly charming and others quite the reverse, in fact what we are used to regard as pure English. The aristocracy is not nearly so stiff and starched as others who have nothing to boast of except their money. No persons could be pleasanter than the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Windsor and other nobles. I can't say as much for the ladies, as I have found the wives of peers

very much less agreeable than their husbands. However, if things go on as they have begun, I shall continue to have a good time. We go to the Continent soon, probably to Homburg for the sake of father's health."

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE BAYLES AT HOMBURG.

MR. BAYLE had been in the habit for several years of going to Saratoga during the season and drinking the water of the Congress Spring. Having heard that a mineral spring at Homburg closely resembled that at Saratoga, he decided to go to Homburg. Mrs. Bayle having heard that her friends the Johnsons were going to Homburg, was anxious to go also; consequently she heartily approved of her husband's resolution. Miss Bayle had heard that the Prince of Wales was going; indeed, he had said that he should be glad to meet her there; so she, too, was exceedingly pleased to learn from her father that they would start for Homburg.

Lord Plowden Eton was told of this arrangement. He liked Homburg better than many other places, as he could play lawn tennis there to his heart's content. He thought Mr. Rupert Wentworth might pay the place a visit and he was anxious to see him again. The pair had not known each other long enough to disagree, and had been separated long enough to have a wish to meet. Besides, they had never traveled together. Thus it was that Lord Plowden wrote the letter which Mr. Wentworth received at Heidelberg, and which has been reproduced. When he said to the Bayles that he purposed visiting Homburg, Mrs. Bayle exclaimed, "I am real glad to hear it," adding, "I wish you'd join us. Mr. Bayle means to take a special car from Calais."

"I shall be delighted to join your party," was his

emphatic reply, so it came about that Lord Plowden not only went to Homburg but did so in the company of the Bayles. He felt still happier and far more at his ease than when he had traveled with Mrs. Bayle and her daughter from Monte Carlo to Paris.

Though the trip to Homburg did not last long, Lord Plowden had more opportunity in the course of it for speaking to Miss Bayle than he had enjoyed since they were in Paris together. At Druid's Mount as in London she was either occupied with some one else, or he had other things and people to occupy him. Mrs. Bayle made him feel quite at home by remarking soon after the start : " Well, I must say I do like this ; it is quite like old times ; it seems quite natural to be traveling with you, Lord Plowden."

" You're about right, mother ; I have not enjoyed any thing more since coming to Europe than our stay at Monte Carlo and our journey to Paris with Lord Plowden."

" You flatter me, ladies," he said, adding, " I shall always look back with pleasure to our meeting at Monte Carlo. What a pity it is, however, that Mr. Wentworth is not here ; but I have written to him and I hope he may join us at Homburg."

" I'm sure I shall be delighted," was Mrs. Bayle's comment, adding, as she recollected that he was no favorite with her daughter, " I hope you won't object, Almy."

" No, mother," was the reply. " I can live without him, but I'm glad you should see him again."

Mr. Bayle remarked, " I am looking forward to making his acquaintance. I wish to interest him in my railroad scheme, as he has many friends in some of the New England companies and may help me in that section."

When the party went to the Victoria Hotel at Homburg, where Mr. Bayle took one of the three villas which are connected with it and in which there were many more rooms than he could occupy, he asked

Lord Plowden to favor him by taking up his abode in the villa and he asked him to request Mr. Wentworth to do so likewise. Lord Plowden wrote a line to that effect ; but his note did not reach Mr. Wentworth till he had arrived at Homburg and put up at the Victoria, where he had ordered his letters to be sent from London.

Mr. Wentworth was glad of the prospect of seeing Lord Plowden and the others again. He did not visit Homburg till, according to his calculation, M. Pessac and his daughter must have left it. On going through the letters which he found at the hotel, he came upon the one which M. Pessac had sent to his London address, but which had not been forwarded to Heidelberg as he had given orders that all letters should be retained till he was able to supply a fresh address. He read it with mingled feelings. He was overjoyed to learn that he might see Mlle. Elsa again and he was greatly annoyed to think that, owing to his orders about stopping the dispatch of letters, his silence might be misconstrued by her father and herself. He soon saw Lord Plowden ; resumed his acquaintance with Mrs. Bayle, bowed to her daughter and was formally introduced to Mr. Bayle. He had never said a word of his passion to Lord Plowden and he did not care to take him into his confidence now. He was half inclined to tell his story to Mrs. Bayle and ask her counsel ; but he dreaded lest she should disclose the matter to her daughter.

Mr. Wentworth had often been at Homburg; but his last visit was paid several years before when the public gaming tables were open and when it was the place of fashionable resort for scoundrels and idlers from all parts of the world. He felt curious to see the changes which had taken place. As his custom was on previous visits, he got up early in the morning and walked down to the springs where he found the same routine going on and where he recognized the faces of many persons he had seen before ; these faces showed

marks of age whereas the place itself appeared unchanged. The wrinkles on the face of nature are imperceptible or evanescent.

Being an early riser he was one of the first arrivals at the springs on the morning after reaching Homburg, and he heard the band play the hymn with which the morning's performance commences. He had no prejudice against mineral water, so he drank a glass or two in order to be in the fashion. While walking backward and forward along the principal walk he was taken aback by coming face to face with M. Pessac. The latter seemed overjoyed to meet him and rushed forward, holding out his hands and saying, "I am perfectly enchanted to see you, my dear friend."

"This is a great surprise," was Mr. Wentworth's slowly-uttered reply; he added, "I thought that you had left Homburg. I arrived last night and then I received your letter along with others which were forwarded from London. Had I received it sooner, you should have heard from me."

"I am quite sure of that; indeed, I felt certain my letter had not reached you. It is true that I should have left a week ago; but I had to request for an extension of my leave of absence. My daughter has not been well and the doctor thought that she was not strong enough to travel."

"What! Mlle. Elsa is not well? I am truly grieved to hear of it. I always looked upon her as very strong."

"So she used to be; but somehow she has become delicate. However, we shall hope to see you in the course of the day. My father-in-law wishes to be introduced to you and I am sure my daughter will be glad to hear that you have arrived."

M. Pessac gave Mr. Wentworth the number of his room in the *Hôtel de France* and appointed a meeting there after breakfast. He went off saying that he wished to bear the pleasant news of Mr. Wentworth's arrival and make arrangements for receiving him later.

The meeting took place as agreed upon. Herr Cosse

explained himself very glad to make Mr. Wentworth's acquaintance. Mlle. Elsa, though inwardly happy, was too well-bred, according to French notions, to give any outward token of it and received him as she did when he called at their Monaco house in the *Rue du Tribunal*. There seemed to be a tacit understanding among them that nothing should be said about the matter which was the subject of their thoughts, so the conversation was chiefly confined to meteorological topics. Friederichsdorf being mentioned, Mr. Wentworth remarked that he had never visited it, though he often intended doing so. Herr Cosse expressed his intentions of paying his weekly visit to it on the following day and he asked Mr. Wentworth to accompany him. This he readily agreed to do.

Herr Cosse was desirous of forming an opinion of the American who wished to marry his granddaughter, while Mr. Wentworth was as desirous of seeing as much as he could of the family with which he might have been connected. Though of French descent and speaking French fluently, Herr Cosse thought none the worse of Mr. Wentworth when he learned that he knew Germany well, had lived long in the country, spoke the language easily and had a liking for the people. He was, indeed, most favorably impressed with him and he felt thankful that his granddaughter had the prospect of marrying such an excellent man. On his part Mr. Wentworth found Herr Cosse both well-informed and intelligent and, what was nearly as satisfactory, occupying the principal place in the village. As superintendent of the cigar factory he enjoyed the largest income of any one in the place, and he lived in the best house. In the evening of the day on which this visit was paid M. Pessac asked for an interview with Mr. Wentworth. On this occasion the tables were turned. When they last had a private interview Mr. Wentworth felt unusually nervous and confused. M. Pessac now felt ill at ease.

A Frenchman has a great advantage when discuss-

ing any matter with an Englishman or an American. He can fascinate a victim or conciliate an adversary with elaborate compliments. With a fellow-countryman he gains nothing by this except time. When two Frenchmen meet for the purpose of mutual explanation, each will have as many compliments to digest as those which he utters. After a considerable waste of good sayings and of speeches which are as meaningless as the formula, "I am your obedient humble servant," they will come to business and transact it in a few minutes. Hence it was that, when M. Pessac had to explain matters to Mr. Wentworth, he had an incomparable advantage over the latter when he had to engage in a corresponding duty toward M. Pessac.

After preliminaries which need not be repeated and which confused without instructing Mr. Wentworth, M. Pessac continued: "My dear sir, you will understand from what I have said how much I was impressed with your noble behavior to me at Monte Carlo, which, in short, was that of a perfect gentleman. Your proposal took me by surprise and I naturally was unable to give full weight to the considerations which you urged. I told you that I could not agree to the marriage of my daughter with a foreigner; but, when I said it, I did not sufficiently consider that Americans should not be regarded as foreigners in France. Your countrymen owe their independence to us. We have placed a statue of 'Liberty Enlightening the World' on an island in New York harbor to commemorate this."

Mr. Wentworth winced when he heard these words, but he made no protest; he knew that many Frenchmen believe the American Republic to be the handiwork of their forefathers; he also knew that it was impossible to convince any Frenchman that this tradition was not literally accurate. Besides, he knew that many of his own countrymen were quite as ready as M. Pessac to give France the entire credit of founding the United States of America, having recently read

the following passage in the *Atlantic Monthly*, one of his favorite magazines: "Our independence was achieved and secured by the French alliance—the sympathy, the money, the war supplies, and the navy of France." However, he made no protest, but listened as if he assented to the proposition, and M. Pessac continued as follows: "As France not only established the free government of the country of which you are justly proud, and as you and your countrymen treat us Frenchmen accordingly, it was a regrettable error on my part to forget this for the moment and to class you among the foreigners with whom I object to connect myself by my daughter's marriage. If you favor me by pardoning this mistake on my part, we can treat the matter as if I had pronounced no decision."

"Pray, sir, do not apologize; the fault may have been mine. I took you by surprise and in such a case this would be blameworthy." M. Pessac was afraid lest Mr. Wentworth would be unrelenting; he became good-humored and perfectly natural in manner upon finding that his rather formal overture had met with a satisfactory response. In token of his gratification he shook hands with Mr. Wentworth and said in his pleasantest tone: "Now then, my dear sir, as we understand each other, we may talk freely. I should tell you perhaps, why my mind has been set against the marriage of my daughter with a foreigner. I am getting old; yes, that is too true notwithstanding your courteous dissent, and I have my ideal. It consists in retiring to a small cottage near where I was born and where my brother lives, and living there for the rest of my days. I should like my daughter and her husband to live with me. I can not bear the thought of being separated from her. This is not the view of your people; they seem to think, if I am rightly informed, that the more the parents are separated from their children after the children marry, the better. Our French notions and customs differ from yours

and those of the English in such things, but I think our way is the best. At any rate it pleases me. I fully understand then, that, if I accept you as my son-in-law, I must cut myself off from my daughter's society."

"Do not be afraid of that," interposed Mr. Wentworth. M. Pessac, with a gesture of impatience, said, "Permit me to proceed and finish what I have to say. I think I know what you would remark; you would reassure me against eventual separation from my daughter. I felt as you do now when I married; I was ready to promise my wife's father that his daughter would remain near him; but circumstances were too strong for my wishes and they would probably affect any resolution which you might form in perfect good faith. However, I have changed my mind to this extent. If you wait a few months longer before asking for a definite reply, I may say that it will probably be in your favor. I wish to accustom myself to the new prospect and to forget the ideal I have cherished." M. Pessac spoke with an emotion which was perfectly genuine and which affected Mr. Wentworth, who replied, "My dear sir, I not only agree to your condition, but I feel convinced that some arrangement may be devised which will soften your sacrifice. I gather from what you say that you do not wish me to change my behavior to your daughter."

"You have correctly interpreted my wishes. We return to Monaco to-morrow. I shall tell my daughter that you are coming to see us there, and I shall tell my father-in-law and my sister what I have said to you. They will be greatly pleased, I think, as you are a favorite with both of them. If I might further trespass on your good-nature, I would suggest that you should visit Bordeaux before you return to Monaco; my brother, who has heard much of you, would be glad to see you and I am desirous that you should become acquainted with all the members of the family to which you wish to ally yourself."

Mr. Wentworth promised to act upon the suggestion; he also promised not to visit Monaco for two months, during which time M. Pessac might make up his mind. M. Pessac said: "Before we part I have a last favor to ask. It is that you will not correspond with my daughter. I was greatly relieved and gratified to find that what you said on a former occasion was literally true and that you had not made love to her before asking my permission. This respect for truth is one of the things which render you so attractive in my eyes. In this you resemble a Frenchman. The English are quite different. We speak of their country as '*perfide Albion*' and we can not believe any thing they say. You are far happier, being a citizen of a country which, as I have read, elected its first president because he could not tell a lie and has always made this the first qualification for high office. It is sufficient, then, to promise that you will not correspond with my daughter for me to trust you as I should trust myself."

"I readily promise not to do any thing of the kind till I have your full permission."

"A thousand thanks, my dear sir; you have heightened my good opinion of you if that be possible."

Mr. Wentworth felt less satisfied after this conversation than he did before it. He was now in the position of an accepted suitor for the hand of Mlle. Elsa; he clearly saw that the delay and the conditions had been suggested by M. Pessac simply in order to reconcile him to the change. Though not averse to compliments, he could not accept as seriously as they were offered those which M. Pessac had paid to the truthfulness of all Americans and all Frenchmen. He knew France and the French too well not to understand that a rigid adherence to truth on all occasions can scarcely be numbered among their most conspicuous virtues.

When M. Pessac told Mr. Wentworth that he would not permit his daughter to marry a foreigner, he left

him greatly depressed at the decision and more in love with Mlle. Elsa than ever. Now he heard that an exception was to be made in his favor and he was less elated than he should have been. He ought to have been happy, whereas he was only critical. His own way seemed the less desirable when he could have it. He subjected himself to a cross-examination which no ardent lover would dream of attempting. When he should have been in the seventh heaven of delight, he was fearful lest he had been playing the fool. His love for Mlle. Elsa seemed to be nourished by and to exist upon contradiction. He was too self-sufficient to be a genuine lover.

Mr. Wentworth spent the evening in company with Mlle. Elsa, her father and grandfather. He spoke to her on the old terms, which had a close resemblance to those of master and pupil. She was as ready to listen to him as she used to be and she was as unintentionally flattering to him as before, by appearing to ask of him advice and to accept it as final. He questioned her as to the books she read and he found that the course of study he recommended had been diligently pursued. She had gone through all the works of Hawthorne and asked him many questions about them. She candidly avowed her inability to understand "The Scarlet Letter," and she requested explanations about "The Marble Faun," which he was unable to give. On the other hand she was charmed with Longfellow's "Hyperion," and as this was one of Mr. Wentworth's favorites, he had the extreme satisfaction of finding common ground for praise.

M. Pessac and his daughter started on their return journey early the following morning. Mr. Wentworth was at the railway station to give them, in American phrase, "a good send-off." Herr Cosse was there also. They left the station together after the train had started and Herr Cosse said he was most gratified to observe how greatly his granddaughter's health had improved, and he arranged with Mr. Wentworth for frequent

meetings before he left Homburg. "I like you," he said, "because you seem to have thorough German sympathies and I shall like nothing better than to see more of you."

"You are very kind," was Mr. Wentworth's reply; "I shall be equally glad to cultivate your acquaintance." He was no hypocrite. He had spoken German with Herr Cosse and French with Mlle. Pessac. Each had thought him charming. Mlle. Pessac regarded him as half a Frenchman and Herr Cosse as half a German. In reality he was a thorough American.

Under the frigid exterior which is a Bostonian characteristic or affectation, Mr. Wentworth concealed a large fund of sympathy. Thus it was that, without any desire to sail under false colors, he was often credited with an amount of liking for the ways and the persons of others which was not justified by any definite act or feeling. But this conduct or natural gift had its special uses. It smoothed his passage through life. Those who are, or who seem to be all things to all men, and more particularly to all women, find roses strewn over their path and they become the spoiled darlings of society.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### OLD AND NEW PLAY AT HOMBURG.

MR. WENTWORTH observed a great change in Mrs. Bayle and her daughter since he made their acquaintance at Monte Carlo. They had ripened and improved. They were no longer the prejudiced Americans in whose eyes America was the universe and the dwellers in other climes were outer barbarians. They were none the worse Americans because they had become less confident that their home criterion was universally applicable. They had learned the lesson which is only acquired through the experience of travel that people might differ in many respects from their standard and yet be estimable and charming. The Old World was no longer new and puzzling to them. It had grown the more enjoyable as its novelty had worn off. Though strangers in a strange land they did not feel so far removed from home. They had learned to accommodate themselves to the ways of the people among whom they were thrown and, as most of these people were very pleasant, they found it the easier to do so.

Mrs. Bayle had not only given up wearing too many jewels and a diamond ring on the forefinger of her right hand, but now she was seldom overdressed. She was ready to admit that the life she led in Europe was more to her taste in many respects than that of Chicago or New York. She had learned to pass her day in comparative comfort without drinking at short intervals the iced, or, as she miscalled it, the "ice" water which used to be a necessity of existence and the ab-

sence of which caused her so much discomfort immediately after crossing the Atlantic.

"I must say," she said in reply to a question from Mr. Wentworth, "I have got to like the European hotels. They are not so finely gotten up as ours, but they are much more homelike. I often think I am in my own home on Michigan Avenue without being driven crazy by servants. Besides, I keep my health much better on this side. The attacks of malaria which used to prostrate me for days together only last a few hours and I don't get so much run down. I am not surprised, sir, that you spend so much time in Europe."

"Well, madam, I stay here chiefly because I have nothing to do in America. It is now several years since I was home and I feel like going back."

Their conversation was interrupted by Miss Bayle's entering the room and saying: "I think it's about time to go out; father's waiting on the sidewalk."

"I see, Miss Bayle," Mr. Wentworth remarked, "you are getting quite English in your talk; you have begun to 'think' instead of to 'guess.'"

"Is that so? I guess one should learn the language of the country one's in, and Lord Plowden Eton has said so often that 'guessing' is pure American and what he calls 'bad form' that I have given it up almost without knowing it. You seem to have done the same thing, and I call it real mean to say any thing before mother which might make her think I am not a good American."

"Please, Miss Bayle, don't be annoyed. I really intended to pay you a compliment. Wait, however, till I write my essay showing that the commonest Americanisms are the best old English, and then you will be able to have your revenge upon Lord Plowden."

They went to the Casino, which they had not visited before Mr. Wentworth's arrival. He told them that the change since he last saw it was greater than they could readily believe. The building was as com-

modious and well arranged and the rooms were as spacious and richly decorated as ever. He said : "Till I entered this place to-day, I have never realized what a visit to Thebes must be to an Egyptian mummy who should be restored to life, as well as undressed for the benefit of spectators who call themselves archæologists but who are mere curiosity-hunters. The life has left this building ; it is the monument of an extinct or a departed race."

Though Mrs. Bayle was too good and consistent a listener to interrupt any one needlessly, she could not help remarking : "I remember, Mr. Wentworth, that you said the Casino at Monte Carlo was a poor affair compared with that of Homburg, but I did not think then that the difference could have been so great. These rooms are quite splendid. They remind me of the Palmer House."

Mr. Wentworth was in doubt for a moment where the Palmer House was, but Mr. Bayle soon put him in possession of the requisite information by adding, "Yes, Judy, you are perfectly right ; the Palmer House is not only the grandest hotel in Chicago, but in the world."

"Surely, father," was Miss Bayle's comment, "you can not say that the Grand Pacific is not quite as elegant ?"

"Perhaps you are right, Alma, but I seldom went there, the other was the headquarters of our capitalists."

"I have seen neither," said Mr. Wentworth, "nor do I wish to offer an opinion. Men differ as much about hotels as women do as to the beauty of one of their sex. We have the Parker House in Boston which some say is the finest hotel on the continent, and others call it the meanest ; for my own part I found it good enough when I visited friends there. All I know about the Palmer House is derived from Mark Twain's 'Life on the Mississippi' where, if I remember rightly, he praises the Southern House at St. Louis and says that 'its decorations do not make me

cry as do those of the vast Palmer House of Chicago.'"

The faces of the party, excepting that of Lord Plowden, who had joined them, dropped as St. Louis was mentioned. Mr. Wentworth had too little personal experience of the West to understand the bitterness of the rivalry between St. Louis and Chicago, but he saw that he had unintentionally given offense. Happily for him he had erred through ignorance. If he had not, the presence of Lord Plowden would have been insufficient to restrain the exuberant and extreme indignation of the Bayles. The rivalry between two petty Italian republics in olden days and between two leading actors or actresses or statesmen in these days of enlightenment and progress, could not be keener or more envenomed than that which prevails between the cities of Chicago and St. Louis. Few other cities on the North American Continent are so morbidly jealous of each other. The Bayles were shocked to hear Mr. Wentworth sanction, even by means of a quotation from such a jester as Mark Twain, an utter and wicked calumny upon a Chicago hotel and the insult of comparing it unfavorably with a St. Louis one.

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Bayle, who was unacquainted with all games.

"Why that is a small bagatelle board; the government regards the game as harmless, and they do so with perfect truth, because you may wait here for hours together and never see any one play. How different from the olden days! A *Trente et Quarante* table used to stand in the same place as that bagatelle board and it was difficult to get near it. A crowd two feet deep surrounded the table from the opening to the closing of the rooms."

"I suppose, sir," said Mr. Bayle, "you have been in Morrisey's at Saratoga?"

"I have not, Mr. Bayle; but I saw enough of gaming in my younger days to lead me to the conclusion that 'fighting the tiger' does not pay, and neither

here, nor at Monte Carlo have I often cared to bet a red cent."

"You are a sensible man," was Mr. Bayle's rejoinder; he added, "I have fought the tiger more than once and I am alive to tell the tale and to give good advice to those who have not done so, my advice being, 'don't.' They tell me, however, that in Europe nothing but a 'square game' is played. Is that so?"

"Yes, Mr. Bayle, the keepers of gaming houses in Europe never think of stealing. I found that out at Monte Carlo. But they allow ladies to play which we never do, and there they are quite wrong."

"Why shouldn't ladies play, if they have a mind to?" was Miss Bayle's emphatic inquiry.

Mr. Wentworth could not give a reason which his fair countrywoman would accept, so he tried the Scotch and Quaker mode of foregoing a reply by putting a question. "Have you read 'Daniel Deronda'?" he said.

"I have, but I did not care much about it," she replied.

"Perhaps you may remember how Gwendolen Harleth lost all her money at play in these rooms and the consequences?"

"Oh, yes, I read about that, but I cared less about what she did at the tables than about her marrying that odious Grandcourt."

Here Lord Plowden interposed in the discussion. He had made up for lost time by reading novels in his leisure hours, and he was only too ready to show Miss Bayle how much his education had advanced since he first met her. He said, "That's not quite fair, Wentworth, you are taking advantage of Miss Bayle's acknowledged ignorance of gaming. She would naturally pass over the chapters in which Gwendolen's escapade is described and, if she did not, then she might not have detected that George Eliot had blundered."

"Blundered!" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth, "that

she could not have done; she was too careful and accurate an observer; besides, I can vouch for her having studied the scene on the spot as I saw her one evening in this very room watching the play. I observed many persons look at her, but it was not till she had left the room that I learned who she was. An old Heidelberg friend came and asked me if I had seen George Eliot. I said that I did not know her by sight. He added, I have just had a talk with Lewes and he tells me that his wife was standing at one of the tables watching the play and that she had left because so many persons stared at her. Then I knew who the lady was whom I had stared at with the rest."

Lord Plowden had recently read "Daniel Deronda," and, as he knew more about play than many other things, he was able to display his reading and knowledge; this he did by saying, "Perhaps you remember the words she puts into the croupier's mouth?"

"No," replied Mr. Wentworth, "I was too interested in the story and too full of admiration for the artistic skill of the writer to notice trifles about which, I may add, I am no authority."

"Well then," continued Lord Plowden, eager to gain an easy triumph, "she makes the croupier say, '*Faites votre jeu, mesdames et messieurs*,' and next, '*Le jeu ne va plus.*' Now the right phrases are, '*Faites votre jeu, messieurs*,' '*Le jeu est fait*,' '*Rien ne va plus.*'"

"After all, the mistake is a trifling one," was Mr. Wentworth's comment.

"I don't call it important, but I have noticed that most of the descriptions of gaming are wrong. Even Lord Beaconsfield makes a blunder."

"Where did you find that?" inquired Miss Bayle. "I have read his books, but I don't recollect any thing about gaming in them."

"I thought you once told me you had read 'The Young Duke,' and, perhaps, you have also read 'Vivian Grey,'" said Lord Plowden.

"Yes, sir, of course I have read them all," was her rather curt reply.

"Perhaps I ought not to have doubted this. What I had in my mind were the blunders he makes in 'Vivian Grey' when describing the game of *Trente et Quarante* as played at Ems. It is only in Charles Reade's 'Woman Hater' that I have seen a correct account of the game, and I think his account of Ina Klosking's winning money in this room is far more lifelike than George Eliot's description of Gwendolen Harleth's losing it."

"I see, Lord Plowden," said Miss Bayle, who had listened to him with marked impatience, "that you have become a great reader, but you seem to think of nothing but gambling scenes. I detest gambling ; I would not marry a gambler to save myself from starving. But what is that they are doing at the other end of the room?"

"It is called Dutch top, I believe," replied Mr. Wentworth. "I have seen it played in Swiss hotels where there is nothing else to do but look at mountains or ascend them. It is a species of gaming on a much smaller scale than was the rule when gaming was openly permitted here. As far as I can judge the players nearly always lose, and when they do win, they receive a prize which is as valuable as the prizes won at the charity bazars of which the pious English people are so fond. However, you can go and judge for yourself."

The party went to a place where a table stood and from which a noise proceeded resembling the firing of a small *mitrailleuse* or letting go the anchor of a small craft. The player's object was to make a metal top thread its way through obstacles on a board and knock down pins in its passage. When success crowned his efforts, in which chance had more influence than skill, he obtained a prize which was generally far inferior in value to the payments he had made. Yet from morning till night the table attracted eager players. The

defense of the game was that the sum lost by each player was trifling. In the olden days, when *Trente et Quarante* and *Roulette* were played under the same roof, the sums lost by each player were larger ; but, as Mr. Wentworth pertinently asked : "Is a sin not a sin when it is small? I have read that an English clergyman was made a bishop chiefly for preaching about *The Sinfulness of Little Sins*. He would have found material for a text here. The game of Dutch top is just as demoralizing as any other, if gaming be intrinsically wicked."

Mr. Bayle regarded the rooms with interest, listened attentively to the explanation given and the moral maxims uttered by Mr. Wentworth and then he remarked :

"I guess we've had enough of this, sir. Let's go and see the other game you spoke about. This seems a one-horse affair. If the Casino at Monte Carlo is not more interesting I shall not go there. I did not come to Europe to play at Dutch top or bagatelle."

"Say, father," exclaimed his daughter, "the rooms at Monte Carlo are not nearly so elegant as these ; but the play is very different. I never saw so much money lost and won in my life as I saw in an hour at Monte Carlo."

"Almy," interrupted her mother, "you should tell your father that people who win any thing at Monte Carlo have their winnings scooped up. Don't you remember what happened to me when that old woman —I guess she was English—put my bets into her pocket?"

"Yes, mother, I do remember it ; but I only said that play at Monte Carlo was not the one-horse affair it seems to be here. But let's go to the lawn tennis ground. Lord Plowden has promised to teach me to play that game, which he calls awfully nice."

Lawn tennis has become the outdoor dissipation at Homburg and Dutch top the indoor one. Lord Plowden was a capital player at tennis and he was glad to

have as a pupil such a young lady as Miss Bayle. The other members of the party watched them. At all times the spectators are many in number. With the exception of taking walks and waters, there is nothing else to do in Homburg between luncheon and dinner than to play at cricket or tennis or watch others doing so. The German spectators do not seem to have a clear idea as to which is cricket and which lawn tennis, nor do they quite understand why either game should be the subject of so much interest and excitement. They regard players at both as harmless lunatics out for a holiday.

The Prince of Wales appeared on the grounds, having arrived at Homburg that morning. He expressed his pleasure at meeting the Bayle family, and he also said he was glad to see Mr. Wentworth again. Being very fond of lawn tennis, he played a few games with Lord Plowden in which he was not the victor.

"I am very glad, Plowden," he said, "that you are doing your best. Many persons seem to think that I like to play with them when they try to let me win. However, I shall have my revenge one of these days after drinking enough of the Elizabeth Spring."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### CORNERING THE BEARS.

DURING the month that the Bayles staid in Homburg, life went on with a regularity akin to monotony. A little excitement was obtained by going to the races at Frankfort or seeing the weekly illuminations in the gardens of the Casino; but this did not render Mr. Bayle a happy man. Had it not been that he found several old acquaintances and made some new ones before a week had elapsed, he would have left the place in disgust. His old friend "Dave" Jackson appeared, and several Americans claimed acquaintance with him. They all amused themselves by discussing schemes for making money.

Mr. Bayle had not been idle during his stay in London and, while at Homburg, he was in daily communication by Atlantic cable with his friends in America. His active mind would not allow him to take a complete rest; he could not occupy himself with books and thus divert his thoughts from the topic of money-getting; his sole object in life was to increase his wealth. The less men know what to do with the money they have, the more money do they wish to acquire.

When Commodore Vanderbilt died at the age of eighty-two he did not think he was rich enough, though he had accumulated twenty millions sterling. His son, William H. Vanderbilt, died while engaged in heaping up treasure, though he was the possessor of forty millions sterling. As Mr. Bayle had two millions only, he considered himself a comparatively poor man. No matter how much more he might acquire, he would

never consider himself a rich one. To become rich beyond the dreams of avarice is a phrase and not a possibility.

The prospect of Mr. Bayle doubling or trebling his fortune was not remote. Since arriving at Homburg, he had received news encouraging him to hope that he might in time become as rich as the Vanderbilts. His project with regard to railways, which he mentioned to the Prince of Wales at Druid's Mount, had made rapid progress toward adoption. Being in the receipt of news which would interest his American friends he resolved they should all hear it at the same time and, for this purpose, he invited them to breakfast.

The party numbered ten besides himself ; two of the guests were the London correspondents of the *New York Herald* and the *Chicago Tribune* who were taking their holidays at Homburg, and who were always on the look-out for " items " of news. It was Mr. Bayle's expectation that these gentlemen would telegraph to their respective papers the information which he was about to impart to his friends, and in this he was not disappointed. Each forwarded a telegram immediately after the breakfast. The following is a summary of what they both wrote after telegraphing.

Mr. Bayle first told his friends that, while American railroads were the best in the world, he thought they could be improved in one respect. Railroad corporations were denounced as monopolists ; his object was to render railroads both paying and popular.

Mr. Bayle next said that he was opposed to the general government controlling the railroads, as had been suggested : what he desired was that the railroad companies should serve the people and be controlled by them, at least in appearance. His purpose then was to constitute a body, formed under the authority of a special act of Congress, to be called the American Railroad Syndicate, which should acquire all the existing railroads and convert all the shares and bonds into stock bearing four per cent. interest. In

this way unity of management would be obtained and a large saving effected.

He admitted that, irrespective of any obstacle in the text of the constitution, the main difficulty in the way of the scheme would be obtaining the assent of Congress to it; but he believed this could be surmounted. As an inducement he would offer to carry the mails for nothing, thus saving the country thirty millions yearly. He would also divide with the government all sums payable as dividend to the stockholders in excess of the fixed four per cent. He believed this would be popular. Besides, he had already secured the services of the leading railroad lawyers, Senator Evarts and Senator Edmunds, and also of all the legal men of lesser note, though not perhaps of lesser ability, in the House of Representatives. He thought that they would exert themselves to smooth matters in Congress and remarked, as the result of his experience, "that railroad lawyers who are members of the legislature generally vote straight on railroad questions." Furthermore, he stated that he and his friends had already obtained the control of ten roads and he believed that other railroad companies would be obliged to join the syndicate under the penalty of being "frozen out." He concluded his remarks by saying:

"Now, boys, when this news is published in America, as I guess it will be to-morrow morning, a big boom in railroads will begin, and those who get in on the ground-floor will make their pile. I don't mind telling you that I have been buying steadily since coming to Europe and my operations have not been suspected in Wall Street. The New York brokers suppose that some folks in London have gone crazy and they have sold freely without knowing that I have acquired more stock in some of the roads than can be supplied. The 'corner' which Vanderbilt made in Harlem and Hudson River is nothing to mine; I guess I can 'bust' half Wall Street. Now, then, this is your chance! Here is a list of the roads in which the stock is over-sold.

There is time enough to cable to New York before the stock-board closes to-day."

The two correspondents went off to send telegrams to their respective newspapers; the other guests went to telegraph to their brokers. On the way to the telegraph office "Dave" Jackson said:

"Gentlemen, let's pool this business. If each tries to get ahead we may make nothing."

The others agreed and a list was drawn up of the shares to be bought, it being arranged that the proceeds should be equally divided. While the party was settling this matter, the correspondent of the *New York Herald* had dispatched the first telegram to the London office, whence it would be forwarded to America.

Mr. Bayle's friends were more cordial than usual in their attentions to him during that day. He had become a greater hero in their eyes. They all agreed that he was a perfect gentleman; that there was nothing mean about him; that he was real grit and no mistake. "There's no durned humbug about Ez," remarked one; "You bet your life on that," was the corroboration of the sentiment which proceeded from another; while a third gave utterance to the confident opinion that "Among all American capitalists Ezra P. Bayle takes the cake." They contemplated presenting him with a testimonial out of the large sum which they counted upon making. They calculated that if Mr. Bayle insisted upon carrying the price of the shares to a high enough figure, each of them would clear half a million dollars.

The whole party rose at daybreak the following morning and went to the telegraph office to await its opening, as a reply had not arrived before it closed the previous night. "Dave" Jackson had telegraphed to his brother "Bill," a broker in Wall Street, and he felt satisfied that his brother would carry out his instructions.

Mr. Jackson did not know that "Bill" was one of the

brokers who had beared the shares in the companies of which Mr. Bayle had been a large and constant buyer, nor could he have foreseen what effect his telegram would have upon his brother. The latter saw at once upon reading it that some speculative movement was on foot, that simple-minded Englishmen were not investing blindly in United States railways, and, from the circumstance of "Dave" being concerned in the affair, he feared the worst for himself. He had frantically tried to buy shares for his own protection, but he failed, as the market was cleared of them and speculative sellers were cautious. Before the close of the stock-board a panic began. This was caused by the publication of a special edition of the *Evening Telegram* containing a dispatch dated London. Though grown almost callous to sensational headings in newspapers "Bill" Jackson shuddered when he read those in the *Evening Telegram.* They filled three-fourths of a column and were as follows:

OLD EZRA ON THE WAR PATH.

SCALPING THE BEARS.

COFFINS AT A PREMIUM IN WALL STREET.

THE GREATEST CORNER SINCE VANDERBILT'S.

MONOPOLISTS MUST GO.

OUR ROADS TO BE RUN BY AND FOR THE PEOPLE.

A PEOPLE'S SYNDICATE.

It has been stated that the first telegram sent off was forwarded by the correspondent of the *New York Herald* and that it went by way of London. It arrived in time for publication in the *Evening Telegram*

of the same day in New York. The telegram was much shorter than the heading to it, being as follows:

"Ezra P. Bayle got control of ten roads and formed a syndicate to run new ones on popular principles. Bears in his clutches."

Those who are acquainted with these facts will wonder less than "Dave" Jackson and his friends that the telegram which they received should have been as follows: "No sellers. Dispatch in *Telegram* caused panic. Am caught damnez."

The golden dreams of the party vanished as the telegram was read.

"We'd better go back to bed," was "Dave" Jackson's comment.

"Hold on," said another, "the last word may be some sort of cipher and perhaps things are not so bad after all."

The speaker was requested to read it again, bearing in mind, first, that wicked words were not allowed to come by cable, and second, that "Ez" was short for "Ezra." He soon interpreted the word and said no more. Nor was there any further talk that day of presenting Mr. Bayle with a testimonial.

When the telegram was shown to Mr. Bayle, he read it with the equanimity of a philosopher and the stoicism of a millionaire. The naughty word did not vex him. On the contrary he displayed the forbearance of a Christian who acts up to his professions.

"Dave," he said to Mr. Jackson, "let's fix this matter. I don't wish to squeeze your brother. Cable him to make terms for me with the other brokers and I will let him off even."

"You're a noble fellow, Ez," was Dave's reply. He sent the dispatch containing Mr. Bayle's terms which were not exorbitant, seeing that, as he had boasted, he could ruin half of the brokers in Wall Street if he enforced his legal rights. They gladly accepted his compromise, which left him the richer by ten million dollars. Thus he had doubled his fortune

at a stroke. Yet he was none the happier or healthier. He had no appetite and he could not sleep.

Congratulatory telegrams and letters poured in upon Mr. Bayle. His friends in America begged him to return home without delay. They were anxious to honor him. Some of them were confident that no better candidate than he could be found to succeed the late General Logan as Senator for Illinois. They even looked forward to nominating him for president on the Republican ticket at the next national convention. They felt certain that he would make an excellent candidate, first, because he could contribute handsomely to the party fund, and second, because his scheme for creating a vast though veiled monopoly in place of the many railroad monopolies which were so unpopular, was a splendid one for pleasing and imposing upon the people. Mr. Bayle bore his prospective honors meekly. He thanked his friends for their kind wishes and plans and he promised to return home as soon as his health was re-established.

The visitors to Homburg learned from *The Times* what a wonderful man Mr. Bayle was and they regarded him with nearly as much interest as the Prince of Wales. A long telegram from the Philadelphia correspondent of *The Times* had told the story of Mr. Bayle's financial hit and of the excitement which had been caused throughout the Union by the publication of his railway project.

The prince warmly congratulating Mr. Bayle upon his enterprise and his professed philanthropy, he said in reply, "Well, prince, I told you at Druid's Mount that your English railroads could be better organized. They are dead-alive concerns. The presidents of these roads seem to miss all their chances for making money out of them. If some of your big bugs would take hold of them, they would do for your country what I mean to do for mine and also rake in the shekels."

"I fear, Mr. Bayle, these things can not be done so easily in England as you suppose. Your capitalists

manage to obtain the control of the railways in a way that would not be permitted in England; besides, Parliament is much more difficult to deal with than Congress seems to be according to you."

"The truth is, prince, your people are too old-fashioned in their ways for this enlightened age. They want a good shaking up. They ought to go ahead without thinking of the consequences. We have fewer prejudices in America."

"Perhaps you have," was the prince's response, which was uttered in a tone implying "You are none the better for that." The prince added, "An American gentleman once told me that triumphant cheating is regarded as a sign of brains out West, and that dishonesty is there accounted the best policy."

"Don't you believe it, prince. I guess he was an Easterner who had gotten the worst of it at a deal. We don't care a cent for what such a sore-head says."

The chronicles of Homburg life during the sojourn of the Bayles contain but few interesting episodes. Indeed, each day there during the season closely resembles another. In the morning, all the visitors who can get up and go out before breakfast, proceed to the springs, drink the waters, listen to the music and indulge in gossip.

When the public gaming tables were allowed in the Casino, the majority of the visitors alleged that they went to Homburg to drink the waters, and they drank them to keep up the delusion. It was generally admitted in those days that, if taken in moderation, the Homburg waters did neither much good nor great harm. Now they are proclaimed to be highly curative of gout, indigestion and other maladies of the rich and the noble, and those who follow the fashion swallow them in the belief that they will be benefited.

Moreover, as the leaders of society have decreed that lawn tennis must be played at Homburg, the visitors, as has been already said, spend the greater part of each day in playing it, or in watching those

who do. After dinner in the evening there is an open-air concert ; sometimes there are balls ; but, in general, there is no inducement to keep late hours, so most of the visitors go to bed very early. Dissipation consists in walking the silent streets after ten o'clock at night.

Mr. Bayle and his wife regularly drank the waters and took the baths which Dr. Deetz prescribed, and Mrs. Bayle thought herself the better for so doing, while her husband did not experience any marked improvement in his symptoms. Miss Bayle flirted, practiced lawn tennis, danced at every ball and proclaimed that she was enjoying a "real elegant time." Though rather too impatient and displaying more energy than skill, she was not the worst tennis player in Homburg. Once or twice she played with the prince, and then she was the object of envy to English young ladies who were not so favored.

Neither Miss Bayle nor her parents saw much of Mr. Wentworth. He, too, had met many American friends and he spent much time in their company. They were members of the most exclusive society in New York and Boston ; they were proud of having Dutchmen or Puritans as ancestors and they despised those among their countrymen who were not so favored. They would have nothing to do with the Bayles, giving as a reason "we don't belong to that crowd." Indeed, they not only regarded the Western millionaire and his friends with contempt ; but they also said very uncomplimentary things of Miss Bayle, denying that she was beautiful and pronouncing her manners atrocious. They deplored that the prince should disregard them and associate with a Western girl of no family and detestable tastes. But nothing they said in dispraise of Miss Bayle prevented Englishmen from admiring and Englishwomen from envying her.

A somewhat ludicrous incident occurred during the last week of their stay. Every Wednesday, weather permitting, an enterprising artist appeared at the

Elizabeth Spring and took a photograph of the company. The weather being bad, on two out of the three Wednesdays the Bayles were at Homburg, the photograph could not be taken till the third and last.

The prince happened to be on the spot that morning and he acceded to a request to remain there till the photograph was taken. Mr. Bayle and his daughter stood beside him ; Mrs. Bayle had not come down to the springs that morning. In general, when these photographs are taken, each person tries to be as conspicuous as possible and the artist has to request the persons present not to push too far forward. On this occasion the universal desire was to get a good view of the prince, Mr. Bayle and his daughter. On the negative being developed, it was found that the ill-directed curiosity of those who were behind the Prince of Wales had spoiled the picture. Every neck was strained and every eye was turned toward the place where the prince, Mr. Bayle and his daughter stood, and the artist had to suppress the absurd photograph.

A pleasanter remembrance of the sojourn of the Bayles at Homburg was a splendid entertainment given by Mr. Bayle in the regal rooms of the Casino. After deciding upon giving it, he invited the prince to grace the ball with his presence and his request was granted. He was most generous in issuing invitations and all who were asked gladly accepted, with the exception of some of the aristocratic Americans already referred to. Mr. Wentworth attended, chiefly to please Lord Plowden Eton, who pressed him to do so after hearing from Miss Bayle that she would be gratified if he were her father's guest. Mr. Bayle spared no expense to make the ball a success : it cost more and it was more brilliant than any which had been given in Homburg. Miss Bayle danced with the prince and was happy. He danced with other American as well as with some English young ladies also, and thus he diffused much thorough and harmless gratification.

The day succeeding this ball was devoted partly to

resting from the toil of pleasure and partly to preparing for leaving Homburg. Next morning the exodus was so large that the sound of the German tongue was again heard in the shops and streets. The prince returned to England; Mr. Wentworth started for Paris on his way to Bordeaux; Lord Plowden Eton went to London in order to visit Sandringham a week later, the prince having invited him to shoot partridges there; Mr. Bayle, his wife and daughter went off in the company of their friends the Johnsons for a tour through Switzerland and Italy.

Dr. Deetz had impressed upon Mr. Bayle the necessity of cutting himself off from all business cares, and advised him to travel about for a month or two and not to have any letters forwarded to him. Mr. Bayle desired to return home before the end of the year, in order to prosecute his great railway scheme; but he wished to see Monte Carlo before leaving Europe and his plan was to get there about the end of October when the season would begin.

Before parting with Lord Plowden Mr. Bayle mentioned his plan and said that he should be glad to see him at Monte Carlo; Mrs. Bayle was still more emphatic in expressing a like wish; Miss Bayle clenched the matter by adding, "It would be real nice if we saw the place together again. Mr. Wentworth told me he will probably be there, so we should make quite a party." Lord Plowden gladly promised to join them in Monte Carlo at the end of October. Indeed, if it had not been for the prince's invitation, which he could not well refuse, he would most willingly have accompanied the Bayles on their tour through Switzerland and Italy.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### UNCLE CECIL'S END.

MR. WENTWORTH staid at Paris on his way to Bordeaux. He did so in order to inquire about his uncle Cecil whom he had expected to meet at Homburg. The uncle and nephew seldom corresponded; but the nephew always made a point, when he visited Paris, of calling at his uncle's rooms in the *Champs Elysées* and this mark of attention on Rupert's part always gratified his uncle. Had they seen more of each other they might not have remained on such good terms. They had little in common except their relationship. Their tastes differed in one important respect. The uncle was never perfectly happy out of Paris; the nephew had never been thoroughly happy in it.

Rupert Wentworth found his uncle confined to his room and very ill. He had been ailing since his run to Monte Carlo and back. Mr. Cecil Wentworth was what the doctors call a bad patient. With the exception of a slight attack of influenza he had seldom been ill since his boyhood, and the man who attains the age of fifty-six without denying himself any pleasure and without suffering in health can not understand why he should ever be indisposed. When Mr. Cecil Wentworth had the premonitory symptoms of the illness which proved to be serious, he neither took precautions nor physic. On the contrary, he drank an extra bottle of wine daily under the notion that he was "run down" and required stimulants.

What Mr. Cecil Wentworth really required was a low diet, to eat nothing more heating than bread and

drink nothing more intoxicating than water. A week before his nephew saw him he had an apoplectic fit. Though the stroke was severe, he rallied very quickly. His doctor impressed upon him the necessity for self-denial and hinted that he had better communicate with his relations. He disregarded the advice and laughed at the hint, persistingly acting on the supposition that he was "run down" and would be all right as soon as the weather became cooler and less exhausting.

"Delighted to see you, Rupert," was his greeting to his nephew; "this hot weather has upset me, but I shall soon be all right again. Come and dine this evening and I'll give you a bottle of as good Heidsick as you would get at the Somerset Club and a bottle of better Pomard than you will procure for money in Paris."

"I shall come with pleasure, Uncle Cecil. But your servant tells me you are still in the doctor's hands, so I hope you won't exert yourself on my account. If you had let me know you were ill I should have started at once to see you."

"I know that, my boy, but there's not really much the matter with me. The great heat overcame me—that's all! I have been rather slow in completely recuperating. If I did not feel so weak I should start off at once for America. The voyage will put me right. However, I hope to go next week. Indeed, I have secured a berth in the *Normandie*, which sails from Havre then."

After leaving his uncle, Mr. Rupert Wentworth called upon Mr. Orlando W. Fisher, an American banker whom he knew to be his uncle's most intimate friend in Paris, and told him that he was shocked to find his uncle looking so ill. He asked Mr. Fisher to use his influence in persuading his uncle to take care of himself and to get him to consult and trust an experienced physician.

"I have done my best," Mr. Fisher said, "but with-

out much effect. I have remarked a great change in your uncle lately. He seems to have grown old all at once. Before his attack he seemed quite out of health. He refused to see a doctor. His servant came to me when he had his fit and I at once asked Dr. John Chapman, who, though an Englishman, is much liked by our people here, to attend him and I think Dr. Chapman's skillful treatment brought him round so soon. Your uncle likes the doctor; but does not strictly follow his advice. Only this morning I saw Dr. Chapman, who told me that unless your uncle exercised the greatest care and avoided all excitement, the issue might be serious."

In consequence of this information Mr. Wentworth resolved to remonstrate with his uncle and, in any case, to stay with him till he was able to start for America.

He was rather surprised on returning in the evening to find his uncle in excellent spirits and looking well.

"Come, Rupert," he said, "you shall have a treat. I don't suppose you've had a genuine American cocktail lately. I have taught Félix, my French servant, to mix drinks and I brought some real old Bourbon for the purpose the last time I crossed the Atlantic. He can make a cocktail better than he can talk English, though he professes to know English perfectly." Then he called to his servant, "Hurry up, Félix, with the cocktails."

"Surely, Uncle Cecil," remarked his nephew, "this must be bad for you at present?"

"Never fear, my boy, a good cocktail taken immediately before dinner can not hurt a baby." He drank the contents of the glass with evident satisfaction and said, "Now then, let's sit down to dinner! I declare I feel more like eating something than I have done for weeks. Your visit has done me more good than all Dr. Chapman's advice!"

The dinner was a choice one. Mr. Cecil Wentworth had devoted his leisure to the study of eating and drinking; he had educated his palate with as great

assiduity as a man of intellect educates his mind, and he was as acute in detecting a bad savor in viands or a bad flavor in wines as a great scholar is in detecting an error or obscurity in the text of a Greek play. Having become a perfect judge of food and wines, he took great pains always to have the best of both. On this occasion he ate little; but he drank freely and seemed to enjoy himself. While the uncle and nephew were smoking their cigars after dinner, the first topic of conversation was Mademoiselle Elsa.

Mr. Cecil Wentworth began: "So you're not married yet, Rupert? What's the trouble? Nothing really wrong, I hope?"

Mr. Rupert did not think it necessary to tell the whole story, so he replied: "Monsieur Pessac wishes the marriage delayed for sixty days. I am now on my way south to make the acquaintance of his elder brother, who lives near Bordeaux. Afterward I shall proceed to Monaco."

"My advice is, don't lose more time that you can help. I have made things all right for you in Boston. Every one there will be glad to welcome your wife. Indeed, I envy you. I wish I had been as wise when I was your age!"

"Why, uncle, you used to tell me that your married life was a happy one!"

"I did not refer to that. One may not draw a blank in the marriage lottery and yet one may fail to win the first prize. What I mean is that you have always had an object in life. You have not been loafing about Europe like so many of our folks, or like me for that matter. If I had been a student like yourself, I might have spent a more useful life."

Mr. Rupert quivered under the compliment which was an unintentional reproach. His uncle, in common with his other relations in America, entertained the belief that he was an earnest student, devoting all his energies to the production of some great work which would do credit to him and be an honor to his coun-

try. They were unaware how his high resolves had waxed feeble and how his serious studies in philosophy had been exchanged for desultory reading which occupied his time without bearing fruit. Being touched by his uncle's avowal, he inwardly formed a resolution to turn over a new leaf and again become the ardent student of earlier years.

Before bidding him good-night, his uncle said: "I suppose you're at the Grand Hotel as usual. If you like to come here, a room is at your service and you will be your own master."

"I shall be delighted, uncle. Indeed, as I am not due at Monaco for two months I shall be glad to take a trip with you to America."

"Of course I shall be delighted if you do so. Your aunt, who is now in Longfellow's old cottage at Nahant, will be greatly pleased if you spend a few days with her there before you return. However, we can talk over that to-morrow. Tell me your number at the hotel, and I'll send Félix in the morning to fetch your baggage."

Just as he was leaving the room, his uncle called him back, saying, "Here, you may take this with you. It is a note written after getting over my attack and when I felt more gloomy than I do now. In fact, I feel as well to-night as I have ever done in my life. You will see that I wrote your London address on the envelope; but I put off mailing it."

Mr. Rupert took the note, said good-night again, and went off with a lighter heart than when he entered the house. He was no longer uneasy about his uncle, who seemed to have became quite his old self.

Mr. Rupert read the note before going to bed. It was so short that it may be given in full:

"DEAR RUPERT:

"I have been very sick and am still confined to my room. If you are not far from Paris, I shall be glad if you can come and see me. My doctor, who appears

a sensible man, talks rather despondingly about me; but I am sure he is over-anxious as I feel better every day without taking his prescriptions. Still there is no harm in my telling you that, in case of accidents, I should like to lie in the family vault at Mount Auburn. Newton Jones, whom you know, manages all my affairs on the other side and he has got my will. I have always regarded you as a son and I am sure you will do honor to our family. When I am gone you will get half my property during your aunt's life and the other half at her death. The house in Beacon Street which was your father's and which I bought after his death will be yours after me.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"CECIL WENTWORTH."

When Mr. Rupert Wentworth was dressing in the morning, his uncle's servant, Félix, knocked at the door. On being admitted he said that his master was very ill and that the doctor had sent him with a message to that effect. Mr. Wentworth sent him to call a cab and they drove rapidly to the house in the *Champs Elysées* where Mr. Cecil Wentworth occupied rooms.

On reaching the house, he met Dr. Chapman and learned from him that his uncle had breathed his last a few minutes previously. He had rung for his servant on getting out of bed and Félix found him almost unconscious in a chair. Félix sent for Dr. Chapman, who lived close at hand, and who came at once. Seeing that the case was very serious, Dr. Chapman summoned to his aid Dr. Chabord, an eminent French surgeon who lived in the neighborhood. But the case was hopeless; the second attack of apoplexy, which Dr. Chapman had dreaded, proved fatal. On learning from Mr. Rupert Wentworth how his uncle had passed the preceding evening, he said that nothing could have been more foolish, or more akin to self-destruction.

Mr. Cecil Wentworth's death was deeply regretted by many persons in Paris. He was popular both in the most exclusive set of the American colony and in the best French society. He was one of the very few Americans who had gained admission into the Jockey Club. His position and popularity entailed the penalty of an obituary notice in *Le Figaro*, which may be freely translated as follows :

"The death of M. Cecil Wentworth is a great loss to Parisian 'high life.' Though a descendant of the rough pioneers who made their homes in the New World, M. Wentworth had lived long enough in Paris to be transformed into a perfect gentleman. It was even difficult to tell from his dress and accent that he was not a pure Parisian. He enjoyed the privilege, rarely accorded by his compatriots, of admission into our best society, and he showed himself worthy of the honor. He was a member of the Jockey Club and an ardent and accomplished 'sportsman.'

"All true Frenchmen listened with just pride to M. Wentworth's expressions of gratitude to our noble and magnanimous France for having freed his country from the domination of haughty and perfidious Albion. His services during the International Exposition of 1878 were recompensed with the Cross of the Legion of Honor. As our readers are aware this dignity is coveted by Englishmen more than that of being Lord Mayor of London and by Americans more than that of being President of the United States. Our readers will unite with us in regretting that the mortal remains of so thorough a Parisian as M. Wentworth should not rest in the city which he loved so well.

"The Americans resemble the Chinese in disliking to be buried out of their native country; hence arrangements have been made by his heart-broken nephew to convey the body in the *Normandie* to the New England in which he was born. Though a native of a republic, M. Wentworth professed an affection for the House of France as sincere as that of our loyalists

and in this respect he formed a pleasing contrast to the vulgar republican tyrants who are disgracing and ruining our beautiful and beloved country."

When Mr. Rupert Wentworth read this notice he could have strangled the writer. At first he thought of penning a formal protest ; but, on reflection, he thought that he might get the worst of it, as the writer might hold him up to public execration as the unworthy nephew of an excellent uncle. He further reflected that what displeased and disgusted him might delight others. Accordingly he forwarded a copy of *Le Figaro* to M. Pessac, along with a letter in which he intimated his intention of going to America ; he said, moreover, that his stay there would be very short and that he would keep his promise of visiting Monaco at the end of October. He ended by sending his respectful compliments to Mademoiselle Pessac and Mademoiselle Elsa and by hoping that all the members of the family were well.

He received a long letter of condolence by return of post. M. Pessac wrote that he was at once deeply afflicted to hear of Mr. Cecil Wentworth's death and extremely glad to hear that he was so good a man and such a warm friend to France. He added that his sister fully shared his feelings and that they both applauded Mr. Rupert's devotion in accompanying his uncle's remains to America. Indeed, the notice in *Le Figaro* and the letter of Mr. Rupert Wentworth had entirely won M. Pessac's heart. He no longer regarded him as a foreigner in any thing but the name. His sister's admiration for Mr. Wentworth increased. Mademoiselle Elsa alone felt sad. When her aunt told her the news, she cried bitterly and said :

"Ah ! he will never return ! He will meet and marry a lovely American ! "

Her fear was prompted by jealousy as much as love. Her aunt failed to console her. The poor girl was too deeply affected to be easily comforted. From that time the debility from which she had suffered at Hom-

burg and which seemed to have been arrested, became more marked. She pined slowly away.

However, Mr. Wentworth returned to France again at the appointed time. He had nothing to detain him in Boston after the funeral was over. His uncle's affairs were in perfect order. His own income was increased by twenty-five thousand dollars a year or five thousand pounds sterling. He had the prospect at his aunt's death of a further increase to the like amount. He had an additional piece of good-luck which was wholly unexpected.

At his father's death, as has already been stated, he became the possessor of several shares in a Lake Superior copper mine. He was told that they were valueless, the company having ceased to work the mine and being unable to find a purchaser for it. A purchaser had suddenly and unexpectedly appeared and made an offer for the property which was conditional upon his succeeding in forming a company in England to re-open and develop it. The company was formed, the English mining engineer, who was sent to inspect it, having professed his confidence that he would beat the Yankees on their own ground and make the mine remunerative. The price agreed upon was paid; English shareholders took the places of Yankee ones and English gold passed into Yankee pockets. Both parties were satisfied with their bargain at the outset, though it turned out in the long run that the Yankees had displayed the greater wisdom. Mr. Wentworth's share of the proceeds was ten thousand dollars, or two thousand pounds sterling.

He crossed the Atlantic direct to Bordeaux in the *Château Léoville* belonging to a French line of steamers. He lost no time in calling upon M. Victor Pessac, the elder brother of his future father-in-law. M. Victor's house and vineyard were near Paulliac. On his way thither, Mr. Wentworth saw a house for sale which took his fancy and the idea occurred to him to buy it and allow M. Hector Pessac to live there and cultivate the

few acres which surrounded it. He stopped and made inquiry about terms. He learned that the house was called *Château Beaulieu* and that the price was fifty thousand francs, being exactly the sum which he had received for his shares in the Lake Superior copper mine.

After introducing himself to M. Victor Pessac and being cordially welcomed by him and his wife, he broached the subject of *Château Beaulieu* and was told that the property had been once a valuable one, but that the terrible *phylloxera* had destroyed the vines; hence the owner, having been rendered almost penniless, was forced to part with it. The price now asked was a fifth lower than would have been asked a few years before. At that time the wine of *Château Beaulieu* had a high reputation and the brand was a favorite one. Since then all the vines had been uprooted and an American variety planted in their stead.

The American vines had just begun to bear fruit; but how the wine made from the grapes would turn out was considered quite uncertain. Yet Mr. Wentworth did not share the doubts which prevailed in the locality; on the contrary, as he was confident that American vines would do credit to an American proprietor, he resolved to purchase the property. M. Victor Bessac offered to conduct the negotiations. His offer was accepted with thanks and he was in his element when driving a bargain with the existing proprietor. Had the proprietor known that a rich American was the actual purchaser he would have made no reduction in the price demanded. As it was, he consented to take ten per cent. less for cash. When he found that Mr. Wentworth was to succeed him, he repented doing this, M. Victor, on the other hand, was proud of his work and Mr. Wentworth thanked him heartily for the trouble he had taken and for his success as a negotiator.

"Well, you see, sir," was M. Victor's remark in reply to Mr. Wentworth, "I regard the matter as a

family one. You are soon to be one of us. I may say frankly that I should not have taken so much trouble for a mere stranger."

Now, Mr. Wentworth was not wholly reconciled to becoming one of the family. He liked M. Victor Pessac, the vine-grower, far less than M. Hector Pessac, the croupier. The latter was a man of the world and a gentleman in manner; the former was a peasant in his ideas and his habits. M. Victor seemed more at home in his kitchen than in his drawing-room. On week days he went about in a blowse and wooden shoes: on Sundays he seemed very uncomfortable in his best clothes. He read nothing but the *Vine Grower's Almanac* and *La Gironde* newspaper; he cared for nothing but what had some relation to vineyards and wine. Politics he eschewed. He held that the best form of government for his country was the one under which the taxes were lightest. He was an habitual abstainer in the sense of never voting. Unless obliged to visit Bordeaux on business, he never spent a night out of his own house.

M. Victor Pessac labored in his vineyard; his wife did most of the housework. They had no children. They would have been supremely happy had a boy or girl been born to them, as the boy would have helped his father in the fields and the girl her mother within doors. At first Mr. Wentworth did not relish the prospect of becoming their neighbor and a member of their family circle. Yet he was prepared to find them wanting in polish. He knew that a mere tiller of the soil is seldom refined. He had read about the life led by Paul Louis Courier at his *Château* in Touraine, and he remembered that the habits of that consummate master of style were not more refined than those of M. Victor Pessac who could not write a sentence which any one would admire. But, in his actual character as a vine-grower, the great Paul Louis Courier was a counterpart of M. Victor Pessac.

After ten days' acquaintance, Mr. Wentworth liked

M. Victor Pessac much better than at first. His spirit of independence and his unconventionality reminded him of the New England farmers who, though rough in their ways, are sound at the core. He had sufficient experience of French polish to value French sincerity.

Mr. Wentworth felt that M. Victor Pessac could be trusted and that he was emphatically an honest man. He would not choose him for a constant associate; but he could spend some time in his company with perfect satisfaction. Indeed, he learned from meeting him to regard the French tillers of the soil and the vine-growers in particular from a new and better point of view. He saw that peasant proprietors such as they formed the backbone of the French people and constituted the true strength of their country. It is a misfortune that French novels present unreal pictures of French society and that strangers so often regard the volatile Parisians as true representatives of the French people. There is no people which is so different and so superior beneath the surface. Mr. Wentworth was gradually getting rid of his foolish prejudices and learning that the domestic virtues are nowhere cultivated more thoroughly than in France. He no longer regretted the prospect of mixing with the French at home and learning to know them more intimately.

He agreed with M. Victor Pessac as to how his property should be managed, M. Pessac undertaking the superintendence of it till other arrangements could be made. For his trouble he was to receive the product of the year's vintage. At parting, M. Pessac said:

"M. Wentworth, I am a man of few words and bad at paying compliments; but I can assure you I am very glad my niece will have so good a husband as you will be to her. If I can ever do any thing for you, count upon me."

His wife, Mme. Annette, who was present, added:

"Yes, my dear sir, I quite agree with my husband. You will always be most welcome here. We are both sorry that you have not staid with us instead of remaining in the hotel at Paulliac."

Mr. Wentworth reciprocated the kind expressions which he felt to be really meant. That he was right in so thinking is proved by the following letter which M. Victor wrote the same evening to his brother, Hector. It was a rare thing for him to write a letter, and his doing so on the present occasion showed him to be thoroughly in earnest:

"My very dear Brother:

"The American left us to-day. He goes to Arcachon before starting for Monaco. Annette and I did not like him at first sight; he seemed as stiff as any Englishman, and Annette felt certain that he did not like us. However, his manner changed after a few days, and we both esteem him highly and think you very fortunate in having secured such a son-in-law. Do you remember *Château Beaulieu*, belonging to old Bonfils? When a boy you always said you would rather be proprietor of it than King of France? Well! the American has bought it, so I suppose you will live there some day. I am to look after it for the present. I hope you will soon carry out your plan of retiring on your savings and coming to live here. You will find the country greatly changed since you saw it last. The *phylloxera* has nearly ruined it. I should have told you the American has given me a hint for getting rid of that pest which has been tried at my suggestion by a neighbor, who has found it to answer better than any other. It consists in drenching the roots with a decoction of aloes, and it has the great merit of not being expensive. If it should do as well as it promises, your future son-in-law will have proved to be a benefactor both to our department and to France.

"All affectionate greetings to my sister and niece, from your brother, Victor."

Mr. Wentworth had promised Mademoiselle Pessac that he would not omit to visit Arcachon whenever he was in the neighborhood of Bordeaux. He had passed through Bordeaux more than once without going to see that watering-place, and this omission was the only serious fault which she could lay to his charge. She regarded the place as a heaven upon earth. In her eyes Monaco was not nearly so beautiful or delightful. Arcachon had the advantage of being in her native place, and, being an enthusiastic Frenchwoman, she allowed more than their due weight to these considerations.

Expecting too much, Mr. Wentworth was disappointed with Arcachon. Its charms were different from those of Monaco and, as he thought, very inferior, though they were by no means contemptible. He had gathered from Mademoiselle Pessac's account that the pine woods, which are the greatest attraction of the place, bordered the sea, whereas he found that a row of streets and houses runs between them and the shore. During the time he staid there the weather was wet and the air was very chilly for the season of the year, whereas he had been led to expect perpetual summer. Still, he was pleased to have visited Arcachon and not indisposed to return. He saw several villas any one of which would suit him very well as a place of residence, and he thought that, when tired of residing near Paulliac and anxious to be away from his father-in-law, he might find in the health of himself or of his wife an excuse for taking a villa at Arcachon.

Now that the time for his marriage drew near, he indulged in plans for the future and his schemes were no longer bounded by his own wishes or requirements. For the first time in his life he made plans for two persons and he was most anxious to devise what would give the utmost pleasure to the second.

He was to be happy as he had never been before; this is the forecast of every expectant husband. Indeed, he would become a new man. A loving com-

panion would share in his less serious studies, which would be so chosen as to interest and entertain her. He contemplated a course of reading in which light literature would occupy a large place and which would prove as serviceable as the perusal of graver books for the completion of the comprehensive philosophical work on "The Problem of Existence," which had been the dream and the ambition of his life. Mr. Wentworth flattered himself with the belief that his existence was not to be wasted and that his marriage was to be the turning-point in his career.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### A REMARKABLE AMERICAN.

WHEN the Bayles and the Johnsons started from Homburg they formed a party of eight. Their luggage seemed sufficient for the wants of a regiment. It consisted of five Saratoga trunks, of seven valises or portmanteaus and of bags and bundles by the dozen. The total weight exceeded a ton. The extra charge made for it would have kept a small family in comfort for a week. Mr. Bayle had been told that much trouble would be saved if he took a courier. Mr. Johnson opposed this on the ground that he had once traveled with a courier and vowed that he would never do so again.

"Leave every thing to me," he said, "I have learned the ropes. I'll teach you some wrinkles in European travel."

He was taken at his word, and he certainly saved the others a great deal of trouble. For his own part, he never worked harder or felt more anxiety in his life.

The Johnsons numbered five. The father and mother were a good deal past middle-age; Henrietta, commonly called Hattie, was the eldest of their children and was a little over eighteen; Marian, commonly called Minnie, was just seventeen; Abel, junior, commonly called Cain to distinguish him from his father, was a lad between fifteen and sixteen. When Mrs. Bayle's meeting with them in Paris was referred to, some details were then withheld which may now be communicated.

The father, Abel P. Johnson, was one of the remarkable and unpleasant men who make the name American a by-word in Europe. Like Mr. Bayle he was a New Englander, having been born at Cambridge, Massachusetts; but he had not enjoyed the advantage of completing his education at Harvard University. Immediately after leaving school he was placed in a dry goods store. Being the possessor of a small capital he started in business on his own account before he was twenty. Within a year he became bankrupt; he began again and became bankrupt in six months. Feeling that New England did not afford sufficient scope for his energies, he went to Chicago, began business there and succeeded so well as to fail for upward of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars within two years. His creditors saw that there was no hope of getting any thing unless they helped him to start afresh; they did so; he prospered or appeared to do so, and soon became bankrupt for half a million.

Notwithstanding these reverses, Mr. Johnson lived in comfort and he acquired the dubious character of "a real smart man." Mr. Codman, a large creditor who was about to engage in "pork-packing," offered to make him a partner, provided he looked after the business and exercised his smartness in so doing, without interfering in financial matters. The business flourished, and the firm of Codman & Johnson became the leading one in the trade. Being smitten with a desire to travel in Europe, he sold his share in the business, the proceeds yielding him an income of thirty thousand dollars.

When in his own country and among his own people, Mr. Abel P. Johnson was not remarkable for any peculiarity of manner or speech. Public opinion keeps all Americans on their good behavior at home. In like manner the blustering and offensive Briton, who disgraces his own country when traveling on the continent, is a quiet and commonplace personage in his

native land. He knows better than to give himself airs where he is certain to be snubbed.

Just as the vulgar Briton becomes an intolerable nuisance the moment he lands on the continent, so did Mr. Johnson distinguish himself upon going on board an Atlantic steamer if any Englishmen were among the passengers. He then developed into a noisy, pretentious and self-asserting personage. His delight was to declaim against the effete monarchies of the Old World. He was copious with facts in support of his assertions and, being grossly ignorant of history, most of his facts were blunders. If corrected by any English listener, his habit was to inquire of him, "Say, sir, have you read the Constitution of the United States?" Should the reply be in the negative, he would retort, "Then I can not argue with you till you do."

One afternoon in the smoking-room of the White Star steamer *Britannic*, he was talking in his wonted strain and had, as he thought, floored an Englishman by his usual tactics, when the latter asked him:

"Pray, have you read *Magna Charta?*"

"What's that, sir?" he said.

The other replied, "It is the foundation of the British Constitution and my advice to you is to read it if you can, for it is written in Latin, before you attempt to argue about Great Britain."

The laugh was turned against him.

Some of his countrymen, who were present, exclaimed, "Guess he had you there, Abel!"

"Yes, sir," was his remark, "I've given myself away for once. However, don't bear malice, sir, and let's take a drink. Name your poison."

On another voyage a similar scene occurred in the smoking-room of the Guion steamer *Alaska*. On this occasion Mr. Johnson was nonplused when, in reply to the question whether he had read the Constitution of the United States, an Englishman said, "I have not only read it, including the Thirteenth and

Fourteenth Amendments ; but I've read Kent's and Story's Commentaries also."

"I never heard tell of Kent and Story ; but if you've read our Constitution I've nothing more to say."

"Let me advise you, then, to learn something about Kent and Story before you profess to understand your Constitution. They are jurists of whom any country might be proud."

"Is that so ?"

"Guess that's so !" was the response of several American listeners.

Mr. Johnson was glad when the steward's entry into the room gave him the opportunity to change the subject by calling out :

"Say, steward, is yesterday's run put up yet ?"

During the rest of the voyage Mr. Johnson was less aggressive in his talk and ever afterward he was less ready to presume that every Englishman was wholly unacquainted with the Constitution of the United States.

During Mr. Johnson's early visits to Europe he was struck with the comparative cheapness of every thing. He found that he could often get as much for a shilling, a franc or a florin as he could get in America for a dollar. At first he was delighted with this ; afterward, becoming more critical, he grumbled at the high prices he had to pay. The system of charging in European hotels was particularly obnoxious to him, and the charges made for candles he considered ridiculous.

He was the inventor of a scheme of retaliation which has made some Italian and Swiss hotel keepers issue notices to the effect that, if the unused parts of the candles are taken away they must be paid for extra. Mr. Johnson was in the habit of carrying off the candles in his bedroom which had not been used at all or which had been used for a short time only. This Yankee trick did not please the landlords of the hotels, nor did it profit Mr. Johnson in the long run.

He had filled a candle box and then he did not know what to do with it. Moreover he was annoyed by having to pay duty on it at more than one custom-house. In the end he resorted to the practice of letting the candles burn all night; his aim being, as he said, "to get even" with the landlords, though at the cost of some discomfort to himself.

Mr. Abel P. Johnson was the hero of an episode at Naples which led to much correspondence between the governments of Italy and the United States, and to some excited writing in ill-informed American newspapers. To him, as to others who visit Naples, the plague of beggars in some parts of the city was intolerable. He tried the expedient of walking about with all his pockets turned inside out and, for a day, this proved effectual. But the beggars were not to be beaten. They resolved to give annoyance if they could not get alms, so they fairly mobbed him.

Mr. Johnson had learned how superstitious the Neapolitans are about the "evil eye" and he had been shown how to make the sign which is supposed to ward off its consequences. Being more tormented than usual one day, he held out his hand in the right way and he was pleased to see the beggars fly like frightened sheep. His act was equivalent to an intimation from him that they were cursed with the "evil eye." As he found this plan effectual, he practiced it on all needful occasions. One afternoon, however, a number of boys who had pestered him for alms and whom he answered by making the sign against the "evil eye," first ran off and then they hid themselves behind a low wall and pelted him with stones as he passed by. He had to run for his life, after being struck several times and nearly stunned. Indeed, he had a narrow escape, as one stone cut his head open. He lodged a complaint with the United States consul which the consul forwarded to the minister at Rome.

Mr. Johnson sent a telegram to a journalist in America and when the mail brought back the news-

papers he had the gratification of reading a long and highly imaginative account of "The Stoning of an American Citizen by Neapolitan Lazzaroni."

The result of an official investigation was to establish that Mr. Johnson had been imprudent and he received in due time a letter from the United States minister at Rome to the effect that the Italian authorities regretted what had occurred. He intimated also that, if Mr. Johnson refrained from annoying the beggars, who had rights which every stranger was bound to respect, they would probably refrain from throwing stones at him. He considered himself badly used. What greatly vexed him was that the American papers approved of the advice of the American minister and worse still, if possible, was their conclusion that the matter was too trivial to make so much fuss about and that, if Mr. Johnson had been killed outright, then there would be good reason for taking the Italians to task. As he did not desire martyrdom in order to prove that his grievance was substantial, he left Naples with the determination never to return.

Mr. Johnson boasted of his Puritan ancestry. In appearance he was unlike the bluff and burly Englishmen who crossed the Atlantic with John Winthrop. His frame was that of an early Puritan run to seed. He was tall and slender; his shoulders were narrow and his chest was hollow, yet he did not lack nervous energy or physical vigor. He considered himself a religious man because he regularly attended church. When at sea he spent the greater part of each Sunday in his stateroom singing Moody and Sankey's hymns out of tune. His religion had not rendered him charitable to his neighbors, nor had it hindered him from rising to independence through bankruptcy. So long as he kept out of jail, he did not see any harm in robbing his neighbor under the form of business.

His wife was a native of Chicago and was distinguished for nothing except a burning desire to become a "society lady." She was qualifying herself

abroad to act the part at home. The three children were worse educated than other Americans of their years. They had been taken from school in Chicago, to travel through Europe, before their education was finished. They had been sent to a school in Paris, where they acquired a smattering of French. Their father had resolved to instill facts into their minds through the medium of guide books. Wherever they went they were obliged to visit every place of interest and note down in the evening what they had seen during the day.

A single specimen of how this system of education worked will be as instructive as a large number and will save repetition. When the party visited Baden-Baden they went to the castle and they were shown the place where the *Vehmgericht* was said to have held its sittings. Next morning their father called for their diaries and questioned them as to the events recorded.

"Now, children," he said, "what was the *Vehmgericht?*"

"A personage in 'Anne of Geierstein,'" was Hattie's reply.

"Does the guide book say who wrote that book?"

"No," was Minnie's reply, "but I know: it was written by Byron."

"Oh! Minnie, how stupid you are! Coleridge wrote it."

"You're both wrong," was Cain's comment. "It was written by the Vicar of Wakefield, who wrote most of the best English books."

"Come now, settle it among yourselves," observed the father. "The book must have been written by one person only, so you can't all be right. On general principles I should say that Byron wrote it, as he seems to have been much in these parts."

Miss Bayle, who was present, interposed with the remark, "Mr. Johnson, you should get a better guide book. If you did, you would probably find that 'Anne

of Geierstein' was written by Scott. Our teacher at Chicago once said that the *Vehmgericht* was the Vigilance Committee of the Middle Ages."

"Write that down, children," said Mr. Johnson; "I am glad to hear that the Middle Ages had any thing so sensible as a vigilance committee. Thank you, Miss Bayle."

After this, she was repeatedly applied to by Hattie, Minnie and Cain for help in keeping their diaries and for explanation of historical references in guide books. Her own store of information was soon exhausted and she became heartily wearied of being puzzled by questions. In truth, Miss Bayle confided to her mother, a week after leaving Homburg, that she heartily wished they could get rid of the Johnsons.

The Johnsons, or rather the father of the family, soon grew tired of the Bayles as traveling companions. He was an energetic sight-seer: he never saw a tower without wishing to ascend it and he would not leave any picture gallery or museum, church or public building, unvisited. Mr. Bayle, his wife and daughter had no objection to entering churches or walking through picture galleries in order to be able to say they had seen them; but more they would not do, and they absolutely refused to ascend towers. By the time they reached Ouchy on the Lake of Geneva the members of both parties were heartily tired of each other's company.

They had traveled together for a month and another month was to be passed before the Bayles were due at Monte Carlo. As usual there was a large gathering of Americans in the hotel at Ouchy and Mr. Bayle felt disposed to remain there for a week or two; he was the more tempted to do so as his friend "Dave" Jackson was staying in the hotel. The subject was talked over the night of their arrival at Ouchy; but nothing was settled. Mr. Johnson was anxious that they should all go together as far as Florence, where he had resolved to pass the winter in

order that his children should learn Italian. He suddenly changed his mind in the morning.

Mr. Johnson was generally out of bed before the others. On the morning after reaching Ouchy he had bought a newspaper and ordered breakfast before the rest of the party had entered the public breakfast room. As the hotel was crowded, the party had been unable to get a private sitting-room as they usually did in the hotels they visited. An Englishman and American were seated at the table in the breakfast room and they had evidently met for the first time. The Englishman's back was turned to Mr. Johnson; indeed his companion and he occupied a corner where they were partly concealed and could not themselves see if other persons were in the room.

The Englishman told the American that he had crossed the Atlantic once or twice and said that he liked traveling in the United States, adding, "Perhaps I ought to tell you at once that I have read your Constitution."

"Why so?"

"Because I had an adventure on board the *Alaska* which made me resolve to say this to every American whom I met in traveling. It was my second visit to your country, so I had some personal knowledge of it and the people. One of your peculiar countrymen was a passenger. He seemed to think himself very clever; but I never heard a man display such amazing ignorance. His favorite amusement was sneering at England. He seemed to think this would annoy me. One day as he was indulging in his usual tirade and saying that he could not live in a country where there were masters and beggars, I interrupted him with the remark, 'Excuse me, but you have plenty of both in America, only there you call masters 'bosses' and beggars 'tramps.' He then asked me whether I had read the Constitution of the United States: I was able to say that I had, which surprised him, and to add that I had read the Commentaries of both Kent

and Story, which surprised him still more, as he said he had 'never heard tell of them.' He did not trouble me again. If I ever come across him I mean to ask whether he has read Kent or Story's Commentaries and then he will soon shut up. But you now understand, I suppose, why I put the question."

His companion replied, "Oh! you should not pay any attention to a scallawag like that. Such men are as quiet as mice at home, and they behave like idiots out of their own country. However, if you're through let's go out on the terrace and smoke a cigar, and have a talk about pleasanter things."

Mr. Johnson muttered a word which sounded like dash—or something naughtier—the Constitution of the United States. He called a waiter and asked the names of the two gentlemen: the waiter could only tell him that the one had a room numbered 45 and the other 54. He went out and looked at the book containing the names of the visitors to the hotel; number 45 turned out to be James Bolsover, Trinity Coll., Cambridge.

"This will never do," was his inward remark, "if I stay here this fellow may recognize me and I should not like the story to get about."

As soon as his own party had sat down to breakfast, he intimated that he had met an old friend, "Ed." Harris, who was to start by the 11:30 train on his way to Florence. He had arranged to go too. Mr. Bayle resolved to remain at Ouchy; so the party separated. Mrs. Johnson wondered why "Ed" did not appear at the railway station; her truthful husband suggested that he had either changed his mind or had gone off by another train.

Though Mr. Bayle had not enjoyed himself since leaving Homburg, he was in much better health. He had not received a business letter for a month. Mr. Johnson had not given him leisure to think about business. Now he was eager to receive his "mail," that is, the letters and papers which were sent to the Amer-

ican International Bank in London. He telegraphed for them and he received them in due course of post. He was in his natural element again, discussing with "Dave" Jackson the project of an American railroad syndicate. He had made a discovery which he communicated to his friend.

"Since traveling in Europe, Dave, I have thought of a simple means for getting more money out of our roads."

"Do you mean, Ez, to make a new deal?"

"No, I mean by taking a new departure in running them."

"That's easier said than done. You know our people don't like changes."

"That's so, but they have to submit to them sometimes and I guess I can make them do it."

"Well! I was never good at conundrums. Tell me your plan."

"It's so simple that it will surprise every body at home; but you have lived long enough in England to understand how feasible it is."

"Hold on, Ez; no English fashion will go down in America."

"I know that and I don't mean to say any thing about England when I have my own way: on the contrary, I shall appeal to our people to support a democratic and purely American institution. I mean to abolish deadheadism."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Jackson, drawing a long breath. "You don't say! But, when I come to think of it, there is no such thing in England. I never got the 'courtesy' of a road there and I suppose you haven't either. It was thought an unprecedented mark of respect to allow General Grant to travel over English roads without paying any thing. They made him pay in Italy, France and Germany and I heard that he was surprised."

"I see you have hit it. When I say that every body shall pay for transportation, I shall be sustained

by the people, though the editors of Western newspapers will kick. Of course I shall proclaim that this is a fresh blow against monopoly and then the Knights of Labor, and the other people who don't want to work, will indorse me."

"But will the result be worth all the trouble you will have?"

"The result! why, it will mean nearly half per cent. extra dividend to the roads that pay any thing. At present the people that can afford to pay are carried free. I am a 'dead-head.' I never pay a cent for traveling throughout the Union, while the workingmen who can not get passes pay for their tickets."

"If you succeed you will certainly be popular; but you will have a tough fight."

"That's but half my scheme. When the syndicate is in full blast, I shall propose that whoever pays five hundred dollars shall have the power to travel all over the Union as often as he likes during a year. Now, if a million people do this, then the income will be five hundred million and our roads will run like greased lightning."

"If you can get the people to take your yearly tickets, I have no doubt of it."

"Nor have I much doubt about their being taken. I shall advertise the names of all who take them. You remember when we had an income-tax how people assessed themselves highly because their incomes were published in the papers. I was very poor then. I had only five thousand dollars a year; but I paid the tax on ten thousand and got credit accordingly."

"If you carry out your plans, Ez, I guess you'll waken up our people and teach the Europeans a lesson. The Vanderbilt family will be nowhere in the public estimation. They'll make you president, sure."

"I promise you one thing. When I'm president you'll have an office, Dave."

When Mr. Bayle's packet of letters arrived, it contained two for his daughter from Sadie James. Before

the party left Ouchy to proceed by easy stages to Monte Carlo, Miss Bayle wrote to her friend :

" DEAREST SADIE :

" You are quite mistaken in what you say in both your letters which have just reached me here. I am not in love with Lord Plowden Eton and I am certain he is not in love with me. I have told you already that I like him much better than I did when I first saw him, but he does not pay me half so much attention as he did soon after we met. I was wrong in thinking him stupid because he knew nothing about the books I liked. He has read them all since and a great many more and he remembers what he reads far better than I do. Indeed he sometimes makes me quite mad by asking questions I can not answer. So now you know the exact state of the case. Whenever I fall in love I shall let you know.

" We went to Homburg as I told you we meant to do. Mother was much better for being there and she says that she has never been so free from malaria since she was a girl. Father is still run down ; but he thinks he is better than he was at Homburg, where he was always fussing over business of some kind or other, and where he became so sick that he had to call in the doctor one night. The doctor told mother that father must be carefully watched and kept from getting excited, which made mother very uneasy. There is nothing German about Homburg : all the natives, even the female helps, speak English and the place looks like an English and American colony in Germany. It is not so dressy a place as Saratoga. I brought a trunkful of new costumes from London and put on a fresh one two or three times a day, but I was stared at as if I were an Indian squaw and Lord Plowden told me it was not 'good form' to dress so much.

" I think I have forgotten to tell you the English are constantly talking about 'good form' and 'bad form, which seems to mean that every thing that one

wants to do is 'bad form.' The Americans at Homburg were as stiff as pokers except a few friends of father's ; the others put on more airs than the English. I find the English only want a little thawing to be real nice, and it is easy enough to thaw them, all one has to do is to speak to them in a friendly way and they at once respond ; what they seem to dread is speaking first. All the visitors to Homburg grow crazy about lawn tennis ; most of them seem to come for nothing but to play at it between breakfast and dinner. Lord Plowden learned me the game and I played twice with the Prince of Wales, which made the American and English ladies look as if they would enjoy roasting me alive.

"We left Homburg with the Johnsons and traveled here with them : they went off a few days ago, as Mr. Johnson had suddenly met his old friend Ed Harris and wanted to travel with him, while father preferred stopping here. I think father will soon go home and as mother won't let him go alone I shall probably see you again before the first of the winter. Mother misses Lord Plowden now that Mrs. Johnson has left her. I know that Lord Plowden does not care for me because he never proposed to write when we parted. I wish he had as I think he would write pleasanter letters than Tom Bates who, I am glad to hear, is married at last.

"Three young Englishmen offered themselves to me at Homburg, but I told each that I did not think of marrying. Lord Plowden never has done any thing of the kind so you see that you are wrong in supposing there is any chance of my marrying him. Probably when I next write I shall be able to tell you when we mean to sail for America."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### ELSA PASSES AWAY.

LORD PLOWDEN ETON and Mr. Wentworth reached Monte Carlo several days before the Bayles arrived there. A good deal had happened to both in the interval. Though old acquaintances they stood in a different relation to each other. The change in Lord Plowden was very marked. His manner was quieter ; he laughed less heartily ; he took life more seriously and he appeared to have a load upon his mind. Mr. Wentworth, on the contrary, was cheerful and seemingly light-hearted ; the sunshine of hope gilded his path.

Soon after arriving, Mr. Wentworth had inquired whether Mr. Vincent O'Lorrequer was at his villa or was soon expected, and he was told that nothing was known of Mr. O'Lorrequer's intentions. Looking over the *Times* one morning he saw a statement to the effect that a general election was impending and, in the long list of candidates, he found Mr. O'Lorrequer's name. This was a disappointment. He purposed telling him of his approaching marriage and asking him to act as best man, in order that every thing might be done decently and in order. He once thought of appealing to Mr. Beauvoir ; but he felt that he was too great a stranger in the circumstances. Then he resolved to tell his story and prefer his request to Lord Plowden.

On the evening of the second day after their meeting he said, " Eton, you once accepted a trifling favor from me ; I wish to ask a greater one from you ; but

do not hesitate to say 'no' if you feel the least disinclination."

Lord Plowden thought that Mr. Wentworth might have been tempted to play and was in want of a temporary advance and he was ready to oblige him. So he cheerfully replied, "Old fellow, your favor, as you call it, is granted: how much do you require?"

"Oh! I do not want money. The truth is I am going to be married and I wish you to act as best man, that is if you have no objections."

"Of course I shall do so most willingly; but who is the happy lady? or, perhaps, before putting such a question, I ought to congratulate you. I quite approve of men of our age marrying."

"You used to speak differently when we first became acquainted. Then you boasted about your bachelor freedom and spoke of marriage as a mistake."

"Did I? If I did, I must have been joking."

"You seemed quite in earnest; indeed, most emphatically so. However, as we are now at one on that head, we need not waste words in discussion. I will tell you my story."

Mr. Wentworth told his story briefly. Lord Plowden listened attentively without interposing a remark. When it was finished, he still remained silent, then he hastily exclaimed, "What a beastly cigar! It won't draw. Excuse me while I light another."

The cigar was not really bad; but Lord Plowden was perplexed and, not knowing what to say, he wished to gain time to consider. Perceiving his embarrassment and divining its cause, Mr. Wentworth continued:—

"I can well suppose that you do not relish the prospect of my marrying a croupier's daughter, and that you are afraid to offend me by saying so."

"You've hit it, old fellow, but pray don't mind what I think; you are the best judge in such a matter and so long as you don't ask me to approve of what you do, I shall gladly help you in any way."

"Thanks, Eton; if ever the case were reversed, I should probably think as you do. Perhaps, however, I ought to add a little more to my story before I cease to trouble you in the matter."

He then described his personal feelings about making a match which might estrange his own family and how he had taken counsel of his late uncle, who was very sensitive on that point. He continued: "You may not know that we are quite as careful in marrying well in America as you are in England. The law forbids our having an aristocracy in your sense of the term; but custom has created an aristocracy of feeling. I think I have read somewhere that personal feeling as regards marriage connections prevails to such an extent in England that a chimney-sweeper would think himself lowered in the social scale by marrying a crossing-sweeper's daughter. The crossing-sweeper has his views on the subject. It may seem very absurd and illogical, yet there is much human nature in it and human nature exercises its rights or its unreason as imperiously in America as in England. The difficulty in the present case is that a croupier is commonly supposed to be a rascal; whereas, in fact, a croupier at Monte Carlo is as honest a man as any clerk in a bank. He is no more responsible for a man or woman losing money at play than a stock-broker is for his client losing money by buying or selling stocks. The popular prejudice is a popular misunderstanding."

"Perhaps you are right," was Lord Plowden's reply. "I have never looked at the matter from that point of view because I have shared the prejudice of which you speak. I confess I was taken aback when you told your story. I see now that you have carefully considered the matter and have good reason for what you do. You may rely upon my acting as your best man and pray accept my best wishes. Whenever you can introduce me to M. Pessac and his daughter, I shall be pleased to make their acquaintance, only

you must act as interpreter, for you know I can not speak French so fluently as you."

"It is very good of you, Eton, to talk so kindly. I am certain that when you are acquainted with the lady you will consider me a happy man, and I have no fear that you will think badly of my future father-in-law. It's getting late. I must say good-night."

Lord Plowden stood up, seemed confused and then said, "Before doing so, give me a few moments longer talk. You have made a confession which I accept as a mark of friendship; let me make one in turn and perhaps you will see that I was quite wrong in even seeming to think that you were at all foolish in your choice."

"Never mind about my folly; a lover is a licensed blunderer; I only hope that you will not outdo me in this particular. In any case, you can depend upon my showing you I am as genuine a friend as you were by saying right out what you thought, instead of uttering hypocritical commonplaces."

"The fact is, Wentworth, I am only in love and not yet engaged and preparing for marriage as you are. The lady is Miss Bayle, your charming countrywoman; do you think she will have me if I propose?"

"How?" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth, unconsciously relapsing into an Americanism; he added, "Do you mean Miss Alma J. Bayle, of Chicago?"

"Certainly I do."

"Well! you surprise me quite as much as I can have surprised you a few moments ago. You, the son of an English duke, thinking of marrying a Western girl of no family! This is as startling a supposition as my marrying a croupier's daughter. Toward the end of the last century three beautiful Americans married English peers; but their father was nearly as much of an aristocrat by descent and quite as much in feeling as an English noble. There is nothing aristocratic about Mr. Bayle. Indeed, my family

would think I had done no honor to it if I were to marry his daughter."

"I must say, Wentworth, I can not understand your American notions. I hear much about one man being as good as another in your country, but I can not see any proof of it."

"Perhaps there is no phrase current in our country which is greater clap-trap than that one. It sounds well enough in a politician's mouth and it deludes our naturalized citizens; but we who are native born are never imposed upon by it. At any rate we do not think one woman as good as another. I have heard of gentlemen of position in London marrying their cooks; but, if a Bostonian did such a thing, his friends would get him shut up in a lunatic asylum."

"But Miss Bayle is not a cook."

"Remember, I say nothing against her personally. She is not to my taste, yet I think her both beautiful and bright. Her father, however, is a mere shoddy speculator, who has made considerable money."

"He calls himself a banker,which is a most respectable employment in England. Still if he be a mere speculator, as you say, that is no worse than being a croupier."

"In my opinion, it is. M. Pessac is a hard-working and honest man. He has never harmed a soul. Mr. Bayle's money has been made at the expense of other people, and Mr. Labouchere was not far wrong in calling him a robber of the widow and the orphan. He has now a railroad project in hand which, under the guise of serving the people, is designed to transfer money from their pockets into those of himself and his friends. Let us agree to differ on this point. I may appear prejudiced, but I should not care to be allied to the Bayle family even if Miss Bayle were ten times handsomer and richer."

"Please do not misunderstand me. I would not marry her for her money, and it is because she is

reputed to be a great heiress that I am doubtful about marrying her, even if she would have me."

"But your family! What will your father and mother say?"

"I have spoken to my father on the subject and he sees no objection to the match. On the contrary, he has said that he would be glad to see it take place and he has enabled me to propose to Miss Bayle without being reproached as a fortune-hunter, as he has promised to let me have five thousand a year should the marriage take place. My mother likes Miss Bayle."

"In that case I have nothing more to say, excepting to wish you joy."

"Thanks. But I have not yet had your opinion on another matter and it is the one about which I am most in doubt. Do you think it any use proposing to Miss Bayle? I should not like to be rejected, and I fear I might be."

"Now, though I have not been complimentary to my fair countrywoman, I must do her the justice to say that I believe she will marry no one unless out of love and that she will make an excellent wife. Our Western girls may seem a little rough; but they have warm hearts and the men who please them are lucky fellows. Miss Bayle will not like you any the more because you are the son of an English duke."

"I know that. What I rather fear is that she will think this is a drawback. I don't know if I told you that she might have become the wife of my French cousin Count Louis if she had chosen, and that she laughed at the proposal. When at Sandringham I heard that she had refused three Englishmen at Homburg; one was a great friend of the prince and a baronet whose family is as old as my own and who is a very rich man."

"I don't think, then, I can help you with advice or in any other way; you must take your chance and you will have the consolation that if you fail you will not

be singular. Besides, there may be a rival on the other side of the ocean. However, we shall never go to bed if we go on discussing probabilities of this kind. In the morning I shall call on M. Pessac and try to get him to come to dinner and meet you."

Early in the following morning M. Pessac called upon Mr. Wentworth. He had much to say and he said it with less than his wonted ease. In the first place he expressed the regret with which his sister and himself had heard of Mr. Cecil Wentworth's death and the admiration which they both entertained for the devotion he had shown in taking his uncle's remains across the Atlantic and giving them the burial which he desired. He was even more sincere in avowing his pleasure at hearing of the visit of Mr. Wentworth to his brother, M. Victor, and he insinuated that this had afforded great gratification to M. Victor and his wife. Nor was he less warm in stating how pleased he felt that *Château Beaulieu* had passed into Mr. Wentworth's hands. It could not, he added, have had another proprietor whom he could admire without envying. What he said was influenced by the feeling that Mr. Wentworth had conclusively proved how mistaken he was in having once rejected him as a son-in-law.

Mr. Wentworth allowed M. Pessac to unburden his mind. He discerned his object and he was not sorry to find himself placed on a pinnacle of perfection. Then, for the first time, he ventured to make a direct inquiry about Mlle. Elsa and to intimate the desire to be allowed to see her again and to do so in the position of an acknowledged and accepted suitor.

"I have nothing to refuse you now, my dear sir," was M. Pessac's reply; he added with emphasis, "You have a right to consider my house your own. There is none, I can assure you, in which you can be more welcome or in which you ought to feel more thoroughly at home."

"Then, may I call this afternoon?"

"I am really sorry to ask you to postpone your visit for a day or two; but the truth is my daughter has been ill and the doctor says she must be kept very quiet."

"What! Is Mlle. Elsa seriously ill?" was Mr. Wentworth's inquiry, which he made with genuine feeling, yet with sufficient self-command not to forget the formal style of mentioning her which he knew to be in accordance with French custom.

"She has been very ill; but, God be thanked, she is now recovering and we hope will soon be convalescent."

"But why did you not tell me this before?" asked Mr. Wentworth in a reproachful tone.

"We did not know it ourselves till quite recently. She was delicate when at Homburg; she continued so after returning home; but neither my sister nor I thought that she suffered from any thing but debility due to the fatigue of traveling and to the excitement she had gone through. However, when we called in the doctor he pronounced that she was suffering from the low fever which often attacks those who dwell on the rock and that her recovery might be tedious. When told yesterday that you had arrived she rallied so suddenly that we hope she will be able to leave her bed soon and be herself again. My sister sends her kindest compliments and she especially enjoined me to tell you that the first day her niece is able to be moved to the sitting-room, you will be asked to come and see her."

Four days elapsed before the welcome message reached Mr. Wentworth. In the interval he was unnerved and anxious. He begged Lord Plowden to excuse him keeping by himself, giving a reason which Lord Plowden at once acknowledged as sufficient. He had become the ardent and anxious lover again. He could think of little but Elsa. He had never thought of her in the same way before. All through life a thing was endeared to him in proportion to the

difficulty or danger in obtaining it. If Elsa had been ready to rush into his arms, he would have been disposed to stand like a statue or turn away.

He felt almost like a boy again, so full was he of life and spirit after receiving a message from Mlle. Pessac to the following effect : "My niece is much better, I am thankful to say. If you will not stay too long, pray call this afternoon. The doctor says she may be moved to the sofa in the sitting-room for an hour, but she must be spared all strong emotion. I think I can trust you not to speak too much or stay too long, and I shall be almost as delighted to see you as Elsa is sure to be."

Mr. Wentworth knew that a Frenchman, when engaged, makes it a point of taking a bouquet of flowers to the lady of his choice, if not of his heart, whenever he calls upon her. He knew also that Elsa's favorite flower was the camellia. It is not a rare one at Monte Carlo ; but it is rare in Germany and she valued it, perhaps, on that account. He procured a bouquet of the choicest camellias which he could find and went with it to M. Pessac's house in the *Rue du Tribunal.* M. Pessac had not returned from his duties at the Casino ; his sister received Mr. Wentworth at the door. After an interchange of compliments and pleasant sayings, she said :

"Now, M. Wentworth, you must be a good boy ; my niece is still very weak ; don't stay long and don't agitate her," and she accompanied him into the room.

Elsa was lying on the sofa and looking far better than he had hoped. Her face was flushed and he did not perceive at first sight how much her features had shrunk and how thin and pale her hands were. She took the bouquet, saying in English and in a low voice :

"How beautiful ! you are so kind."

Mlle. Pessac kept up the conversation, alleging that her niece must not over-exert herself. At the end of a quarter of an hour she said, "Now, M. Wentworth, the doctor would not approve of a longer visit. Per-

haps you may be allowed to remain longer to-morrow."

"You are right, mademoiselle," was his answer; "I shall say good-by now."

He took the hand Elsa held out to him after laying down the bouquet which, till then, she had held in it; he pressed it gently and heedless of any objection which Mlle. Pessac might make, he bent his head and kissed Elsa on the forehead. She suddenly threw both arms around his neck, whispered in his ear: "*Rupert, ich liebe dich*," words which when rendered into English, "Rupert, I love you," very imperfectly convey the significance of the German; he whispered back, "My own Elsa," dropped her hand; hastily said good-by to Mlle. Pessac and left the room.

"You are agitated, my dear little one," said Mlle. Pessac to her niece, "pray calm yourself; Marie and I will help you back to bed." Elsa smiled but said nothing. She was gently laid in bed, then she said, "Please bring the bouquet; it has been left in the other room." Her aunt brought the bouquet, Elsa looked at it for a moment, then laid it down, and became so pale that her aunt took her in her arms saying, "What ails you, my little one? Are you in pain?"

"No, my darling aunt; I am so happy." She heaved a long sigh and her gentle life was over.

The doctor was sent for and he arrived only to say that his services were of no further avail than to tell M. Pessac as delicately as he could that the light of his life had gone out.

Elsa Marie Pessac was not fitted to play a conspicuous part on life's stage. She was not the girl whom we meet in French novels, but she was one of the many whom we meet in French family circles and whose ambition is to be a good daughter, a good wife and a good mother. These angels of the hearth are disqualified from being heroines of romance. There is nothing sensational about them. Indeed, they are so unobtrusive as to appear insipid.

Yet, while Elsa was so unattractive as a heroine, she was none the less fascinating in Mr. Wentworth's eye. His acquaintance with French girls was limited and it did not include that of girls in the households of French middle-class families. He had seen young Frenchwomen on the stage and read about them in novels and sometimes he met in private those whom he had admired on the stage. From these specimens his opinion was formed and it was not a high one. Now Elsa was the reverse of any French girl he had met. Her simplicity was as marked as her ignorance; having no trace of affectation in her nature she readily avowed her desire for further knowledge and she took an innocent delight in acquiring it from Mr. Wentworth. He found her an apt as well as an eager pupil and he took a great delight in playing the schoolmaster.

Mr. Wentworth is not the first schoolmaster who has fallen in love with his pupil. Perhaps no one could have been more surprised than himself when he realized the feelings which he entertained for Elsa. He had grown unconsciously to find pleasure in her company. As soon as this was clearly perceived by himself his difficulties began and he could not make up his mind to marry one whose father was croupier in a gaming house. The longer he hesitated the greater was his perplexity. By slow degrees his doubts had vanished and when he last saw Elsa he was as deeply in love as his frigid and calculating nature permitted him to be. It was when in this frame of mind that he heard of her sudden death and the shock was the severest he had ever experienced.

Lord Plowden Eton appeared to feel his friend's loss nearly as keenly as his friend himself. Mr. Wentworth was so stunned with the blow that he imperfectly realized how great it was. He felt grateful, however, for the earnest sympathy which Lord Plowden displayed and he found relief in opening his heart to him. Lord Plowden asked to be allowed

to attend the funeral and, as M. Pessac did not object, he formed one of the few who were present. M. Pessac was highly respected both by his colleagues and the principal townspeople, many of whom asked to be present also ; but he declined their overtures, as he wished the last rites to be performed with the simplicity which would have accorded with his daughter's taste.

The cemetery of Monaco looks upon the sea and the side of the rock upon which the palace stands. A more beautiful prospect can not be imagined ; the spot seems better fitted for a pleasure garden of the living than to be a mansion for the dead. They laid Elsa beside her mother beneath a small oleander tree and a beautiful wreath of camellias was placed upon the tomb.

M. Pessac had resolved to retire at the end of the year and he had given notice to that effect. He now requested the manager of the Casino to be allowed to retire at once. His wish was granted and he was cordially thanked for his long and faithful service. He could not bear to live in Monaco. It was haunted with painful memories. Within a week after the funeral he had completed his arrangements for leaving Monaco with his sister.

The day before M. Pessac and his sister departed, Mr. Wentworth had a long conversation with them. He said to M. Pessac : " My dear sir, as you are going to Bordeaux, perhaps you will oblige me in one particular ? "

" If I can, I shall do so most heartily."

" Many thanks. You know that your brother has agreed to look after my property near Paulliac till I can make other arrangements. Now, I wish you to relieve me of the burden of making such arrangements, by consenting to inhabit *Château Beaulieu* and treating it as your own. You will find occupation in looking after the vineyard and some day you will perhaps receive me as your guest."

"M. Wentworth, what you ask is not a favor: you wish to make me your debtor. I am sure you do not mean it, but you are really punishing me with your kindness. If I had only granted at the time a request you once urged, I might be a happier father now."

Emotion choked his utterance; tears streamed down his cheeks, while his sister, whose eyes were red with mourning for her niece, sobbed aloud. With a strong effort Mr. Wentworth maintained his self-control, and he did so at the risk of suffocation, so large was the lump in his throat. After a short pause he observed:

"Let us try and forget the past, M. Pessac. Your consolation and mine must be found in the future and your acceptance of my offer will be no slight consolation to me. Besides, you can have your son to live with you and you will provide for him better by training him to cultivate a vineyard than by sending him to America."

This touched the right chord in the old man's heart; his son's welfare would be forwarded by the proposed plan, and the thought of the future already softened the bitterness of the present.

"My very dear sir," he said, after a few moments' reflection, "I accept your offer, which is most welcome as well as kind. But you must allow me to couple my acceptance with a condition. I am not rich; but I have saved more than enough to live upon, now that—" he nearly broke down again, but mastered his emotion, remarking to Mlle. Pessac, who was unable to restrain her grief, "Take courage, sister, do try and bear up—" then turning to Mr. Wentworth, he continued, "now that I have no dowry to provide. Well, I may be able gradually to pay for the *Château* and grounds and, if you allow me to go there on this understanding, I shall proceed at once and summon my boy to live with me. He will not only learn to tend vines, but he will be provided for after my death."

Mr. Wentworth consented, saying, "Let the necessary papers be drawn up when you arrive at Paulliac and if you will let me know when they are ready and that you are settled in the *Château*, I shall pay you a visit and sign them."

They parted the best of friends. M. Pessac's spirits revived as if by magic. He discovered the silver lining in the cloud which overshadowed him. He shook hands cordially with Mr. Wentworth and said, "Pray allow me to embrace you; it will relieve me—" and without awaiting a reply kissed him on both cheeks. Mr. Wentworth took Mlle. Pessac's hand and raised it to his lips; but she put her head forward and he kissed her for the first time. This was a stranger and more trying ordeal to him than submission to a loss which strained his heartstrings.

Mr. Wentworth started for Paris the day after the Pessacs started for Bordeaux. He begged Lord Plowden to excuse his keeping him company longer. He was in no mood, he said, to meet the Bayles; besides he had business in Paris connected with his late uncle's affairs. He had neglected attending to it out of his desire to keep his tryst at Monaco. Now he was glad of the occupation which it would give him. He made Lord Plowden promise to inform him of his movements and the progress of his wooing and, with every kind wish, he bade him farewell.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE AND DUELING

"MOTHER, here is Lord Plowden!" exclaimed Miss Bayle; then turning toward him she said: "It's real kind coming to meet us. Have you been here a great while? But how did you know we were to arrive to-day?"

"I thought you might arrive one of these days, so I came to the station by chance and I am glad I have been so fortunate."

The truth was that, since Mr. Wentworth's departure three days before, Lord Plowden did not know what to do with himself: he had promised Miss Bayle that he would never play at the gaming tables unless she were present; so he had spent the greater part of each day at the railway station, watching the arrival of every train as punctually and eagerly as the hotel porters.

Miss Bayle told her mother that she preferred walking to the *Hôtel de Londres* with Lord Plowden, as that would give more room for the others in the omnibus. It is scarcely necessary to state that she did this in order to please herself and have a short talk with him. Her first question was: "Where's Mr. Wentworth? Mother hoped to meet him here?" Not wishing to tell his friend's story then, he confined himself to saying: "He left three days ago for Paris, where he had some business to look after."

"Then you've been quite alone; how long did you say you'd been here?"

"It is a fortnight or, as you would say two weeks, since I arrived. I have been alone for three days only."

"I suppose then, you have been losing your money in those horrid rooms?"

"No, I have lost nothing, because I have not entered them. You may have forgotten perhaps, that I promised not to enter them unless you were here."

She had forgotten, but she was flattered to learn that he had not, and she was about to say something complimentary when she looked up and saw that they had reached the entrance to the *Hôtel de Londres* and that Dave Jackson was standing there. He had traveled with the Bayles from Ouchy. She said to Lord Plowden:

"This is Mr. Jackson, a friend of father's. Allow me to present you to him."

Mr. Jackson held out his hand, saying:

"Lord Plowden Eton, I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, sir. I hope we shall meet again."

As he turned away Lord Plowden remarked to Miss Bayle: "We introduce people to each other; people are presented at court; I should not mention this if you had not so often asked me to point out the differences between your forms of speech and ours."

Though only obeying Miss Bayle's urgent request, she was not pleased and said with some asperity of tone:

"Now, I declare, you are unbearable. Twice in the course of a few minutes have you remarked upon my speech. Yet you have never noticed that I have not once said 'guess.' It is just like you men. You look out for faults and are happy when you find them. Unless you promise to behave better I shall never speak to you again."

"Pray give me another trial, and I will praise every thing you say."

"Now that is still worse. You know I have often told you how much I detest the meaningless compli-

ments with which your countrymen have sickened me. Are you staying in this hotel?"

"No, I am again at the *Hôtel de Paris*."

"Will you come and dine with us, and I shall give you a lesson in good behavior after dinner. Mother and father will be glad to see you. We dine by ourselves in the restaurant, as father does not like *table d'hôte* dinners."

After dinner the party went to the evening concert. As Mr. Bayle walked slowly on account of the stiffness in his right leg, he and Mr. Jackson followed the others at a short distance. They passed close in front of the glass-house attached to the restaurant of the *Hôtel de Paris*. Only one gentleman was dining there. The unemployed waiters were gossiping near an open window. As Mr. Bayle and Mr. Jackson passed, one waiter exclaimed:

"Look! That gentleman is very like Mylor Salisbury; I was at the *Hôtel Victoria* when he staid there."

He meant Mr. Jackson, who was tall, had rounded-shoulders, and a bearded-face not unlike that of the English statesman. Another waiter remarked:

"I never saw Mylor Salisbury; but I have seen M. de Freycinet more than once and certainly the other gentleman's head and hair resemble his, so both England and France are represented."

These words were imperfectly overheard by the gentleman dining at a table a little way off; he was a French journalist, named Paul Taupin, who was taking a holiday at Monte Carlo. The words which reached his ears were "Salisbury—Hotel Victoria—Freycinet—England and France." Having the vivid imagination of his race and craft he at once jumped to the conclusion that Lord Salisbury and M. de Freycinet were at the Victoria Hotel and taking counsel together concerning the affairs of their respective countries. Calling a waiter he asked him to look out and let him know who was passing the window.

This waiter had heard the talk of the others and, after making a pretense of looking out of the window, he returned and gave his own version to the effect that: "Mylor Salisbury and M. de Freycinet are going to the Casino together."

M. Taupin now felt sure that his supposition was fully confirmed; he hastily paid his bill, hurried to the telegraph office and sent the following message to the conductor of *Le Canard:* "Salisbury and Freycinet have arrived here; they are engaged in frequent conferences; but have not settled any thing yet. Full particulars to-morrow." He then went to the Casino and looked everywhere for the two statesmen; as he failed to get a glimpse of them he supposed that they had returned to the Victoria Hotel; he postponed going there till he had tried his chance at *Roulette* and he remained playing until the rooms were closed.

Both Mr. Bayle and Mr. Jackson began to play immediately after entering the rooms; but Mr. Bayle soon ceased; he felt tired and wished to return to the hotel; besides, he had won twenty thousand francs. Mr. Jackson began by winning; but the tide turned and all his winnings as well as all the money in his pockets were swept away. "Lend me five hundred dollars, Ez," he said. "No, Dave," was the reply. "I won't if you mean to play again, and if you don't you can't want them now. Let's go; I'm tired." Mr. Jackson had no option, so he returned to the hotel in a worse temper and with less money than when he left it. He resolved, however, to return the following day and retrieve his losses. He had not the opportunity. At an early hour Mr. Bayle sent for him and said:

"Dave, the cable dispatch has arrived. It is to the effect that I had better remain away till the first part of the business is engineered. The chief thing now is to have the scheme indorsed at the fall elections and then it will be in order to press it upon Congress in the spring. Now, I want you to go at once to America and look after my interests. When the matter is

put through you shall have fifty thousand dollars and your expenses in any case. How is that for high?"

"I'll go, Ez, right away."

Mr. Jackson started by the first train for Paris and now passes out of this story.

*Le Canard* did not contain M. Paul Taupin's telegram; but in its place was an article headed "France and England," signed Georges Ganache, which began: "Whenever any great political event occurs *Le Canard* is a spectator to whom all the facts are familiar. As usual we have distanced all our rivals and can inform the world of a momentous resolution taken by the English premier. Finding the isolation of England unbearable, he has recourse to M. de Freycinet for help, and a treaty of alliance in view of certain eventualities is ready for signature. It is understood, though we state this subject to all reserves, that France will cease to give any countenance to Russia and that in return the English government will induce that of Germany to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France." The article went on to say how the two statesmen had met at Monte Carlo; it was filled with details of equal accuracy and interest and it made a sensation. Reuter's agent telegraphed the substance of it to his clients.

The following morning the London papers, with the exception of the *Times*, contained Reuter's telegram. Before going to press the editor of the *Times* had communicated by telegraph with his correspondent at Monte Carlo and learned that the whole story was a pure fiction. The London evening papers were filled with comments on Reuter's telegram. The *St. James's Censor* wrote that: "We have always had a clear appreciation of the wickedness of Russia and Mr. Gladstone and (as our readers well know) we have not been backward in giving publicity to our views. Though the Conservative administration (with which we have entire sympathy) may have sometimes failed to meet with our perfect approval, yet such a step as that which Lord

Salisbury is reported to have taken is worthy of him and his country. To sever France from Russia is a masterstroke of policy." It is unnecessary to quote from the article at greater length, as those who are curious about the rest of it can satisfy themselves by referring to the file of the paper.

The *Pall Mall Censor* wrote : "While disapproving on principle of any important step being taken without our permission, as in that case government by journalism would not have fair play, we can not condemn the exceptional course pursued by Lord Salisbury. It is no use beating about the bush when an object has to be attained. To arrange an interview with M. de Freycinet in the independent and obscure principality of Monaco is a stroke of genius. Unless the Radicals change their tactics in general as well as their policy with regard to the empire, the Tories will outstrip them. It is true we have none of the rabid hatred of Russia which has been the mark of unintelligent and retrograde Toryism, yet we have so strong a desire to cultivate close relations with France that we heartily sanction Lord Salisbury's latest move. As usual the *Times* is silent when great European questions are under discussion, while our other morning contemporaries think it sufficient to throw husks before the public in the form of articles on the history and condition of Monaco." Each of these journals contained a paragraph next day to the effect that Lord Salisbury had not quitted Hatfield, and that M. de Freycinet had remained at Mont-sous-Vaudrey with President Grèvy and that all statements to the contrary were utter fabrications.

A telegram published in *Le Canard*, signed by M. Paul Taupin, informed the French reading public that Lord Salisbury had suddenly started from Monte Carlo for Paris and that M. de Freycinet had returned to Mont-sous-Vaudrey, and that this hasty departure of the two statesmen was doubtless due to their conference at Monte Carlo having been discovered by the

ubiquitous and omniscient *Canard.* M. Taupin was so proud of his feat that he soon followed the telegram to Paris, his desire being to enjoy the congratulations which he had earned by his enterprise. He hoped to profit by the obligation under which he had laid the organ of what he called the "high life"—which he pronounced "higleaf"—of Paris.

When M. Taupin reached Marseilles he bought the latest Paris papers which had just arrived. In *Le Gaulois* he found the following paragraph in a column of gossip signed Pierre Aigle : "Our colleague M. Paul Taupin deserves our thanks for having startled our insular rivals. The London journals have regarded as quite serious his telegram professing to have been sent from Monte Carlo. The trick is a clever one and worthy of a clever man, though it is one which can not be repeated very often as any one can put Monte Carlo on a telegram written in a café on the boulevards."

M. Taupin's blood boiled when he read this ; not only was his veracity called in question—this had happened before and he had survived it—but a doubt was insinuated whether he had actually visited Monte Carlo. He nursed his wrath till he reached Paris, when he gave vent to it by writing to M. Aigle the following note : "Sir, I have read the paragraph in which you refer to me. You lie. I have the honor to add that my seconds are M. Henri Machin and M. Sigismond Loup, who will wait upon you without delay." M. Aigle was delighted to receive the seconds of M. Taupin and to refer them to his own, M. Leopold Souris and M. Gaston Lapin, in order that the necessary arrangements might be made. The prospect of the notoriety resulting from a duel was a pleasant one to M. Aigle, and M. Taupin reciprocated the feeling. In order to avoid the fatal accidents that may follow the use of pistols, the weapons selected and agreed upon were small swords.

The duel was fought next morning and the seconds

drew up and signed a report of the proceedings which was inserted in most of the newspapers and of which the substance was telegraphed all over the world. The reader of the report learned that the combatants displayed great coolness and bravery. As a matter of fact they danced about with such energy as soon to get out of breath, and seven times they had to rest. After three-quarters of an hour had been passed by them in this heroic fashion, M. Taupin received a slight scratch on the back of his right hand. The scratch was as severe as that which a large sized pin or the claw of a kitten might easily cause.

The doctor at once interposed and pronounced M. Taupin unable to continue the combat on equal terms. The seconds were of the same opinion and the principals were only too happy to shake hands and compliment each other on possessing the highest moral character, on showing dauntless courage and being an ornament to journalism. The doctor put a piece of sticking plaster on the scratch ; placed the hand in a sling and ordered M. Taupin to go home and take to his bed in case fever might ensue. In the account of the duel the wound was not styled a scratch, but a " sufficiently severe injury to necessitate great precautions lest the consequences might prove serious." M. Taupin remained three days in bed ; but he could not endure the confinement longer or dispense with the congratulations which he counted upon receiving as soon as he walked along the boulevards again. So his recovery was marvelously rapid, and, though he kept his hand in a sling for a fortnight whenever he walked out, he found that he could use it as well as ever when within doors.

Mr. Bayle was ignorant of all the writing and bloodshed to which he and his friend had unconsciously contributed. It is true that he saw in the papers a few lines about another duel between Parisian journalists ; but this did not interest him. Afterward he heard more on the subject from Mr. King Edwards

when the latter was introduced to him in London, and who added that he had some personal experience of French dueling. When pressed for further particulars he turned the conversation. Mentioning this to Lord Plowden at dinner the latter said, "I was present when King Edwards's adventure occurred and I was never so much amused in my life and I should add, perhaps, more struck with the coolness of your countryman at a time when other persons would probably have lost their heads."

"Tell us all about it, Lord Plowden," asked Mrs. Bayle.

"The story is a short one and I will do my best. Mr. King Edwards was with me at a *Café Chantant* one evening when two young Frenchmen came and sat down at the next table. They had dined and were in an uproarious mood. They not only spoke loudly, but they cheered one of the singers till the public called out 'silence!' Mr. King Edwards did as the others and I joined. The elder of the two turned upon Mr. King Edwards, called him a *rasta* and said, 'Hold your tongue.' Mr. King Edwards replied, 'I will with pleasure if you set the example.' The other retorted '*Canaille.*' Mr. King Edwards replied, 'I am an American,' and he was then told, 'I thought so, go back to your own country; you contaminate ours.' The Frenchman was getting more excited and clenched his hands. Mr. King Edwards quietly said, 'Do you mean to insult me?' 'I do,' was the reply; 'here's my card,' and wrote his address on it. Mr. King Edwards handed his card to him in return and then he asked me to call upon the Frenchman, who was named Joliet de Cadran.

I called the next morning with a friend of Mr. King Edwards's; we were referred to two gentlemen who were to act as M. de Cadran's seconds. My fellow second did the talking; he was Mr. Washington Bonner, the famous American artist who has lived many years in Paris and speaks French like a native. As

Mr. King Edwards was the person insulted, he had the choice of weapons and he chose six-shooters to be used across a table, each combatant holding the corner of a pocket handkerchief with the one hand and the weapon with the other. When the seconds of M. de Cadran heard the terms, they said 'Why! that would be brutal; one of the persons if not both would be shot dead.' We replied that Mr. King Edwards was resolved to kill the man who had insulted him and did not care what happened to himself.

"M. de Cadran flatly refused to go and be 'murdered,' as he said. Though not wanting in courage, he could not fight a duel in what he considered to be a savage fashion. He was told that, if he declined to fight, Mr. King Edwards would write to the committee of the club in the Rue Royale to which he belonged and would also get the fact announced in the papers. His seconds begged hard for swords to be chosen; we answered, 'Apologize, fight, or take the consequences.' The apology was delivered in writing that afternoon and was as thorough as could be desired. M. de Cadran seemed to have always been a warm admirer of the Americans; he had mistaken Mr. King Edwards for a Mexican and he wished to be his friend. We accepted his apology and he left Paris the same evening."

Mr. Bayle's comment was, "If the French would make a law that, when a duel takes place, both the principals are to be imprisoned for life unless one is mortally wounded, I guess there would be fewer cases of fighting. We don't fight many duels in America; but, when we do, somebody gets killed."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### LORD PLOWDEN ETON PROPOSES.

MR. BAYLE spent little time in the gaming rooms at Monte Carlo ; he was fond of making money, and he was fond of play, but he preferred games in which skill could be exercised to those in which there was no room for it and as regards which the only certainty was loss of money in the long run. Moreover, he disliked to see ladies playing. He said to Lord Plowden : "I have read much in your English newspapers about the wickedness of Monte Carlo ; but I see nothing to object to except admitting ladies into the gaming rooms. At Morrissey's in Saratoga I have seen much higher play ; but there gentlemen only took part in it. At Bell's in Denver I have seen greater crowds around the faro tables, which are open day and night all the week except Sunday. The fact is Monte Carlo gaming is a mean thing compared with what we can show in America, and if ladies were excluded from the rooms there would be nothing to make a fuss about."

Lord Plowden's acquaintance with gaming houses was very slight ; he had been told, however, that, at most of the French watering-places, particularly at Vichy and Aix-les-Bains during the season, there was far higher play than at Monte Carlo ; he said this in reply to Mr. Bayle and he added, "I agree with you about ladies being excluded ; but that is contrary to what every one says about the equality of the sexes."

"Well, sir, if you come to America where women

have their own way in most things you will find that we don't allow them to enter our drinking or gaming saloons and I guess we're right."

Lord Plowden concurred with Mr. Bayle in this thing as in others. Indeed, he gained the esteem of the whole family by his readiness in agreeing with each of them. He was not at all reluctant to state his own opinions and to stick to them; but, as many of the subjects discussed by the Bayles had some relation to America and as he was really ignorant about them, he wisely refrained from taking sides and being laughed at for perpetrating some unintentional blunder.

As Mr. Bayle liked to be moving about, he took the party to see some new place every day. He had hired a courier at Geneva, so he had only to tell the courier what he wished and the necessary arrangements were made. This was a great relief to Lord Plowden. He was no longer asked for information which he did not possess, while the courier found it hard to answer the questions with which Mr. Bayle plied him. A trifling circumstance caused Mr. Bayle to entertain a very low opinion of the people in the South. The party had driven to Nice by the lower and newer road. As the carriage was entering Nice, Mr. Bayle saw at the side of the street a small building with the sign above it of *Ecrivain Publique:* "Say, what's that?" was his question to the courier.

"It's a public writer, sir."

"Does that mean a journalist; a man who writes for the papers?"

"No, sir, he writes letters for other people, for young ladies in love."

Here Lord Plowden interposed, being able to explain that, as many persons were unable to read and write, a man made it his business to write letters for them and that he had seen one of these "Public Writers" in Paris not far from his aunt's house in the Faubourg St. Germain.

"Well, Lord Plowden," remarked Mr. Bayle, "that is the strangest thing I have yet heard about Europe! Why don't they employ more schoolmasters and then every body would be able to read and write?"

"I have been told," said Lord Plowden, "that there are fewer 'Public Writers' now than there used to be, so that shows that the people are getting better educated."

"I should hope so," remarked Mr. Bayle; "if I had not seen this sign with my own eyes, I never should have believed that such a business could have found customers."

The next day the party drove to La Turbie, which overlooks Monaco. Nearly two hours are required to go thither in a carriage, while the descent may be made on foot in little more than half an hour. Miss Bayle expressed her wish to walk down; her mother did not care about walking at any time and her father could not walk far on sloping ground without pain. Lord Plowden offered to accompany her; his offer being accepted, they set off together.

Descending the Hill Difficulty may appear an easy matter, but it is not so in reality. Now the path which zig-zags between La Turbie and Monaco is as great a trial to the pedestrian as any which a Pilgrim has ever faced. The stones are sharp-pointed and slippery. Miss Bayle's feet were covered with kid boots—she called them "shoes"—which would be comfortable in a ball-room but which were purgatory to her now. She had not gone far before she wished she had never started; but, as the carriage had driven off, it was useless to turn back. Lord Plowden found the path very rough; yet he suffered less than Miss Bayle. He offered her his arm saying: "Allow me to help you over this part; lower down the road looks smoother."

She was not sorry to take his arm, and she was delighted when the smoother part was reached. But the path, which is very badly kept, was at its worst

half-way, and then Miss Bayle, whose feet were paining her, stopped and said :

"I guess my shoes are giving out ; I must sit down and rest."

They sat down on the trunk of a tree at the wayside and there remained for nearly half an hour. Till then they had spoken little, being too much occupied in picking their steps. Now, they had to talk to pass the time and Lord Plowden had to answer many questions about Mr. Wentworth. Having no reason for secrecy about what had happened, he told the whole story, as far as it was known to him, and he did so with such evident feeling that Miss Bayle said when he had ended, "Poor man ; I am real sorry for him."

Lord Plowden had never seen her in such a mood ; she was generally in high spirits and ready to ridicule most of the people she met and himself in particular. He had frequently been on the point of proposing to her ; but he had always hesitated lest she should laugh at him. He now plucked up courage and said :

"Miss Bayle, perhaps you will bestow a little of your pity upon me : I am nearly as unhappy as Mr. Wentworth."

"How so ? You don't look very bad."

"Then pray don't judge by my looks. I shall certainly feel much happier if you will consent to be my wife."

"You surprise me, Lord Plowden ; I always thought you couldn't endure American girls. Haven't you often hinted that you could not understand what I said ?"

Her surprise was not assumed ; she liked Lord Plowden better than any Englishman she had met ; but she fancied that he did not reciprocate the feeling. The truth is they had both begun in the way Mrs. Malaprop thought the surest prelude to matrimony, that is "with a little aversion." Lord Plowden repented him for having ever criticised Miss Bayle's expressions ; he had done so, however, without any unkind motive and

simply because they were strange and sometimes almost unintelligible to him. He feared by her manner that she was about to return a point-blank refusal, and he said :

"Pardon me if I ever offended you in any way. It was unintentional. Pardon me also if I have taken you by surprise now. I shall wait for an answer as long as you please : but please do not say 'no' at present."

"Well, sir, I shall humor you and say 'no' when we are more comfortable ; I wish we were back at the hotel ; let's go on."

"If you merely mean to defer your rejection of me I shall prefer hearing the worst at once."

"Then you insist upon a definite answer?"

"I do."

"I may tell you then, I have no objection to marry you—don't move please till I'm through—once you get into the British Parliament. I won't have a husband loafing around. I have seen enough of English society to understand that such men are of not much account in England unless they are in public life. Now, sir, you have my answer," and she rose from her seat.

"One moment, Miss Bayle, please. I am very glad that you have not said 'no.' What you ask is far more difficult than you suppose. It is not so easy as it used to be for peers' sons to get into Parliament ; besides, I don't think I should make a good member ; but as you desire it I shall make the attempt. If I fail you must have pity upon me."

"Do not count upon pity ; we never pity people out West ; and we despise those who fail. However, you may pity me as much as you please for having had such a walk. But let's talk of something else." She took his arm saying, "Pick out the soft places. I declare the worst corduroy must be velvet compared with this."

The pair reached the hotel some time after the carriage, instead of long before it, as had been expected.

Mrs. Bayle was very uneasy ; but when her daughter told her that she had nearly parted with the soles of her "shoes" and that her feet were so blistered and painful she could not come down to the restaurant, she said they had better dine together in their own room and leave Lord Plowden and Mr. Bayle to keep each other company.

After dinner the ladies were not disposed to go to the concert, and neither of the gentlemen cared to go to it at any time. The night was fine ; the moon shone brightly and Mr. Bayle said he would smoke a cigar in the garden where he had a favorite seat. Lord Plowden was glad to accompany him and he thought the opportunity an excellent one for stating his intentions and desires. Not being so afraid of Mr. Bayle as of his daughter and having nothing to be ashamed of, he went to the point at once : "Mr. Bayle, I have asked your daughter to marry me and I hope that both her mother and you will accept me for a son-in-law."

"That depends upon Alma ; we do not wish to interfere with her choice provided it be good, and I think I may speak for my wife as for myself in saying that we shall be delighted if you become her husband."

"Thanks, Mr. Bayle, for your kind expressions. I must tell you, however, that your daughter has made her acceptance dependent upon a condition which may never be realized."

"Oh ! I suppose she thinks you are not rich enough. I can fix that."

"I am not what you call rich, but I shall be quite able to keep a wife : my father has made me independent of money considerations."

"Is that so ? I thought all the younger sons of English lords were quite poor."

"So they are in most cases. But I told my father of my intention and he promised to let me have an allowance of five thousand a year should I marry your daughter. He made another condition, which was that I should occupy my time, and he offered to get me

the post of private secretary to a cabinet minister, who is a great friend of his and wants another secretary."

"Your father is quite right. I may tell you also that he has evidently made up his mind to accept my offer for his Chicago property which would leave him five thousand pounds to dispose of annually. I am glad of this for both our sakes, as I want to own some good real estate in Chicago, and I should like my daughter to marry a man who has something more than a title which I do not take any stock in."

"I can not sufficiently thank you, and if your daughter were as well-disposed as you are I should be a happy man."

"But what's the trouble if you have enough money? Does she want to wait some years?"

"Her condition is that I should enter Parliament first and this is a far more difficult thing than she supposes. She seems to think I can become a second Lord Randolph Churchill if I choose. In the first place, he has plenty of brains, and in the second, when he entered public life the younger sons of peers had better chances than they have now."

"If Alma has made that condition, why, then, you must face the music. Run for Parliament at once. I see that the elections will soon begin in your country. What are your politics?"

"I am a Conservative, as my family have been for many years; but I have never voted and I don't know much more about politics than what I have learned lately from Lord Beaconsfield's novels."

"In our country you would have no difficulty as to choice. We are all either Democrats or Republicans except those who don't want to work, and they belong to the Labor Party, and those who don't want other people to drink whisky and they belong to the Prohibition Party, but no man has any chance of election unless he gets the Democratic or Republican nomination."

"Then I'll start for England by the express to-mor-

row morning and I shall let you know how I get on."

"Do, and if I can help you, wire me. We shall probably be in London in a few days' time. I am tired of this place."

Lord Plowden went off in the morning without seeing Mrs. Bayle or her daughter. Mr. Bayle accompanied him to the railway station. He said, what was the actual fact, that his daughter suffered so much from her feet she was unable to quit her room and that his wife would not leave her, but had commissioned him to express her best wishes for his success and told him to give Lord Plowden "a good send-off." Lord Plowden sent back his best thanks and expressed the hope that they might all meet in London.

Miss Bayle told her mother what had occurred.

"Well, Almy," was the reply, "I should have been real glad if you had said 'yes.' Lord Plowden is a nice gentleman and a very handsome one, too. I do so wish you had accepted him right away. Perhaps he will change his mind."

"Never fear, mother; but if he does, then I am well rid of him. I don't think there is much danger that he will go back on me."

A few days later the party left for Paris. Before departing, Miss Bayle wrote a short letter to Sadie James.

"DEAREST SADIE:

"I was wrong in thinking that Lord Plowden did not care for me, but I don't think we shall be married, though he has offered himself to me and I have not said that I won't have him. The best American ladies who have married in England have husbands who are members of Parliament, which is a very different thing from being a member of Congress. Unless an English politician gets into Parliament he has no chance of being in the government or of being of much account, so I have told Lord Plowden that I shall not marry

him till he is a member of the British Parliament. He seemed quite put out, but he has gone off to try and I thought the better of him for doing so without hanging around and thinking I should change my mind ; I feel more like marrying him than ever and I hope he will succeed. Father and mother both seem to think I have been too hard upon him. I thought they would not care about my marrying just yet ; but they seem to like him even better than I do. I shall send you further developments. The elections to the British Parliament begin in a few weeks' time. If I am married I shall not visit America this year. But if you visit Europe this fall or next year, as you say you may do, you must come and stay with me."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### LORD PLOWDEN CONTESTS SLOUGH.

LORD PLOWDEN went to his father and informed him how he was situated. The duke told him he thought that Miss Bayle had displayed much common-sense, and that he liked her all the better for having declined to marry him till he became a member of Parliament.

The duke went on to say, "Now, Plowden, you will doubtless have a difficulty in finding a seat; in former days I could have given you a family borough; but now you must shift for yourself. Though our friends are in office they can not do much to help you. However, I know the secretary to the treasury very well and I shall go and talk the matter over with him."

Later in the day the duke saw his son again and informed him that all the election arrangements had been made, but that the secretary to the treasury had recommended that his son should stand for the new borough of Slough. No Tory candidate had yet ventured to contest it, as the return of a Radical was considered to be almost a certainty. But the duke had a property not far off; the family was well known in the neighborhood and it would be considered quite natural that a member of it should contest the new borough.

Though the Duke of Windsor had taken no active part in politics, he had watched their course with attention and he was able to give his son sensible advice.

"Now, Plowden," he said, "if I were a candidate I should try and strike out a line of my own. No one attracts attention by repeating the old party phrases.

Men on both sides are rather tired of merely following their leaders. The Tories, with the exception of such men as my worthy friend Mr. Newdegate, are not afraid of new things, while even the Radicals are frightened when one of their number speaks about rich men paying ransom. Tell the electors that you are a supporter of the Tory government; that will satisfy the party managers; tell them also that you are in favor of well-considered and progressive reforms, and that will please the electors who do not identify Toryism with reaction. Read Bolingbroke's political "Letters" and his "Patriot King," and most of Beaconsfield's novels and you will find plenty of ideas which no Radical can disown. Curtis & Bennett, our family solicitors, have not much practice in electioneering, but they will prepare your address and give you what other help you may require."

Lord Plowden took his father's advice. He called upon Messrs. Curtis & Bennett, who undertook to sketch an address for him and they at once engaged an election agent who proceeded to Slough to begin operations. Lord Plowden was familiar with Lord Beaconsfield's novels, having read little else for several weeks. He had learned his politics from them just as the great Duke of Marlborough learned history from Shakespeare's plays, the consequence being that Lord Plowden had as strange and confused notions about English politics as the duke had of English history.

Messrs. Curtis & Bennett forwarded him the draft of his address, which was couched in terms resembling the addresses of hundreds of Tory candidates, Mr. Gladstone being depicted as a very wicked man, Lord Salisbury as a very wise one, and the salvation of the country being represented as depending upon keeping the former out of office and the latter in.

Putting the draft aside, Lord Plowden concocted an address according to his lights. It was nearly six times as long as that of Messrs. Curtis & Bennett and

it was different from any that had been issued by other candidates. He took it to his father the following morning. The duke read over both drafts and agreed with his son in thinking that of the solicitors to be commonplace and conventional. He said to his son after reading his one :

"Plowden, this will never do. You have written an essay which will please no one but the printer. An election address ought to be concise and obscure ; people should read without understanding it ; the less they understand it the more credit they will give the author. You have filled your version with plenty of quotations from Bolingbroke and Beaconsfield ; but these will sound far better in a speech to the electors. I see you have said the usual harsh things about Mr. Gladstone ; I don't object to them so much because they are unfair, as because they can be turned against you. For instance, what Bolingbroke wrote to Sir William Wyndham may be, as you say, applied to Mr. Gladstone's last administration, but then it will be retorted upon you that it was a description of a Tory government."

The passage was as follows : "The principal spring of their actions [Lord Plowden had substituted 'their' for 'our' in the quotation], was to have the government in their hands, and their principal views were the conservation of their power—great employments for themselves [ourselves in the original], great means of securing those who helped to raise them [us], and of injuring those who stood in opposition to them [us]."

After reading the passage aloud, the duke added, "This may be true as regards Mr. Gladstone and the Parnellites, but as I have already said the passage will be turned against you. Strike it out then. I see you call yourself a Radical Tory ; that has the merit of being fresh and unintelligible. I have had more practice in writing than you, though you have done pretty well as a beginner, and produced a good speci-

men of the bombastic nonsense which passes current with the uneducated readers of the daily papers as very fine rhetoric. At the risk of unduly interfering in an election, I will sketch out what I think may suit your purpose."

The duke then condensed into the following few sentences the many paragraphs containing more words than meaning which his son had penned :

" *To the Electors of the Borough of Slough*—Gentlemen, I beg leave to offer myself as a Radical Tory to represent your borough in Parliament and I hope that my views may prove to be in accord with yours.

" Belonging to a family of which the political opinions are well known, I shall give a cordial but independent support to a progressive and loyal Conservative administration.

" I hold the rights of property and labor to be sacred, believing, with the late Earl of Beaconsfield, that 'Labor is the twin brother of property.'

" I am in favor of the fullest measure of popular representation, believing also, as that great statesman wrote, that 'the principle of universal suffrage was conceded when the first Reform Bill was introduced by a Whig ministry.'

" I shall always uphold the unity of the nation and further the consolidation of the empire.

" A firm and energetic but popular direction of public affairs is the great want of the day, it being still as true as when the Earl of Beaconsfield wrote, that the supremacy of an enlightened sovereign is far more desirable than 'haphazard government by Downing Street.' If you elect me your representative, I shall ever be found maintaining the inherent rights of the people and the constitutional authority of the crown."

Lord Plowden's address was one of the few issued by unknown candidates which received comment and ridicule in the London press. He had succeeded in making himself talked about at the outset, and that

was more than his opponent had done. Hence, the contest at Slough became a matter of general interest.

The Radical candidate was Mr. Caleb Bartle, who regarded Lord Plowden's appearance as a piece of impertinence. He had counted upon being returned for Slough and, as has already been stated, the return of a Radical being deemed certain, no one else had cared to lead a forlorn hope against Mr. Bartle.

Mr. Caleb Bartle was verging on his seventieth year; he was in feeble health and his medical adviser had discountenanced his entering public life. He had more ambition than stamina and he had a wife and two daughters who fostered his ambition in order that they might enter society. He was a native of Slough. He left it when a young man and spent the greater part of his life in Derby. He had invented a steam boiler which made him rich and ambitious. Bartle's fluted boilers were classed among the triumphs of English inventive and manufacturing skill.

After sixty, Mr. Bartle retired from business with an immense fortune, bought an estate in the neighborhood of Slough and essayed to recommence life as a country gentleman. But an English country gentleman is never a self-made man; he is born to the position and can not be manufactured to order. Mr. Bartle soon learned this. His wife and daughters felt more keenly than he did that they were not treated as county people; they received visitors and they paid visits but they were always regarded by county society as persons apart. In India, pariahs are the poorest of the poor: in English counties they are sometimes the richest of the rich.

More than once Mr. Bartle had tried to get into Parliament, but he had always failed. He spent money without stint. Judging from his promises, it might have been supposed that he had only to be accepted by the electors of the constituency he wooed, for the millennium to begin at his command. Foreseeing the

time when Slough would become a parliamentary borough, he prepared the way for representing it.

Having gained much experience at a high price he resolved to organize victory in Slough. He took time by the forelock. He carefully and skillfully nursed the borough in embryo. He remembered as a boy how hard it was to find a convenient place wherein to play cricket, and he made himself popular with young and old by presenting the cricket club with a field which was to remain as a cricket ground for all generations. He received an illuminated address in return. He distributed coal to the poor through the medium of a local committee and he said that, though a Radical in politics, he would not allow any distinction to be made on account of the politics of the recipients, so that both Liberals and Conservatives toasted their toes before fires provided by him and agreed in calling him a very kind gentleman.

In religion, Mr. Bartle was a Wesleyan Methodist. He was most liberal in subscribing to the funds of his own religious body ; but he was nearly as liberal in contributing to those of the Church of England. The clergy regretted that he was not a Churchman ; but they admitted without hesitation that he set many Churchmen an excellent example. Moreover, his wife and daughters frequently attended service at the parish church and the offertory was always found to be unusually large on the Sundays that they were present. Many agricultural laborers in the neighborhood were badly housed ; Mr. Bartle built model cottages which he let to them at much lower rents than they had paid for hovels. The hard-working sons of toil who occupied the model cottages became householders and acquired votes. He established a Working Man's Club and arranged that no payment was to be made by the members for the first five years. The club was soon filled with members who unanimously pronounced Mr. Bartle "a right good sort." He was regarded as the good genius of Slough. All who were

aggrieved or afflicted went to him for counsel and help and, if qualified to become voters on the creation of the borough, they were never sent empty and discontented away.

As soon as Parliament decreed that Slough was to return a member, the principal lawyer, who happened to be Mr. Bartle's solicitor, called a meeting of the future electors and proposed that a representative body should be formed on the Birmingham model. The elections took place in the usual fashion and the executive council of the Slough hundred set to work to find a candidate. Several gentlemen offered their services; but, after hearing them, the council declined to recommend them to the hundred. A member of the council, who occupied one of Mr. Bartle's model cottages, had the happy thought that he should be invited to address them. This seemed to strike the others as a novel but very good idea, so it was resolved that the secretary should write a letter to that effect.

Mr. Bartle replied that, though highly honored by the invitation, he feared that he could not accept it, that his health was impaired, that his medical adviser —which was really the case—had warned him that any undue excitement would endanger his life, and had advised him to keep quiet till the spring and then proceed to Karlsbad in the hope of obtaining relief from a serious internal malady with which he was afflicted, yet that, as he had always had the interests of his fellow townsmen at heart, he should consider how best he could continue to subserve them.

As this reply was neither an acceptance nor a refusal, the council appointed a committee of three to wait upon Mr. Bartle in order to ascertain his wishes and, if possible, to persuade him to accede to the wishes of the electors. The result was that he consented, with well-feigned reluctance, to become a candidate, being moved to do so, as he said, by the assurance that, as any opposition to him was improbable, his return was

indubitable. He first addressed the council, then the hundred in general meeting, and he was accepted as the Liberal candidate without a dissentient voice. "Bartle forever," was the cry ; he heartily approved of it.

As the Liberals were understood to be in a large majority, Mr. Bartle's return, as has already been stated, was regarded as a foregone conclusion. Even had the parties been more evenly balanced his chance was excellent, as many avowed Tories had intimated that they would not vote against him, even if they could not vote for him. Many of them were his tenants ; others were tradespeople with whom he dealt, and several were enthusiastic members of the cricket club to which he had been so laudable a benefactor. Some influential voters had strong personal prejudices against Mr. Bartle. They detested his practices even more than his politics. The leading wine merchant, who was a Tory by conviction, did not approve of Mr. Bartle dealing with the civil service stores ; the leading grocer, who was a Tory also, felt aggrieved for the like reason. They considered it a public scandal that Mr. Bartle should be unopposed.

Mr. Bartle's election address was short and colorless. He aimed at pleasing every body by saying nothing at which the members of either political party could take offense, confining himself to offering to represent the borough with which he was intimately connected and in which he was well known, and promising, if elected, to further the interests alike of his fellow electors and of the nation. He had expunged from the draft prepared by his solicitor the only passage which contained any point of personal application. The canceled passage ran thus : "If returned to Parliament you will always find me as reliable as the boilers which are associated with my name and, as they seldom explode or disappoint those who use them, so I shall never give you cause to regret having placed confidence in me." The fact is that Mr. Bartle was

either too modest to vaunt the merits of the boilers which had made him famous and rich, or else he was ashamed of the instruments whereby he had acquired reputation and money.

Every one in Slough was startled on finding the walls placarded with Lord Plowden Eton's address. A Tory committee was speedily constituted, the leading wine merchant being chairman. Both he and the leading grocer regarded the Duke of Windsor's family as setting an excellent example by not dealing with the co-operative stores. Besides, the family were then occupying Abbey Park, which was not far off, and displayed opportune patriotism by giving large orders for wines and groceries.

Lord Plowden had never addressed a public meeting till he appeared before that of his own supporters. His speech was a dead failure. To listen to it was a penance. He lacked the happy faculty of the heroes of Lord Beaconsfield's novels who, when they made speeches for the first time in the country or the House of Commons, displayed all the marvelous gifts of the greatest orators of ancient and modern times. However, the leading wine merchant, who presided, made amends for Lord Plowden's short excruciating remarks by a long string of commonplaces about the virtues of the Tories and those of the Duke of Windsor's family in particular ; about the wickedness of Radicals, especially of those who gained money by making fluted boilers, and about the monstrous iniquity of all persons who dealt at co-operative stores.

If Lord Plowden were a bad speaker, he made an admirable canvasser. He had the happy knack of making friends with strangers. Knowing little of politics, he was profuse and indiscriminate in his pledges. Having no notion of the limitation of any legislative assembly to render human beings more self-reliant and contented and of the very small part that any member of Parliament can play as a legislator, he promised things which were absurd and impracticable,

but which gave great satisfaction, and he caused the impression to prevail that, if he were in Parliament, all wrongs would be righted and the golden age of fable restored. His main difficulty consisted in having been second in the field. Hundreds of electors assured him that if they had not promised to vote for Mr. Bartle, they would gladly have voted for him.

His invariable reply in such a case was, "Pray, my friend, keep your promise. I should prefer your doing so to voting for me; but please remember me another day, if I should again be a candidate."

"Never fear, my lord," was the almost invariable reply, "there is no danger of my forgetting to vote for you when another election takes place."

The canvass lasted a fortnight. Before it was half over, Mr. Bayle, with his wife and daughter, arrived in London from the continent. Learning what was in progress at Slough and finding little to do in London, Mr. Bayle resolved to go with them to Slough and see how an English election was conducted. Miss Bayle had suggested his doing so; his wife professed a desire to go also, so he resolved to gratify them and please himself. The party occupied the best rooms in the Red Lion and lived in a style which gladdened the heart of the landlord. Mr. Bayle invited several people to dinner daily; and his standing orders to the landlord were, "Put the best things on the table you can; you English people like good living and drinking; I shall expect you to take care that your countrymen have no reason to complain." The landlord did his duty and Mr. Bayle's guests enjoyed the delicacies provided for them. Such feasting had not before been known in Slough.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### THE PRESS ON THE ELECTION.

AT first, the inhabitants of Slough paid little attention to the party of Americans at the Red Lion; but, after the party had been a few days there, each of the Americans, and Miss Bayle in particular, was regarded with marked interest. This may be attributed to the following paragraph in the *World:*

"The American banker and millionaire, Mr. Ezra P. Bayle, has returned to England with his wife and daughter. They have made a continental tour and are now on their way home. Whether Miss Bayle will accompany her father and mother is still uncertain, as it depends upon the result of the election at Slough next week. Lord Plowden Eton is one of many suitors for the hand of the American heiress and beauty, and his chances of success chiefly depend upon his election to Parliament. In common with many others, I await the polling at Slough with special interest."

When the Slough electors found that it rested with them to give Lord Plowden a charming wife as well as a seat in the House of Commons, they felt both embarrassed and flattered. Hence it was that the party at the Red Lion received an extra share of public attention.

Being a practical man and having had some experience of electioneering in America, Mr. Bayle pronounced the proceedings at Slough very tame.

"You don't enthuse the people," was his remark to Lord Plowden.

The latter did not clearly understand what Mr. Bayle meant, so he simply replied :

"I have had no experience of elections and my agent tells me that every thing is going on well."

"But why don't you get up a torch-light procession?" inquired Mr. Bayle.

"I shall go and ask my agent," was the answer.

His agent said that torch-light processions are not customary at elections in England ; besides, they might come within the list of things forbidden by the Corrupt Practices Act.

Mr. Bayle wished to know if he might get up a procession on his own account. Messrs. Curtis & Bennett were applied to ; the opinion of counsel was taken by them, the reply being as ambiguous as is usual in such cases, the conclusion being that the point was a doubtful one.

Mr. Bayle said after reading the opinion, "Now, Lord Plowden, if you don't object I'll organize the procession. In America these processions make a fine show and allow money to be distributed among the boys. Thousands find it easier to vote straight after walking in a torch-light procession."

The news that it was intended to have a torch-light procession was circulated in the papers. Indeed, the election at Slough had attracted general notice and some comments of an unfavorable nature appeared in the London press. At the outset the return of Mr. Bartle was treated as beyond doubt ; but Lord Plowden made so successful a canvass that the Liberal journals thought it right to call upon the electors of Slough to do their duty. The *News* circulated the following spirited appeal to them :

"The country will be surprised if the newly-created borough of Slough should fail to return Mr. Bartle not only at the head of the poll—for of that there can be no doubt — but with such a majority as will convert the borough into a Liberal stronghold. Mr. Caleb Bartle is a gentleman of ripe

experience and philanthropic habits to whom the inhabitants of the new borough are under deep obligations. He is an earnest and a mature Liberal. His opponent, Lord Plowden Eton, is the younger son of a duke. He calls himself a Radical Tory, and he has issued the most nonsensical election address that has yet appeared. Lord Plowden seems ambitious of playing the part of Lord Randolph Churchill in his earlier days without possessing, as far as we can judge, any of the ability of that noble lord. It is rumored that undue influences are being brought to bear upon the electors. The election, it appears, is to be a sort of tournament with a fair American heiress presiding as the Queen of Beauty and pledged to reward Lord Plowden with her hand should he be the victor. It is also said that the young lady's father is taking a part in the election which can not be considered either proper or customary. Should these statements be well founded, it is the more needful for the independent electors of Slough to manifest their abhorrence of attempts to seduce them from their allegiance to the Liberal party and teach Lord Plowden and his friends a wholesome lesson when the result of the poll is proclaimed."

The day after this leader-note appeared in the *News*, it was reproduced and placarded over the borough of Slough with the heading, "the London press condemns Lord Plowden Eton and his friends."

A letter appeared the next day in the *Morning Standard*, dated Slough and signed "One Who Knows." It began, as most letters begin which are sent to newspapers, "My attention has been called to an article in a Radical journal about the election here," and it went on to expose the philanthropy of Mr. Caleb Bartle and to explain how he had insidiously labored with a view of becoming member for the borough. The writer enlarged at great length upon the guilt of Mr. Bartle in dealing at a co-operative store and eulogized the Duke of Windsor for encour-

aging real merit in the form of local tradespeople. Though the *Morning Standard* would have passed over without notice the short article of the *News*, in pursuance of the rule according to which each of the penny morning papers of London not only professes exclusively to interpret the wishes of the country, but also assumes entire ignorance of the existence of any other penny morning paper; however, as the letter of "One Who Knows" gave the requisite occasion for referring to the subject, without betraying any knowledge that the *News* existed, the *Morning Standard* wrote:

"A correspondent gives the country, through the medium of our columns, some curious information respecting the contest at Slough. We are not surprised to learn that the Radical candidate has done his utmost to corrupt the electors, and we shall be still more surprised if his nefarious attempt does not miscarry. We regard the election of the constitutional candidate as assured; but, should the electors have unhappily succumbed to Mr. Bartle's blandishments, then we trust that the election judges may deal with him as he deserves. We are aware that some difficulty may arise owing to the acts of obvious corruption, committed under the guise of philanthropy, dating from a time anterior to the creation of the borough. Though Mr. Bartle has displayed great astuteness, yet we believe that the 'Corrupt Practices Act' is so comprehensive as to provide for such a case as this. Meantime, we congratulate Lord Plowden Eton on the gallant fight he is making on behalf of the queen and constitution and we hope to be able to congratulate him upon gaining another prize, which, we hear, will fall to his lot after the electors of Slough have returned him to Parliament—which they will assuredly do—as their representative."

"An Indignant Elector" wrote to the *News*, saying that a torch-light procession was to take place the night before the election and calling upon his fellow

electors to stay at home and not countenance this extraordinary move on the part of the Tories. This "indignant elector" further said that Tory tradesmen had been entrusted with the preparations and that honest Liberals, like himself, had been treated with contempt when they offered to undertake the work at a lower price. "Surely, sir," he concluded, "you will put a stop to this; especially as the gentleman is an American and ought not to interfere, or at least he ought to be impartial in giving his orders. In these hard times it is very bad to see so much money being spent and conscientious Liberals getting none of it."

Those who desire further comments on the first Slough election are referred to a brilliant article in the *Saturday Spectator* headed "Bartle's Boilers," wherein both Mr. Bartle and "an indignant Liberal" were ridiculed, and the devices of Mr. Bartle for currying favor with the constituents were detailed and denounced. The only mistake was to characterize "nursing" a constituency as a peculiarly Radical device for sapping the virtue of patriotic electors.

The references to what was said in the London press about this election may be ended with a curious disclosure made by the *Post*. While Lord Randolph Churchill was one of the originators of the Primrose League, that journal has been its mainstay in the press. The league ostensibly refrains from direct interference during elections, but many of its members are most active then. There are no more energetic canvassers than the Primrose dames, nor can any men be found to equal them in making sweeping statements concerning the policy of those whom they dislike or in uttering allegations which are the offspring of a perturbed imagination.

The Duchess of Windsor was a Primrose dame, and she was ready to help her son to the best of her power. But she and other ladies renounced taking any part in canvassing the electors of Slough when they heard

with amazement that Mr. Bartle's wife and daughters were Primrose dames also. Just as he approved of going to church occasionally, so did Mr. Bartle approve of his wife and daughters joining the Primrose League. Besides, though styling himself a Radical, Mr. Bartle had studiously refrained from playing a prominent part in any Radical club or organization. He delighted in proclaiming that, though he was a member of the Liberation Society, he was in favor of reforming, but opposed to disendowing the Church. In fact, he was a greater Tory at heart than Lord Plowden. The only notable difference was that Mr. Bartle was a Tory in Radical clothing and Lord Plowden a Radical in Tory clothing.

When the tribulations of the Primrose dames were communicated to the *Post* that journal counseled masterly inactivity on their part, while hoping that the good old cause would triumph. The *Post* maintained that the party might have confidence in Lord Plowden, but could not trust Mr. Bartle, and implored all genuine Tories to vote for the former. Yet the fact of Mrs. Bartle and her daughters being Primrose dames had the result of paralyzing the action of the members of the Primrose League in Slough. It would have been unseemly as well as injudicious for any differences among its members to be made public.

The first time Lord Plowden met Miss Bayle at Slough he said to her :

"You see, Miss Bayle, I am doing my best to get into Parliament ; but I find the task quite as difficult as I told you it would be. I am a wretched bad speaker, so I fear I shall fail."

"Father says you are going ahead and that he hears every body saying you are bound to win."

"Probably he hears that ; but it is my friends who say so and they are as much disposed to be too favorable as my opponents are the reverse."

Miss Bayle spoke so pleasantly and her manner to him was so much more friendly than before, that he

felt inspirited. He gathered from her tone that she did not wish him to fail and resolved to work harder than ever. Besides, he had made a discovery of great value to him as a candidate. Though he stammered and felt confused when trying to speak extempore, he had no difficulty in remembering or hesitation in reciting any thing which he had committed to writing. His first speeches were confused repetitions of his address. His later ones were much longer, more elaborate and delivered with fluency. They were not good pieces of composition ; but the forcible epithets and stilted phrases in which they abounded produced a far greater impression upon his hearers than his earlier and less artificial efforts. An ordinary audience is apt to consider a man an orator who bellows out emphatic statements.

On the evening that Lord Plowden spoke to Miss Bayle he had a speech to make which had been carefully prepared. It abounded in phrases of little meaning though the words were strong. As a piece of composition it was contemptible ; but as a specimen of bad rhetoric it was a marvel. Lord Plowden was proud of the lavish manner in which he had peppered his sentences with epithets designed to make his opponents writhe and with superlatives to make his supporters applaud.

After dinner Mr. Bayle said to his wife and daughter, "Let's all go and hear Lord Plowden speak."

They went to the meeting and got seats near the platform where they could not be seen by him, but where they could hear every thing. The resounding sentences of Lord Plowden pleased and surprised them.

"I never thought our friend could spit it out like that," was Mr. Bayle's comment as they left the hall. He added, "I felt inclined again and again to yell out 'Bully for you' ; but feared I might be misunderstood and might interrupt the harmony of the proceedings. I guess he could give points to many of

our stump orators in America and whip them into a cocked hat."

On Miss Bayle the effect was electrical. The louder Lord Plowden spoke and the more vehement his expressions, the more intense was her admiration. She felt half ashamed of having done him an injustice, and she was convinced that he would certainly make his mark in Parliament.

"Well, Almy, that was an elegant and powerful speech," was her mother's comment.

"Guess you're right, mother; I never heard any thing like it."

Mr. Bartle found his work growing harder every day. Many persons upon whose support he had counted assured him that rather than vote against him, they would not vote at all. In accordance with his agent's suggestion, Lord Plowden had joined the Cricket Club. He was a splendid bowler and a good all-round player, so he became popular with the cricketers upon whom Mr. Bartle thought he had a claim.

Mr. Bartle made several applications to distinguished Radicals to come and address a meeting of his supporters; but, with one exception, they declined, owing to other engagements and also because they felt no doubt about his election. The exception was Mr. Labouchere. The meeting at which he was present and spoke was the largest which had been held, as men of all parties attended to enjoy the good things which fell from the lips of that energetic and illustrious Radical. Unfortunately the report of Mr. Labouchere's speech is very meager. The longest one appeared in the *News* and the following is the substance of the more striking and effective passages.

The report stated that Mr. Labouchere began by congratulating the electors upon having a candidate who was both a sound Radical and a determined foe to corruption. He hoped that they would never entertain that fondness for "paint" which was the weakness of the electors in the neighboring borough of Windsor

and of which he had unpleasant reminiscences. He warmly eulogized Mr. Bartle as a Radical of the true type and welcomed him as a great addition to the compact band of self-denying and serious patriots who were resolved at all hazards and sacrifices to regenerate society.

"For such a man as Mr. Bartle," he emphatically declared, "I have a profound respect. Once a horny-handed son of toil, he has risen from the lowest rung of the social ladder to a position where he can display a noble philanthropy."

Then, turning to Mr. Bartle who sat beside him, Mr. Labouchere took his hand saying, "I consider it a pleasure of the purest kind to shake the hand of an honest Radical in the presence of my countrymen. Mr. Bartle, may you be as successful as you deserve."

Mr. Labouchere sat down amid loud applause. Mr. Bartle had been lauded, but he was not comfortable. He winced under Mr. Labouchere's compliments; he resented being a "horny-handed son of toil"; his desire was to be regarded as a country gentleman of the olden time and a philanthropist of the purest water. His wife and daughters felt and looked wretched. They could not endure any reference in public to Mr. Bartle's beginnings.

Though the speech did not please every body, it produced a profound impression upon the audience. A part of it which the reporter suppressed was devoted to a strong denunciation of Mr. Bayle and to a repetition of the statements in *Truth* about his having robbed the widow and the orphan. Mr. Bayle was present and indignant. He offered to attend one of Lord Plowden's meetings and reply to Mr. Labouchere. This offer was gladly accepted and as many persons attended that meeting as had been present at the previous one. Englishmen delight to hear both sides when each side indulges in strong and offensive personalities.

The report of Mr. Bayle's speech is a full one; but

there is no need now for doing more than extracting the salient points. Forgetting for the moment that he was not addressing his fellow-countrymen, he began with :

" Fellow citizens," whereupon an ardent supporter of Mr. Bartle and a constant reader of *Truth* bawled out :

" You are an alien and an American ! "

Mr. Bayled continued, " Gentlemen, I am reminded that I am an American. I am proud of the fact and let me add that I am also proud to be present at a meeting of Englishmen loving, as I am told they do, to give a fair hearing to any one who has been attacked."

The applause was loud and prolonged as was natural.

He began again : " Oliver Goldsmith, one of your greatest authors, wrote once in the character of a citizen of the world. Perhaps you will allow me to feel that I stand upon the same plane as yourselves and address you as 'fellow-citizens of the world.' "

The applause was louder than before and Mr. Bayle felt that he had got on good terms with his audience.

He went on to say that he did not intend to interfere in their domestic affairs, that he took an interest in the election both because it was a novelty to him and also because he had the pleasure of being personally acquainted with Lord Plowden Eton : " I shall leave this matter by simply saying that as an American who has always voted the Republican ticket, I should gladly vote for such a candidate as Lord Plowden if he were running for my district in Chicago."

At this the advanced Liberals applauded loudly. They foolishly fancied that a member of the Republican party in America must correspond to a Radical in England. The Tories, on the other hand, felt uneasy at the prospect of supporting a candidate whom Mr. Bayle vouched for as a good Republican.

" Well, gentlemen," he continued, " I have heard it said you should not elect this candidate because he is my friend and that I am the robber of the widow and

the orphan. To this my answer must take the form of a request. Prove it. Let me say right here that if any widow or orphan who has lost a cent through me will make a claim which is not a bogus one, I will repay the money. Let them apply to Messrs. Curtis & Bennett, solicitors in London, prove their case and I will foot the bill. Is this a fair and square offer? Is this enough?" (Loud cries of "Yes, Yes," from all parts of the hall.) "Now then, having made my defense, which you have found perfectly satisfactory, I shall pass on to pleasanter topics."

The rest of his speech consisted of commonplaces in praise of "the old country which had been the home of his forefathers," and of statements that he had enjoyed himself in England more than in any other part of Europe. As a return for this flummery he was greeted with a storm of applause on sitting down.

The torch-light parade took place the night before the election and attracted sight-seers from far and near. Mr. Bayle found it difficult to make the arrangements to his satisfaction. In the smallest American city such a procession can be marshaled at a very short notice. The firemen, the Odd Fellows, the negroes and the tramps are always ready to take part in it.

"You are behind America in this matter," remarked Mr. Bayle to Lord Plowden; he added "your people seem ashamed of marching about."

"Surely," replied Lord Plowden, "you have not seen the Salvation Army on Sunday, or you would think differently."

"Yes, I have," was the answer, "but these people are of no account. They are simply amusing themselves, while a political procession is a serious affair. In the first place, it must be very long. It always reads well in the newspapers that the procession took an hour to pass a given point."

"But how can this be managed if there are few people?"

"Nothing easier; distribute your forces. I once organized a procession out West in which not more than a hundred people walked, yet which took nearly two hours to pass a given point. It was considered a grand show. I made the people go in single file and at the distance of a few yards from each other. If one knows how he can easily make a procession reach to the day of judgment. We had some trouble in that case, as on turning a corner the processionists lost sight of each other and some turned down one street while some went down another. However it all came right in the end; as they met again at the starting point. Besides, the reporters wrote that the procession was so large it was obliged to divide into two parts and this made a stronger impression upon those who did not see it."

In the present case Mr. Bayle managed to get those who walked in the procession to keep in sight of each other and to follow the appointed course. The devices carried at intervals were illuminated; some were covered with appeals to all honest electors to vote for Lord Plowden Eton; others represented boilers bursting and Mr. Bartle exclaiming, "I am in very hot water now."

Mr. Bartle and his committee had felt certain of a majority of one thousand shortly after beginning the canvass. Lord Plowden's agent boasted he would reduce that majority by at least one-half. It was a great surprise for both parties when, on the result of the poll being declared late at night, it was found that Mr. Bartle had a majority of forty-five only. He was then in bed and ailing and the chairman of his committee had to thank the electors on his behalf. Lord Plowden appeared and said a few words of thanks for "the great moral victory" which he had gained and pledged himself to contest the borough again. When he bade Mr. Bayle good-night, the latter candidly expressed his disappointment.

"I have seen many moral victories," he said, "but

I don't take any stock in them. I like to come out first. It seems to me that obtaining a moral victory is like an army performing a strategic movement to the rear. This sounds better than saying it was whipped; but the fact remains the same."

Lord Plowden had none of the elation of a victor. He passed a restless night. Early in the following morning he called at the Red Lion Hotel in order to say good-by to the Bayles. He considered it his duty to do so. He found Miss Bayle alone in the sitting-room.

She advanced to him, held out her hand and said with evident feeling, "Let me congratulate you, Lord Plowden. Father says he thinks a moral victory of no account; but I am sure he admires the good fight you have made. I certainly do."

"Thanks, Miss Bayle," was his reply; "you are very kind, and I am only sorry that I must bid you good-by."

"How so? Father does not talk of leaving England for at least four weeks."

Lord Plowden did not know what to reply. He felt more embarrassed than when he first tried to speak in public. After a short pause, and finding that Miss Bayle waited for him to say something, he continued:

"I have not forgotten your answer to my request at Monte Carlo and I know what I have to expect. Only give me credit for doing my best to please you; I could not have done more."

Miss Bayle was embarrassed in turn; but she did not show it except by speaking with greater hesitation than was her wont.

"I have not forgotten what I told you when you pressed me to say 'yes' or 'no.' You took a rather unfair advantage of me. I was more anxious then to change my shoes than to get married. But—you have not asked me again?"

"What!" was his pleased exclamation, "and will you give me another chance?"

"Oh, yes! you can run for Parliament as often as you please."

"If you marry me I will try again."

"Then I won't say 'no.'"

He took her in his arms saying, "Dearest Alma," and he kissed her.

She made no resistance and she returned the kiss.

On the evening of the same day, Miss Bayle wrote as follows to her friend in Chicago:

"Dearest Sadie, since I last wrote, unexpected developments have taken place, and I shall not accompany father and mother to America. I never thought I should marry an Englishman, yet I have promised Lord Plowden Eton to be his wife and every body seems as pleased as he is. He is a splendid fellow, very different from what I thought at first. He is going into politics and I have promised to teach him to run English politics on Western principles. He is a first-class speaker, quite as good as long John Wentworth whom I thought the finest I ever heard. When I have time to write I shall tell you more news, and I only send this line to give you the first information as I promised."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

### WEDDING PLANS AND PRESENTS.

MR. BAYLE was longing to return to America. The reports which Mr. Jackson sent led him to think and say that his presence was wanted there "to straighten things out." Yet he was obliged to put off his departure till his daughter was married.

Both he and his wife were perfectly satisfied with her choice and they were also relieved from the dread which haunted them that her fancy might suddenly lead her astray. However, they had now but one preoccupation, the celebration of the marriage in a proper style, or rather this was Mr. Bayle's chief subject of thought, his wife caring less about the form of the ceremony provided that every thing were done in an orderly and a complete fashion.

It was Mr. Bayle's determination to make what he called "a grand splurge" and to have his daughter's wedding as much talked of in English society as the Vanderbilt ball had been in the society of New York.

He found, greatly to his satisfaction, that he had attracted much more of the attention of the public since the announcement of his daughter's engagement. This was brought home to him in the following way. The editor of *Vanity Fair* sent an artist with the request that he would sit for his likeness. He readily gave the artist a sitting and a photograph of himself, and he sent the editor a note filled with thanks and particulars of his life. Mr. Bayle was in doubt whether it would not be advantageous to forward a check also and he was on the point of drawing one

for a thousand dollars when he thought he would consult Mr. Atlas whom he expected to meet at dinner that day. In this case his second thought saved him from a serious blunder.

"Send a check!" exclaimed Mr. Atlas in reply to Mr. Bayle's question, "I should not advise you to do so unless you wish to get into a scrape. Supposing you sent a check to the editor of the New York *Puck* or *Nation*, in order that either would praise you, do you think you would get what you expected in return? I should not like to stand in your boots. The editor of *Vanity Fair* might make an allowance for you as a stranger and let you off easy. He would certainly suppress the cartoon and possibly he might intimate that you had sent him a sum to distribute in charity and that he had forwarded the amount to the poor-box at the Mansion House."

"Now that would be no joke," remarked Mr. Bayle. "I hate wasting money by giving it to the poor. The business of the poor is to work for money and of the rich to keep it. I shall follow your advice, which will both save me a thousand dollars and prevent the awful consequences you speak of."

An early number of *Vanity Fair* contained the likeness which was scarcely a caricature and the following notice of "Miss Bayle's father," which he thought might have been more flattering: "Six and forty years ago the father of Miss Bayle was born at Abraxa in the state of Vermont. Ezra Palgrave Bayle had a long and bitter struggle before reaching his present dignity. He admits that he has made 'considerable money,' but he does not think that he has enough. A millionaire is always asking for more. The fellow-citizens of Mr. Bayle admire and envy him. He is esteemed at Marlborough House.

"English investors in Washout shares and bonds speak disparagingly of Mr. Bayle. They think that their money has disappeared into his pocket, while he contends that he has always acted on the square. In

society he is perfectly harmless. He knows how to hold his tongue. He never boasts of the fashionable event of the day, the approaching marriage of his daughter to Lord Plowden Eton. He does not openly repine at his lot. He is short and thick-set. His wife is tall and slender. She is resplendent in diamonds. He always wears patent leather boots."

While the preparations for Miss Bayle's wedding were in progress, the death of Mr. Caleb Bartle, M. P., was announced in the newspapers. He had not risen from his bed since the day of his election. Like many other venerable men who are not satisfied with enjoying quietly the wealth which they have laboriously acquired, he fell a victim to senial ambition. In the Liberal newspapers his death was referred to as a party misfortune : in the Tory ones his loss was treated as a good riddance.

Another election could not take place till after the new Parliament had met and been constituted. It seemed to be treated as a matter of course that Lord Plowden would be a candidate and equally so that he would be elected. Mr. Bayle, who had taken a personal interest in Lord Plowden's election, was resolved that nothing should be left undone to secure success this time. He asked his solicitors to learn from those of Mr. Bartle whether there was any likelihood of his property being sold. They ascertained for him that the widow had a life interest in the property, but that the trustees were empowered to sell it and invest the proceeds in the funds, provided all the parties concerned desired this. Both Mrs. Bartle and her daughters were anxious to travel, this desire having remained ungratified during Mr. Bartle's lifetime, and they had, moreover, a distaste for the house in which the deceased had essayed and failed to play the part of a county magnate.

Mr. Bartle had displayed his wonted shrewdness when becoming the possessor of the house and land. He took advantage of an act then recently passed to

have his title registered, thus the sale of the property was greatly simplified. His solicitor did not approve of the proceeding and he offered some objections.

"Surely," said Mr. Bartle in reply, "it can not be wrong to follow Lord Campbell's example. I read in the papers that he was the first to have the title to his property registered under the new act."

"Well, Mr. Bartle, I shall not dispute the soundness of a step taken by an ex-lord chief-justice and ex-lord chancellor; yet I prefer the old system which I understand."

"And which," ungraciously interrupted Mr. Bartle, "pays lawyers the best."

At all events the effect of Mr. Bartle's action was to facilitate the sale of his property after his death. The preliminary agreement, involving a deposit of £5000 to be forfeited in case the purchase should not be completed within three months, did not disclose the name of the actual purchaser. When this proved to be Miss Bayle, some surprise was displayed by the solicitors and their clients, but there were great rejoicings in Slough when the fact was known there.

All very rich men resemble each other in reluctance to part with their money except for some act of ostentation which will cause them to be praised by an undiscerning public. A millionaire is generally the best authority as to where the cheapest things can be procured. Mr. Bayle was a shrewd hand at a bargain, and he shared to the fullest extent the millionaire's weakness for accumulating and hoarding.

At an early stage in his career he had resolved to put aside a sum which was to be exclusively his daughter's. This fund he regarded as entirely hers and himself as its trustee. It amounted to a million of dollars and was invested in the United States 3 per cents. The income was reinvested till the total had increased by a half. Mr. Bayle considered that the time had arrived for spending the greater part of the increment, which was equal to £100,000.

With a part of that sum he paid for Mr. Bartle's property ; the larger part of the remainder he destined for buying a wedding present. He had the American fondness for buying jewelry, though he did not care to wear any. As has been said already he had loaded his wife with diamonds, nor did he grudge the large sums expended, as he regarded the outlay in the light of an investment which, though it yielded no interest, would retain, and might even increase its value.

He learned that Messrs. Jehosophat & Co., were the jewelers patronized by the richest men in the city and he went to their shop in Bond Street with the view of ordering a set of precious stones from them. Having intimated what he wanted and asked the price, he was told that nothing worth looking at could be supplied for less than £10,000. He then asked whether a really splendid set would be furnished for double that amount ; he was told that only one or two very wealthy customers had ever had any thing so fine as twenty or thirty thousand pounds would buy. His answer was :

"Then supply me with a list to-night of what I can have for fifty thousand pounds and I will call again to-morrow and look at the samples." He added, "I guess that sum will fill the bill," and then he handed his card upon which the address "Slough House, St. James's Square," was written in pencil, under his name. The shopman had recognized from Mr. Bayle's speech that he was an American ; he thought the address suspicious and he was afraid of being the victim of a conspiracy. Accordingly, he said :

"I beg your pardon, sir, but when such large orders are given we usually require a reference. Perhaps you will kindly give one."

"Certainly," was Mr. Bayle's prompt reply, and he added, "Lord Rothschild knows who I am. I bank with the American International Bank, Trafalgar

Square in this city and the First National Bank in Chicago."

The shopman thanked him, noted the references given and flattered himself that he had shown great astuteness. He did not believe that Lord Rothschild had ever heard of Mr. Bayle, and he knew nothing about either of the banks named. However, as his principal would desire full particulars on his return, he determined to send a messenger with a note to the manager of the American International Bank. The reply brought back was to the effect that the manager would gladly cash Mr. Bayle's check for any amount. Yet the shopman was not satisfied and, when Mr. Jehosophat returned, he told him what had occurred.

"What!" exclaimed the latter in an angry tone, "how could you, Mr. Lawson, have had doubts about Mr. Bayle, the American banker and millionaire? You ought to have known better. His order would be good if it amounted to a million."

The shopman was very sorry, but he appeased his principal by remarking: "If I mixed in high society as you do, sir, I should not have made the mistake. I will take care it does not happen again."

"Never mind this time, Mr. Lawson," he said. To get credit for moving in the best society was Mr. Jehosophat's weakness, the truth being that he was well informed about people of rank and wealth, but had never succeeded in becoming intimate with them. Speaking in a cheery tone he added, "Now, Mr. Lawson, we must do full justice to this order; it will be a first-class advertisement as well as pay me well. Go and write a paragraph for the papers that Messrs. Jehosophat & Co. have been commissioned to supply jewelry to Miss Bayle, the American heiress and beauty, and that no expense has been spared, and that such a fine set of diamonds and other ornaments has never been furnished by any London house." The paragraph was written and found its way into some

carelessly edited newspapers through the medium of a news agency.

Though Mr. Lawson could not understand why Mr. Bayle should give a ducal mansion in St. James's Square as his address, it is quite true that he was justified in so doing. When talking with the Duke of Windsor about the approaching marriage, of which the duchess and he heartily approved, Mr. Bayle said that he must either hire a house for the occasion or else have the wedding-breakfast provided at an hotel.

"I know, duke," he said, "that your people do not like these things being done at hotels; but in this case I can not help myself."

"Have you ever been in Spain, Mr. Bayle, or heard of the Spanish forms of politeness?"

"Can't say I have," was the reply which Mr. Bayle made, while wondering what Spain or Spanish politeness had to do with the subject of their talk.

"If you had been, you would have found the courteous Spaniard assuring you that he was your most obedient servant, that his house was yours and that he would feel aggrieved if you refused to treat it as such. Take the Spaniard at his word and he will soon make you understand that you have blundered egregiously. Now I am going to act the Spaniard, only I mean what I say. During the few weeks you are in London, treat Slough House as your own. I have spoken to my wife and she agrees with me in making this offer. As you know, we are now settled here [that is in Abbey Park, near Slough] and we shall remain till the spring. The establishment in St. James's Square is not quite complete; but I will give orders to the housekeeper to make the necessary arrangements and to treat you as her master for the time being."

Mr. Bayle thanked the duke and took up his abode in Slough House. His wife dreaded going there lest she should have to recommence housekeeping; when she found, however, that every thing was done for her and that she had simply to express a desire for it to be

gratified, she expressed her satisfaction and wished, as she said, that she could "organize" her grand house in Chicago on the same footing.

Before it was arranged that Mr. Bayle should temporarily occupy this house, a letter had to be written to the Marquess of Slough. There was an understanding between him and his parents that their town-house was to be at his disposal whenever they were at either of their country seats. The marquess seldom availed himself of this permission, but he might do so on the present occasion; hence the necessity of communicating with him. Lord Plowden wrote the letter. The marquess corresponded at very rare intervals with his brother, but he would neither write to nor visit his parents. His habits were peculiar. A few sentences will suffice to describe him and them.

The elder son and heir to the Dukedom of Windsor was in his youth a puny boy who early displayed a great proficiency in vice. Like the eldest sons of dukes he had his own way and it was a bad one. After reaching manhood he devoted his energies to the encouragement of horse-racing and theatricals. He constantly complained of bad health. He said that he was nervous and he found that nothing soothed his nervous system so much as brandy.

His chief place of abode was Newmarket. His favorite society was composed of jockeys of the lowest class and actors and actresses to match them. He knew as much of the tricks of the turf as any jockey and he was as much at home behind the scenes as any actor on the stage. He kept horses and a theatrical company and he did not lose money by either. He used to boast that he was not easily done and the boast was justified by results. He had no scruples about getting the better of other people. An illustration of this may be given. Before attaining his majority he paid a visit to Baden-Baden, played at the tables there and lost all the cash he had with him. Money-lenders who knew his name and expectations were ready

to make advances to him, but he declined to borrow, saying he preferred disposing of some jewelry. He had a massive watch-chain and he asked what he could get for it. He was offered and took twenty pounds, the buyer being quite satisfied that the Marquess of Slough would wear nothing but the best of its kind. The chain was silver-gilt and it had cost the marquess five pounds.

Into the details of his life it is unnecessary to enter. They are very unsavory and not at all interesting. To none did his conduct give so much pain as to his parents, but they were powerless in the matter. He was a drop of bitterness in their cup.

Yet this ignoble marquess had his good side. He never cheated or betrayed a friend and in his relations with women he was not ungenerous. If his life were to end suddenly, no well-informed writer of an obituary notice would contend that a useful life had been prematurely cut short. Still, among his own set, there were many who would pay him the compliment of saying that he was not such a bad little fellow after all. It is to his credit that he avowed his determination never to marry and that he had passed the age of forty without breaking his word. Moreover, he had made a will and amply provided for those who were peculiarly dependent upon him.

The Marquess of Slough saw Lord Plowden very seldom ; when the brothers met they were on the best of terms. More than once Lord Plowden had profited by a tip from his elder brother. When the marquess received a letter from Lord Plowden announcing his engagement and expressing the hope that he would not require to occupy Slough House, he sent the following reply by return of post :

" Dear P., I saw your engagement in the papers. I congratulate you, especially as the lady has lots of tin as well as good looks. Take care of the cash ; the more you have the harder you will find it to do so, at least that is my experience. You know I never go

anywhere so I can not attend your wedding. My nerves are worse than usual at present and Sir Oscar Clayton threatens me with no end of consequences if I don't live soberly. He has cut down my allowance of brandy to half a bottle a day but this is a ridiculously small drink. Besides, I am going on a tour with my company, which Nellie Norfolk manages now, and I am sure they will rob me if I am not at hand to look after them. I write by this post to my coachmaker in Long Acre to send you an American buggy which he had imported and I saw when I was last at his shop. It is a queer spidery vehicle, but it may remind your lady-love of home. The two chestnut mares you admired so much when you were at Newmarket, Bonnie Bess and Moss Rose, are at your service whenever you choose to send for them. They are good both to ride and drive. This is all the wedding present I can think of. All good wishes and compliments to the fair American from your brother,

"SLOUGH.

"P.S.—If you send me a word of thanks I shall never write again, S."

This was Lord Plowden's first wedding present, and it delighted Miss Bayle as much as himself. When in a good-humor and not quite sober, the Marquess of Slough could write a pleasant letter and act like a gentleman.

Lord Plowden wrote to Mr. Rupert Wentworth informing him of his engagement, and received the following reply from Paris a few days afterward :

"I am delighted though not surprised to hear you are so 'well-fixed,' as some of our people would say. After our conversation at Monte Carlo I had little doubt as to the issue of your wooing and I think my lovely countrywoman has nearly as good reason to be pleased as you have. I see by the papers that there is not to be any opposition to your election to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Bartle's death. If you are as

triumphant in Parliament as you are out of it your ambition ought to be gratified.

"A gentleman whose acquaintance I made at Monte Carlo and who has been returned to the House of Commons, called upon me the other day when in Paris to rest from his election labors. His name is Vincent O'Lorrequer and he is a follower of Mr. Parnell. Though he does not agree with you in politics he would like to meet you. I suppose that a meeting can easily be arranged—I don't mean in any hostile sense—when you are both in the House of Commons. I am not well posted in your politics and perhaps the version given by Mr. O'Lorrequer is not quite impartial. Yet while he still denounces the Saxon, I don't think he is quite so fiery a patriot as he used to be. He confided to me that politics in Ireland make one acquainted with strange bed-fellows and, to use his own words as far as I can recall them, he explained his meaning thus: 'Between you and me and the bed-post, I am much more ready to vote with my party than to associate with all its members. I like my seat better than their company.'

"I am tired of Paris. My uncle's affairs are all arranged and I think of starting on a visit to M. Pessac at *Château Beaulieu*. It is not far from Paulliac, where there is a fairly good hotel. If you should be in the neighborhood during your wedding trip, please come and see me. I can show you something which will interest your future wife and yourself. Give my respects to Miss Bayle and be the bearer of my sincere congratulations to her as of a small packet which accompanies this note. I appreciate your good feeling in not inviting me to the wedding. I shall be glad, however, to pay you a visit, as you propose, when you are settled in your own house."

The packet contained a brooch inclosed in a piece of paper upon which was written "To Miss Bayle, with Mr. Rupert Wentworth's cordial good wishes for her happiness and that of Lord Plowden Eton. He

hopes that their hearts may be as closely united as their hands."

"Now I call this real nice ; what a lovely brooch ! " was Miss Bayle's delighted exclamation. "And Tiffany is the maker, too ; that makes it all the better."

Of course Lord Plowden agreed with her, though he was no judge in such matters and had never heard of Tiffany. But they both agreed that the present had been designed to give Miss Bayle pleasure in every respect, being not only beautiful in itself but the production of an American firm of jewelers.

Indeed, as soon as Mr. Wentworth returned to Paris he occupied himself with devising a wedding present for Miss Bayle, feeling certain that she and Lord Plowden were destined to become man and wife. He rightly thought that she would value it the more if an American firm were its makers, so he went to the Paris branch of Messrs. Tiffany's firm and gave an order to design a brooch in which the flags of the United States and the United Kingdom should be interwined, and two hands shown clasping each other beneath the flags. If the whole truth must be told the order was executed by French workmen, but then, as they had been naturalized, they were entitled to be called American citizens. Great skill had been expended upon the hands, the one being clearly that of a gentleman ; the other of a lady. The brooch was a great success and Miss Bayle wrote a few lines of warm acknowledgment, which she penned with a feeling of remorse for her conduct—for she had never liked Boston gentlemen and had often been rude to Mr. Wentworth—and ended them as follows : "I must say you Bostonians can do things in beautiful taste and if I ever said any thing to the contrary, I now take it all back."

Her next great sensation was receiving from the queen a present of a cashmere shawl ; but she was not so much impressed with this as she ought to have been.

"What can I do with it?" she said, "I never wore a shawl in my life and I can not bear one; yet I suppose I shall have to put this one on or else be thought a wild Western girl. If it had been a sealskin sacque I should have been better pleased."

"No, Almy," remarked her mother who was present, "don't say that. I shouldn't at all mind wearing the shawl; besides sealskin sacques are quite common here."

"But what am I to do, mother, about acknowledging it? Must I write a letter beginning 'Dear Queen, I am much obliged for the shawl. I never saw one like it before,' or what must I say? In this old country one never knows what to do next and I don't mean to be laughed at."

"Never mind, Almy, ask Lord Plowden and he will tell you what is right. You needn't fear being laughed at here; every body is always praising you."

"Why, that's just the trouble; I am so much praised that I don't wish to make some blunder."

Lord Plowden could not help her. He suggested that if she wrote it would have to be in some such form as he had heard that ministers of state used:

"Miss Bayle presents her humble duty to your majesty and returns her best thanks to your majesty, etc., etc."

To this Miss Bayle objected, saying "that no one surely wrote to the queen in so absurd and ungrammatical a fashion;" thereupon Lord Plowden promised to ask his father as to the etiquette in such a case. The duke told him that it was true official communications from her majesty's ministers were couched in curious forms, adding, "You have lived long enough to know, Plowden, that these are matters of pure convention and that etiquette is not an affair of grammar, logic or even common-sense, that it is as antiquated and absurd as court dress. My advice would be for Miss Bayle to write in her own way; what is well-meant can not be ill-taken by the queen, who will make

allowances for her which she would not do for your mother who is expected to be versed in all forms and ceremonies."

The duke's advice being taken, she wrote as follows: "Miss Bayle returns her best thanks to the queen for her kindness in thinking of her and sending such a beautiful shawl. Her father and mother wish her to return their thanks also and they would like the queen to know, too, how much pleasure they had in America when reading the queen's delightful books. Miss Bayle hopes she may be excused if as an American girl she has made any mistake in writing this letter and she is sure the queen will consider it as being quite unintentional."

The Duke of Windsor proved to be right in thinking that whatever Miss Bayle wrote would be well received. Both he and the duchess were in high favor at court and the queen had taken an interest in the marriage of their son. When on her way from Balmoral to Osborne, she had spent a day at Windsor and had driven to Abbey Park where she saw the duke, the duchess and Lord Plowden, had heard from them all that they could tell about the approaching marriage and had intimated her satisfaction. Hence it was that the wedding present had been sent.

The other presents were many in number, but no catalogue of them can be given, as Mr. Bayle had agreed, at the duke's request, not to furnish a list of them to the English newspapers or to make any display of them at the wedding-breakfast. A long and detailed list appeared in some American papers, but it was unauthentic and chiefly the result of a reporter's guesswork.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

### MARRIAGE BELLS.

THE wedding took place at Westminster Abbey at Miss Bayle's special desire. She did not suppose that any other American girl had been married there, and she felt sure that she would be doubly envied by her countrywomen when they learned how greatly she was favored.

There is a strong desire in the Western mind to have a marriage ceremony performed in an unusual place or way. Thus one Western couple were proud of having been made man and wife up in a balloon and another behind the falls of Minnehaha. There is nothing eccentric in being married in Westminster Abbey ; but not every body can get permission. However, as the Duke of Windsor was the personal friend of the dean, the matter was easily arranged. The day fixed for the ceremony was the 29th of November. On the previous day Lord Plowden Eton was returned unopposed for the borough of Slough. This gave Miss Bayle a double triumph. The determination she had expressed not to marry him unless he became a member of Parliament was justified by the event, while her readiness to overlook his defeat proved her to be merciful as well as exacting.

Mr. Bayle had never been more thoroughly occupied than he was during the few weeks that preceded his daughter's wedding. His mind was as full of plans as if he were bent upon making money by circumventing a rival in the world of finance. For the time, he forgot all about the Stock Exchange, being too much occupied with devising novelties for the wedding

guests and the bridal pair to have a thought for any thing else.

He found it less easy than he had supposed to arrange about the guests. After some discussion between the duke and himself it was settled that the number was not to exceed fifty and that each should invite half that number. The Prince of Wales had intimated his desire to be present; he also intimated that he would be happy to meet any of Mr. Bayle's friends and this simplified matters greatly. It was not till the preparations were far advanced that it occurred to Lord Plowden to ask who were to be the bride-maids. No one had thought of them. A lady married for the first time counts upon having bride-maids: she can dispense with them on the second and following occasions, as she is then supposed to have acquired sufficient experience and fortitude to undergo the ordeal. Miss Bayle was told that bride-maids should be young, beautiful and either relations or intimate acquaintances of her family and that there should be two at least. Her mother, who was present, said on hearing these conditions:

"I guess, Almy, you can't fix that nohow."

Miss Bayle had a happy thought and exclaimed, "Guess I can, mother. Let father telegraph the Johnsons. The girls are not beautiful, certainly, though they think they are; but they are young enough and won't they jump when they hear they are to be at a wedding in Westminster Abbey and meet the Prince of Wales!"

It is perfectly true that the Johnsons jumped at the proposal and started from Florence for London within a few hours after receiving the telegram from Mr. Bayle and returning an answer in the affirmative. They regarded the chance as a splendid one for getting their names paraded in public and they felt a genial satisfaction at the thought of how much they would be envied by their friends in Chicago.

As the newspapers contained full accounts of the

ceremony in Westminster Abbey there is no need to give a description of it. The wedding-breakfast was chiefly notable for the number of great orators who were present and the small amount of speaking.

The Duke of Windsor's personal friends of both political parties were there, so that Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt and Lord Randolph Churchill met in perfect harmony at the same table. They had some experience in weddings as well as in politics; but one thing was a novelty to them and to others, the canopy under which the happy couple were seated. Though common enough in America, this was the first that had been seen in England. Mr. Bayle had much difficulty in getting it executed. It consisted of two upright posts with a cross piece at the upper ends from which a large bell was suspended, the posts being covered with creeping plants and the bell being composed of flowers, with a large flower for the clapper and a coil of flower stalks for a rope. The bill of fare was Mr. Bayle's own devising and was a work of art worth preserving. Portraits of the bride and bridegroom were at the top.

The bride was radiant with delight at the breakfast, not so much, perhaps, because she was married, but on account of an episode immediately before the breakfast which was not known to all the company. While seated in the drawing-room, the Prince of Wales approached her, shook hands, wished her every happiness and then he took a parcel from the Honorable Tyrwhitt Wilson, who was in attendance upon him. Handing the parcel to her he said, "Lady Plowden, I am very glad to be the bearer of this."

She looked confused for the moment on hearing her new name for the first time and said: "I declare, prince, you quite took me aback. Thank you, however, for the present. You have already sent me one which we all admire so much."

"You have already thanked me and I am pleased

you all like it; but you had better open the parcel."

She did so and found two handsomely bound volumes under the wrapper, with the Windsor Arms on the sides.

"Oh! how fine!" she said; then opening the first volume she read on the fly-leaf, "To the Lady Plowden Eton, with the kindest wishes of Victoria R. I." At another glance she saw that the volumes were the queen's "Diaries in the Highlands," and she exclaimed, "Well, I declare, this is too kind. I am so much obliged to the queen. Please tell her so."

The prince promised to do so and turned away. Thereupon Lady Plowden rushed to her mother with the volumes and then called to her father and the two bride-maids to come and look at them. Both her mother and the Miss Johnsons were more envious of these volumes than of all the other presents with which the bride had been laden.

While the bride and the prince were conversing, the bridegroom was receiving congratulations; the Tory chiefs expressing their pleasure that he had been elected as well as happily married. Lord Randolph gave him a useful hint after paying him hearty compliments; he said:

"I see you've taken a leaf out of my book and made a careful study of Beaconsfield's novels, but you must not take his phrases too literally. I found out long ago that many of them were written for effect rather than use. Read the newspapers and bluebooks if you wish to get on in Parliament. Besides, never mind contradicting yourself. The public rather like a man who has the courage to say that black is white, and who, when challenged for an explanation, says that he has nothing to retract. Besides, you will learn a good deal in the House that you can not possibly learn out of it." Lord Plowden thanked him and promised to follow his advice. He was quite as warmly congratulated by Mr. Gladstone who said;

"I am very pleased that you are going to take an active part in politics. Though your father is not on my side, I have always regretted that he has kept aloof from public life. Judging from the reports of your speeches I am of opinion that you do agree with me on more points than you suppose, and perhaps, to use the phrase of one of my late colleagues, you may find salvation before long, after having found a handsome wife. Pray introduce me to her."

Lord Plowden was delighted to make the introduction, as it saved him from making any reply to Mr. Gladstone's remarks, while Lady Plowden was no less delighted to shake hands and converse with the venerable statesman. Before mentioning what took place after the guests sat down at the table, it may be interesting to state that they comprised many familiar faces, such as those of Mr. Atlas, Mr. Harold, Mr. Gill, Baron Parkhirst and Mr. La Salle. Mr. King Edwards had traveled from Paris in order to be present. A representative American, whom Mr. Bayle did not meet when he was last in London, was Mr. G. W. Yale, one of the oldest and most esteemed American newspaper correspondents in England, and one who did not share the opinion of some of his countrymen that journalism consists in purveying thrilling stories and corrupting the moral sentiments.

Mrs. Bayle did not like the English custom of a heavy breakfast and many long speeches after a wedding; neither the Duke of Windsor nor his son cared to introduce the American custom of a reception, so a compromise was agreed upon, and the speeches were limited to three. The Prince of Wales proposed the only toast given; Lord Plowden and Mr. Bayle responded.

The prince spoke as follows, to quote the report in the *American Republican:* "I believe that, as so many speakers are present whose eloquence is powerful in Parliament and out of it, there might be some difficulty in calling upon any of them to propose the toast

entrusted to me without disappointing the others. I have then very great pleasure in asking you to drink the healths of the newly-wedded pair and of the parents of the bride, wishing the former a long and happy journey through life and the latter a short and pleasant voyage across the Atlantic. It is specially agreeable to me to see my friend Lord Plowden the husband of a lady whom we all admire and whom we gladly welcome as a new subject of the queen." [Lady Plowden exclaimed loud enough to be heard all over the room, "Oh my! I never thought of that before. I've become a British subject without knowing it." The prince heard the remark and continued.] "Perhaps she did not realize till now all that she has gained by her marriage; but I can assure her that all that is genuinely American in her she will retain and will use, I have no doubt, as her fair countrywomen here present have done, for the benefit of her husband and her new country. Mr. Bayle and his wife have not been long here, but they have pleased all with whom they have come into contact, and I am sure I intimate the desire of you all in expressing the hope that they may show their liking for the old home by soon revisiting it."

In works of fiction, heroes and heroines are miraculously exempted from the minor ills to which humanity is heir. In real life these small matters often play great parts. On the present occasion Lord Plowden suffered from a severe cold in the head. If he had been able to have had his own way, he would have preferred to be married when he was not so afflicted. Though determined to do his best as a speaker and though he had written out and committed to memory some sentences which he considered effective and appropriate, he was unable to deliver them owing to the imperfection of his utterance. Many of the guests were not sorry that he had to suppress his speech; all of them applauded when he simply expressed the thanks of his wife and himself for the kind wishes of

his royal highness on behalf of himself and those present, and asked to be excused, in the circumstances, for not saying more.

Mr. Bayle said, "Your Royal Highness, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen: I know that my son-in-law can speak admirably, for I have heard him and I think he will prove this when he takes his seat in Parliament: but though, as I have read somewhere, Demosthenes could conquer stammering by putting pebbles in his mouth, no one has yet succeeded in making an articulate speech with a cold in his head. I have often made speeches, but I never felt less like doing so than to-day, though I have not his excuse. I have been told that it is only at wedding-breakfasts that English people do not like to hear long speeches, and I shall gratify you, I hope, by giving you a very short one. When I left America for Europe I never thought I should feel it so great a trial to go back to America and in saying this I speak for my wife also. We leave a very dear part of ourselves behind us and this will be an attraction quite strong enough, even if we had not been made so much at home in the old country, to return to it very soon. I can not say any more than to thank you all for your kindness and good wishes."

As soon as he had finished, the prince rose, Lady Plowden hurried off with her mother, both of whom gave vent to the emotion which they felt and which Mr. Bayle had suppressed with difficulty.

The newly-wedded pair had arranged to pass the one half of their honeymoon at Druid's Mount and the other in the South of France. They had planned a yachting voyage to the Western Isles in order to see the beauties of sky and sea which Mr. Black had depicted. But they were advised to postpone their trip to a more appropriate season, unless they were resolved to court the fate in real life which befell "*MacLeod of Dare*" in fiction. A special train which had been engaged to convey them to Druid's Mount

was timed to arrive there shortly before midnight. No shower of rice or old shoes followed the brougham in which they were driven from St. James's Square to the Great Western Railway Station. All the members of the household had been forbidden to throw either. Mr. Bayle had devised a substitute. At his request a keeper of carrier pigeons had made arrangements for messages to be taken between Slough House and Druid's Mount. Immediately after the brougham had departed, the keeper of the pigeons appeared with a hamper which was opened on the balcony of the house. Two pigeons flew out as soon as the lid was raised; the birds rose high in the air, circled round two or three times and then took flight westwards.

When the happy pair reached Druid's Mount they were met at the door by a servant with these two pigeons in a cage.

"Oh, what pretty birds! Are these more presents for me?" was Lady Plowden's exclamation.

"Yes, my lady, and there is a message also."

A tiny sheet of pink note-paper, folded in three parts, was then handed to her. She opened the sheet, read the few words written inside and turning to her husband she said:

"Now I call this quite lovely! I see now why nothing was thrown after us. I guessed father meant to give us a surprise by some hints he dropped."

The words were in Mr. Bayle's handwriting and they were few in number, being "Good luck and best wishes through your life's journey." Underneath them were the signatures "Albert Edward, Windsor, E. A. Windsor; Ezra P. Bayle and Judith Bayle."

"Now this will be put in the first page of the album which I mean to fill with curiosities and I shall keep these birds to remind me of to-day," was the remark of Lady Plowden Eton, whose romance, begun at Monte Carlo, now culminated at Druid's Mount.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

### AN EVENTFUL HONEYMOON.

THE romance of a maid always ends with her marriage; that of a married woman generally begins and ends with the honeymoon. It is with married folks as with the visitors to fashionable Austrian watering-places, who are sent to have an "after-cure" at one place where the "cure" at another is completed. The happiness of the wedding day is to be perfected during the honeymoon, unless, as may happen, the honeymoon begins with disenchantment and ends with disgust.

Lady Plowden avowed herself more charmed with Druid's Mount on this occasion than when she first visited it.

"I never believed you had such a fine climate in the month of December in this country," was the remark she made to her husband after being there a few days.

"Perhaps you forget, my dear," he replied, "that I told you winter was almost unknown in the south of England and that flowers bloomed in the gardens all the year round."

"Well! I did forget it; and I am the more pleased with the discovery now. All I knew about the English climate was told me by those who thought London was England, but now I see that it is not so."

Indeed, she was less anxious than she might have been to go to the South of France. However, their plan included a visit to Monte Carlo, for which they started toward the end of January, both having a

desire to see again the place where they had first met. Both, it should be added, were taking life in a serious fashion. Never before, perhaps, had a newly-married pair displayed so much zeal in reading books of a solid and instructive kind.

Before his marriage Lord Plowden had a long conversation with his father and received from him much useful advice as to the course he should follow in order to fit himself for his parliamentary career. If Lord Plowden backed a horse he wished it to win ; having become a member of the House of Commons he wished to distinguish himself there. Happily, he was conscious of his own ignorance ; hence, he gladly accepted the suggestions of his father.

"You say, my boy," remarked the duke, "that you have much to learn, but that will render your task the easier. Those who think they know every thing, never acquire any practical knowledge. You have studied politics in Beaconsfield's novels and you have found them interesting ; now you must learn something of them in reality, so I advise you to read Hallam carefully and Erskine May's "Parliamentary History." When you are interested in any subject read all the blue-books about it ; the successful members of Parliament read blue-books, the others pitch them into the waste-paper basket."

Lord Plowden got the works of Hallam and Erskine May and took them with him on his honeymoon. He meant to train himself on them in order to be qualified for tackling blue books.

He told his wife what he proposed doing and he found her quite ready to read the same books. She was as resolved as he was to get on in the world of politics, and she knew that her best chance of success consisted in advancing her husband. In concert with her he prepared the speech which he had promised to make to his constituents on his return from the continent. His speech was reported at length and was commented on most favorably. Not a little of its

freshness and force was due to Lady Plowden's suggestions.

The happy pair prolonged their stay at Monte Carlo, where they had intended to remain a fortnight only. Lord Plowden should have returned in February to London to take his seat in the House of Commons ; but he was excused by general consent on account of having taken to himself a wife. However, he arranged to be back in England at the beginning of March. One of the reasons which caused him to linger was his wife's desire to see the carnival at Nice.

As many of his friends and acquaintances were at Monte Carlo, the sojourn there was the more pleasant. Mr. Atlas, whose company was greatly enjoyed by Lady Plowden and her husband, had paid it a visit along with his wife in order to bask in the soft air of the sunny South, but they soon wished themselves back in their comfortable English home, where the winds were not so piercing as on the shore of the Mediterranean.

"Is this what they call perpetual summer in these parts?" was Lady Plowden's oft-repeated inquiry. She added, "If that's so, then I shall always think our Western blizzards highly suitable for invalids."

Mr. Beauvoir, who was present on one occasion, well sustained his part of the oldest inhabitant.

"I have never seen such weather," he said to Lady Plowden with a groan ; "it is quite unprecedented."

"Yes, sir, I guess that's generally the case. Strangers always get weather different from what they ought to have. When I was first in London some Englishmen who had visited America during our Indian Summer told me that it always snowed there."

The Prince of Wales, who was staying at Cannes, came over to Monte Carlo for the day and he invited Lord Plowden and his wife to dine with him.

"Well, Lady Plowden," was his greeting to her, "how do you relish being a British subject?"

"I must say, prince," was her reply, "I can not

complain as yet. I feel as the Mormon did when Artemus Ward asked him how he liked matrimony after sealing his sixth wife: 'I like it very well so far as I've tried it.'"

Turning to Lord Plowden, he remarked, "It seems but yesterday since I saw you here last, and yet I suppose you think, as Beaconsfield would have said, that 'a great deal has happened since then.'"

"Yes," replied Lord Plowden, with a presence of mind which he did not display in his bachelor days, "some very pleasant things have happened, as far as I am concerned, and for this I have to thank the queen's new subject."

"No compliments, sir," was his wife's comment, "you ought to know I hate them. In the West it is only professional politicians who pay compliments, and that is when they want to humbug ignorant immigrants."

The party visited Nice to see the "Battle of Flowers" and returned half frozen.

"No more carnival for me," said Lady Plowden, "if one has to stand in the open air in such a biting wind."

Happily for the comfort and tempers of all the visitors at Monte Carlo, the weather changed from Arctic cold to tropical warmth, and each one congratulated the other upon the alteration. The wind was still; the sea was like glass and the visitors felt the bliss, imagined by the poet, of dwelling in one of the "summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." Both Lord Plowden and his wife were sorry to think that in one week's time they must quit so enchanting a scene, which resembled a vision of fairyland. These were the thoughts which they cherished on the 22d of February; on the morning of the following day their views underwent a change.

It had been settled that, before returning to England, the happy pair should spend a day with Mr. Wentworth at *Chateau Beaulieu*. Wednesday, the 3rd

of March, was the day upon which they hoped to reach Bordeaux; and they purposed taking a passage for London in the steamer which leaves Bordeaux on Friday. This plan was adhered to; but neither Lord Plowden nor his wife felt very happy between the 23rd of February and the 1st of March, when they left Monte Carlo for Marseilles on their way to Bordeaux. A long letter from Lord Plowden to Mr. Wentworth will explain the reason for this and, as the letter contains several details of general interest, it may be given in full. The narrative, though devoid of literary finish, has the merit of being straightforward and intelligible:

"Dear Wentworth, you must have read in the papers that we have had an exciting time here, and I am glad to say that we are none the worse for it. I thought that the winter months were very fine at Monte Carlo, but I did not know till my experience of the last six weeks that they were often colder than in England and that there were storms of wind which make the houses rattle. Still less did I think that we should have been shaken out of our beds and senses by earthquakes.

"As you know from my last letter, we are stopping at the *Hôtel de Paris*. My wife wished to go to the *Londres*, but it was quite full when we arrived, so we were glad to find rooms at the *Paris*. They were on the third floor at the corner and close to the one which you had. The windows of the sitting-room look on the sea and two bed-rooms open out of the sitting-room. When the manager learned who we were he wished us to move down to the first floor when rooms were vacant there, but my wife liked the view and did not mind being high up, so we remained where we were. Besides, as we spent some hours every day working hard at our books, for I have much to learn since becoming an M. P., and your fair countrywoman works as hard as if she had a seat in Parliament also, we liked the quiet of these rooms.

"For a few days we have had lovely weather. It has been so fine, especially at night, that we sat up late and last Tuesday we were later than usual. The air was pleasanter than I have ever felt it here. I had resolved to get up early to put some finishing touches to the address which I was preparing for my constituents. I had written it over twice and I wished to get it done so as to have time to make a few excursions before starting for Bordeaux. Perhaps on that account I was awake early. Just as daylight appeared, about six o'clock, I thought of getting up when a noise like a tremendous explosion made me jump out of bed. It occurred to me that some one had tried to blow up the Casino, but the noise went on and the room shook and the windows rattled and the walls cracked till I fancied that the hotel was going to pieces. I put on my dressing-gown and rushed through the sitting-room, when I found my wife opening the door of her room. She said, 'I guess this is the end of the world, but I don't want to go to Heaven till our honeymoon's over.' I told her to dress as quickly as possible; I went back and huddled on my clothes and in a few minutes' time we went down stairs. Nobody was in the hotel, all the people having gone into the square. I asked the manager, who was standing outside, what was the matter and he said that it was an earthquake. I had never thought of that as I did not know that earthquakes took place at Monte Carlo.

"Somebody told us that the principal damage was in the Condamine and my wife said, 'Let's go and see the ruins.' I should tell you that I have never seen such a beautiful sunrise as that morning and the heat was intense. When we got to the Condamine we saw some houses with walls cracked and the roofs fallen in, but nothing was so bad as we expected. When we got back, the square in front of the Casino was almost deserted, most of the people having returned to their rooms. My wife wished for a cup of coffee, so I took her into the *Café de Paris*, where we had

coffee and sat for half an hour. It was then about a quarter after eight. When we left it the square was again full of people looking more frightened than the first time. They told us that there had been another shock and they thought the hotel was falling. We had not felt any thing and as we thought it a false alarm we went back to our rooms. However, it seems that the shock was really strong and did more damage than the first one.

"Most of the people who ran out had not finished dressing and the sight is one which you must imagine. I never saw women so much changed in my life. Many of them had much less hair and much paler faces than they had on other days. One old lady was a strange spectacle, as she had very little clothes on and a large cage in her hand containing a parrot, but she seemed quite contented. Many persons who had half finished dressing, completed the operation in the open air. They said that it was dangerous to go back to the hotel, but made their servants go backward and forward for their things.

"As it was too early to take our regular breakfast we went to the Grand Hotel to inquire about our friends, all of whom were safe and sound. Mr. Altas was conspicuous, being the center of attraction, every one asking him what was going to happen next. He protested against having any control over earthquakes, saying, 'I try to make the best of both worlds, but I decline to be held responsible for the doings of more than one.' He was as full of spirits as usual, and he seemed to take an earthquake as a matter of course, though he said he had never experienced one before. He told us that the shock at eight produced more sensation at his hotel than the first. My wife wished to telegraph to her father, but when we went to the office we found it besieged, so we put off sending a message till later. A lady who often dined opposite us at table came back from the office much pleased at having been able to send a message to reassure

her mother in London, who was an invalid and who she thought would be uneasy when she saw the reports in the newspapers. I did not think the message would greatly soothe her mother, for it ran: 'Tremendous earthquake. Frightful destruction. We have escaped. If alive will telegraph later."

"During Wednesday we heard terrible stories of damage done elsewhere and some of the reports were so horrible that few people believed them, but they have since proved not to have been much exaggerated and the effect of the earthquake here is nothing compared with other places. But every body seemed afraid of something worse between Wednesday night and Thursday morning and many people said they would not remain in the hotel but pass the night in the open air. All the carriages and omnibuses were requisitioned for that purpose. To show how nervous people were I may say that when we were at dinner in the restaurant a champagne cork went off with a bang and several persons rose up and rushed out of the room. My wife showed a pluck which does credit to your countrywomen. She said that she would go to bed as usual, as she did not see the fun of paying for a comfortable room and catching a cold by sleeping in the open air.

"We both went to bed and got up about two o'clock in the morning when the house began to rock, and then we went down stairs and spent the rest of the time in the restaurant till six, when, as the expected shock did not take place, we returned to bed. On Thursday we went to Mentone, where the spectacle reminded me of what I saw when I went to Paris after the siege and when I saw the places round about in ruins. We both felt more nervous on returning that night to Monte Carlo. There have been slight shocks since but nothing serious has occurred, yet many persons still spend the night out of doors. Dr. Pickering, the English physician here, whom I saw to-day, tells me that he has a large number of patients suf-

fering from attacks of bronchitis and he says that those who staid indoors will have least reason to remember the earthquakes. I write this on Saturday morning. The panic has subsided owing, perhaps, to hundreds of persons having gone away. We shall start for Bordeaux as arranged next Monday. I shall give my wife this letter to read before sending it off. It is the longest one I have written in my life, but I thought you might be interested in learning particulars which may not be given in the newspapers.

"Since writing the above my wife has read it and she asks me to add her best compliments and to tell you that she is more reconciled than ever to staying in London because there are no earthquakes there."

Lord Plowden and his wife carried out their plan of visiting Bordeaux and seeing *Château Beaulieu*, where Mr. Wentworth and M. Pessac welcomed them.

It should be explained that they did not wish to return home by way of Paris because, if they did, they would be expected to stay a short time in that city and pay a visit to the Countess de Flaubard. Lord Plowden had no desire to see his aunt, and his wife could not bear the thought of meeting the countess who had declined attending her wedding. When doing so the countess wrote that her son was heart-broken to think that Miss Bayle should marry his cousin. The truth is the countess felt the greater annoyance and pain of the two, as she had set her heart upon securing the rich American beauty for her daughter-in-law. Moreover, she did not relish her nephew carrying off the prize.

The day before that fixed for leaving Bordeaux, Lady Plowden wrote to her friend Sadie James for the first time since she had informed her of her engagement :

"Dearest Sadie, I never seem to have any time to write now. I have actually been married ninety days and feel like an old married woman. It seems ages

since I was in America. Every thing is quite different from what I used to think it. My husband has changed most of all. You know from what I have written about him that I thought him an ignorant, good-natured and good-looking Englishman, but I can not call him ignorant now as I find he knows more than I do about many things, though he has not read all the same books that I have. He is even more good-natured than before. He is now a member of the British Parliament and every body says that he is bound to get on in politics.

"We have been improving our minds during our honeymoon, as he had to prepare an oration to deliver to his constituents when he returns home and he asked me to help him. He promised to vote for every thing when he ran before and now that he is elected he has to try and get even on some things. I have made him change his line on the Woman's Suffrage Question, about which people are more crazy in England than at home—I mean in America. Since ever I saw and heard Susan P. Anthony orate on the subject I have been against women voting. Besides, married women are not to vote in England in any case, so I don't see why the others should. My husband will now say that he will vote for Woman's Suffrage and for women sitting in Parliament conditionally upon the women having separate polling places and a Parliament of their own. I know Englishwomen won't like this, so I don't mind their getting it.

"We spent several weeks at Monte Carlo before coming to Bordeaux where I now write. We had a fresh excitement in the form of an earthquake. I did not like it at all. But I don't mean to weary you with particulars of my feelings. All the facts are told in the *Times* and the *World*, which I send you. I must say that the account given by Mr. Atlas is very good and quite true. I am glad to think they have no earthquakes in London. The fogs are bad enough,

but they do not prevent one sleeping quietly in bed, while an earthquake makes one always uneasy.

"We have seen Mr. Wentworth of Boston, who was engaged to be married before me, but the young lady died shortly before the time fixed for the marriage. We went to see the tomb at Monaco. I like Mr. Wentworth much better than I did, but some of his fine Boston speeches were hard to bear, as when he said 'The possibilities of the future are not yet exhausted,' in answer to my remark that I was very sorry for him and that he must feel awfully lonesome. He gave me a beautiful wedding present and I am sure he means well. Come to England and I will present you—no, I mean 'introduce' you to him. I am told that people are presented at court and introduced to each other; you can't imagine the trouble I have in learning all these things. For instance, we think nothing of repeating 'what say' when one doesn't hear distinctly, while my husband tells me that nothing sounds so vulgar and the person who says vulgar things in England is in a hopeless state. However, come and see me in London and I will put you through.

"Father and mother will be there inside of sixty days, and you could accompany them. Mother has written to say that father is closing up his business matters in America, having had a great disappointment. He had planned some great project which is going to be a fizzle chiefly because an intimate friend who knew all his secrets has gone back on him. Besides, father has had another attack of sickness and the physicians think he will be the better for a visit to Europe. Your loving friend, ALMA J. ETON.

"P.S.—You must not write my name as I have done, but write 'Lady Plowden Eton, Slough House, St. James's Square, S.W., London, England."

"P.P.S.—Since I wrote this letter last night our plans are changed and we start in a few hours by train for Paris on our way to England. A telegram arrived

this morning from the Duke of Windsor saying that Lord Plowden's brother was dead and asking him to return home at once. In consequence of this my husband becomes Marquess of Slough and I am a marchioness; but I have changed my name so much of late that I have got quite mixed as to what I am to be called and what I must sign myself. I feel as if I had been married more than once. My husband was thunderstruck when he read the telegram. He liked his brother, though he saw but little of him. I have never seen the brother and I suspect that he did not get on with the old people. However, I shall tell you more when I learn more myself."

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